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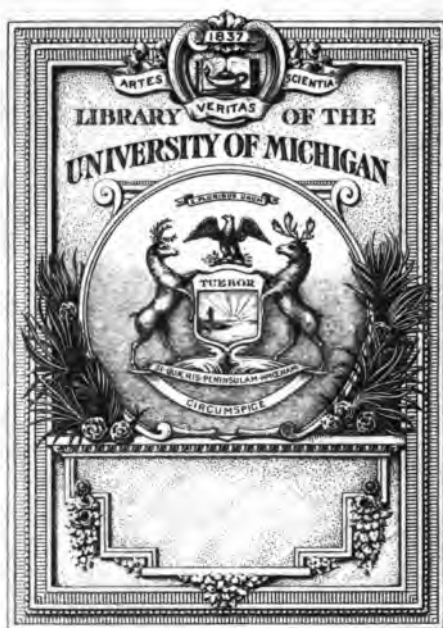
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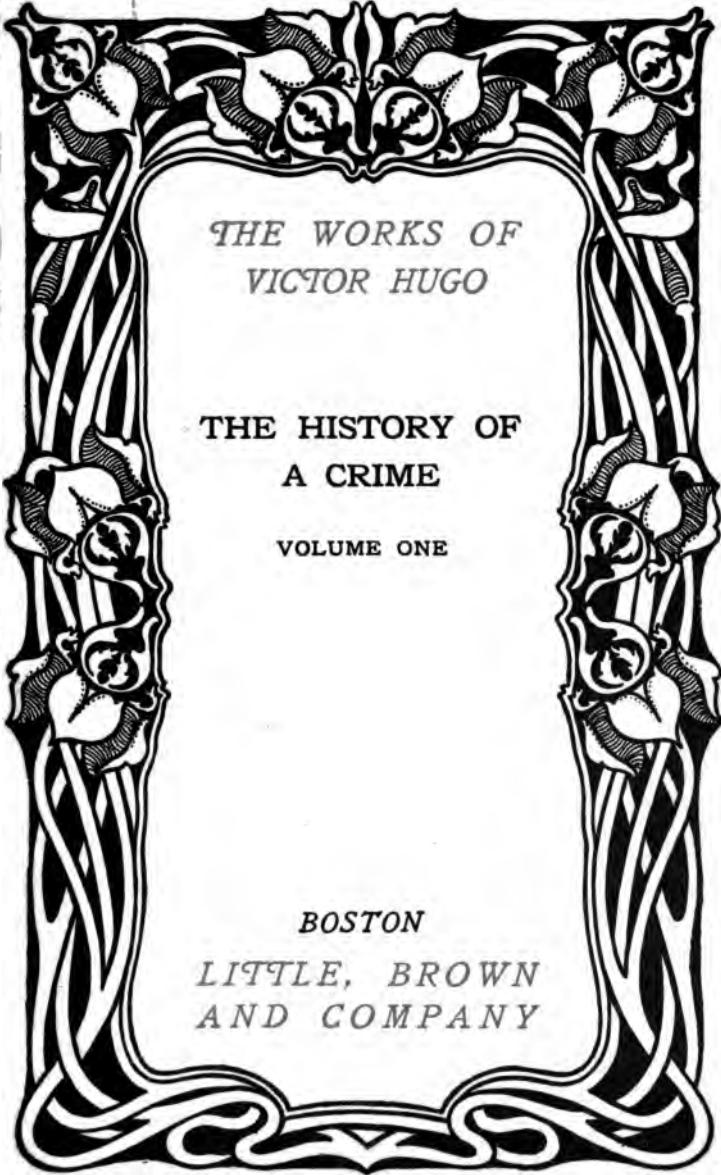


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*THE WORKS OF  
VICTOR HUGO*

*THE HISTORY OF  
A CRIME*

*VOLUME ONE*

*BOSTON*

*LITTLE, BROWN  
AND COMPANY*



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THE WORKS  
OF  
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VOLUME ONE

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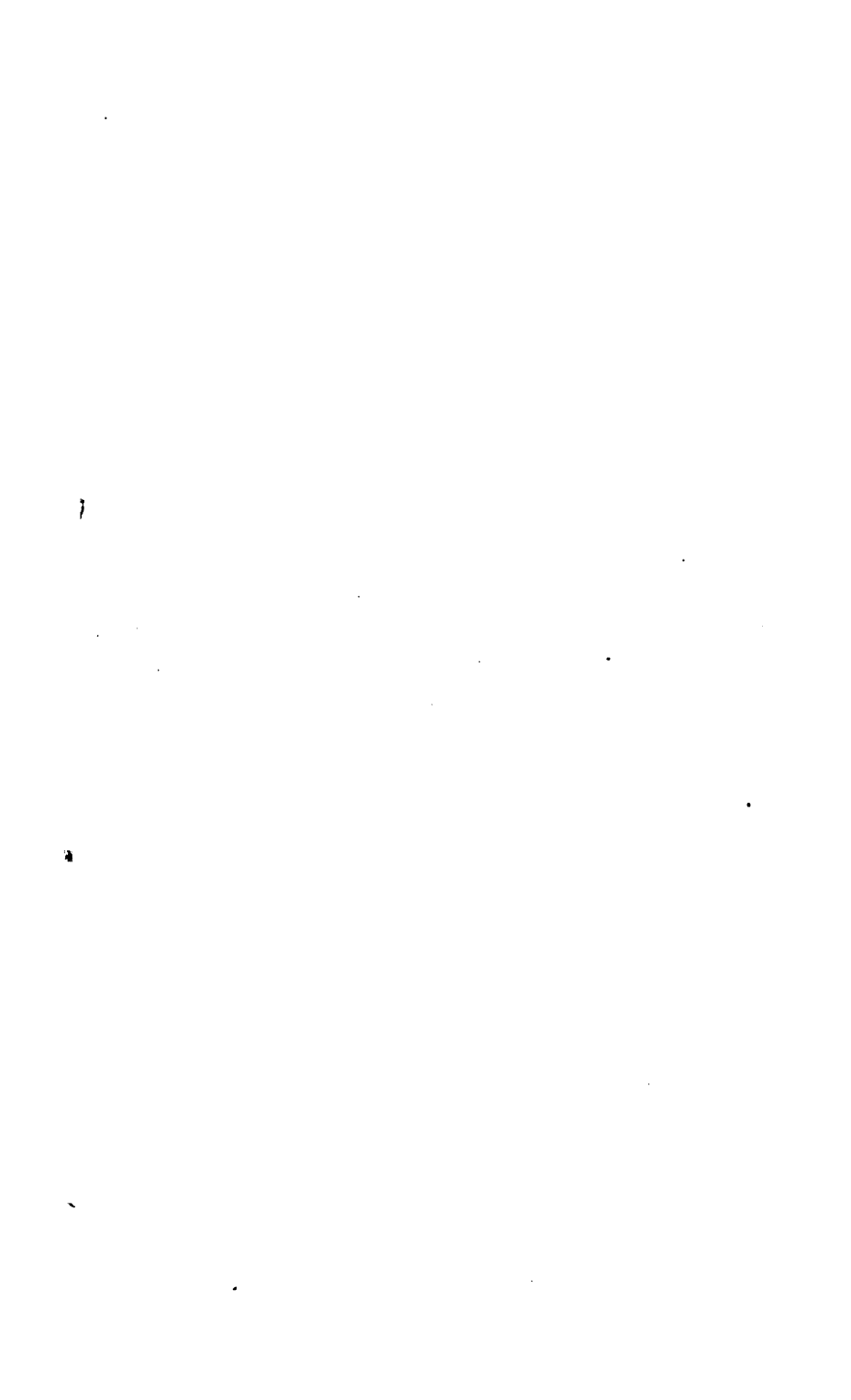
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**Handy Library Edition**

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THE HISTORY OF A CRIME

VOLUME ONE







## PREFACE

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**THIS** work is more than opportune; it is imperatively needed. I publish it.

V. H.

**PARIS**, *October 1*, 1877.

▼  
**194953**





## THE STRUGGLE

Drawn by A. DAWANT

*See History of a Crime, Vol. I., Frontispiece. See p. 210*

*gave evidence before him. He has added his testimony to theirs. Now History is in possession of it. It will judge.*

*If God wills, the publication of this book will soon be concluded. The sequel and the end will appear on the 2d of December. A fitting date.*

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# THE HISTORY OF A CRIME

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## THE FIRST DAY THE AMBUSH

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### CHAPTER I

#### SECURITY

ON December 1, 1851, Charras<sup>1</sup> shrugged his shoulders and unloaded his pistols. In truth, the belief in the possibility of a *coup d'état* had become humiliating. The supposition of illegal violence on the part of M. Louis Bonaparte vanished upon serious consideration. The great question of the day was manifestly the Devincq election; it was clear that the Government was thinking of that alone. As to a conspiracy against the Republic and against the people, how could any one premeditate such a thing? Where was the man capable of such a dream? For a tragedy there must be an actor, and here assuredly the actor was wanting. To outrage the law, to suppress the Assembly,

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Charras was Under-Secretary of State in 1848, and Acting Secretary of War under the Provisional Government.— Tr.

to abolish the Constitution, to strangle the Republic, to overthrow the Nation, to sully the Flag, to dishonour the Army, to prostitute the Clergy and the Magistracy, to succeed, to triumph, to govern, to administer, to exile, to banish, to transport, to ruin, to assassinate, to reign, with such complicities that the law at last resembles the bed of a prostitute — what! all these enormities to be committed! and by whom? By a Colossus? No, by a dwarf! People laughed at the notion. They no longer said "What a crime!" but "What a farce!" For after all, they reflected, heinous crimes require stature. Certain crimes are too lofty for certain hands. A man who would achieve an 18th Brumaire must have Arcola in his past and Austerlitz in his future. The art of becoming a great scoundrel is not accorded to the first comer.

People said to themselves: "What is this son of Hortense? He has Strasbourg behind him instead of Arcola, and Boulogne in place of Austerlitz. He is a Frenchman, born a Dutchman, and naturalized a Swiss; he is a Bonaparte crossed with a Verhuell; he is famous only for the ludicrousness of his imperial attitude, and he who would pluck a feather from his eagle would risk finding a goose's quill in his hand. This Bonaparte does not pass current in the army; he is a counterfeit image, less of gold than of lead; and assuredly French soldiers will not give us the change for this false Napoleon in rebellion, in atrocities, in massacres, in outrages, in treason. If he should attempt roguery it would miscarry. Not a regiment would stir. Besides, why should he make such an attempt? Doubtless

he has his suspicious qualities, but why suppose him an absolute villain? Such extreme outrages are beyond him; he is incapable of them physically, why judge him capable of them morally? Is he not bound upon honour? Has he not said: 'No one in Europe doubts my word? Let us fear nothing.' To this one might have answered: 'Crimes are committed either on a grand or on a mean scale; in the first case there is Cæsar, — in the second there is Mandrin. Cæsar passes the Rubicon, Mandrin straddles the gutter.' — But wise men interposed, 'Let us not make the mistake of offensive conjectures. This man has been exiled and unfortunate. Exile enlightens, misfortune corrects.'"

For his part Louis Bonaparte protested energetically. Facts abounded in his favour. Why should he not act in good faith? He had made remarkable promises. Towards the end of October, 1848, being a candidate for the Presidency, he was calling at No. 37, Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, on a certain personage, to whom he remarked: "I wish to have an explanation with you. People slander me. Do I give you the impression of a madman? They think that I wish to revivify Napoleon. There are two men whom a great ambition can take for its models, Napoleon and Washington. The one is a man of genius, the other is a man of virtue. It is ridiculous to say: 'I will be a man of genius;' ~~it is~~ laudable to say: 'I will be a man of virtue.' Which of these depends upon ourselves? Which can we accomplish by our will? To be a genius? No. To be Probity? Yes. The attainment of genius is not possible; the attainment of probity




is possible. And what could I repeat of Napoleon? One single thing — a crime. Truly, a worthy ambition! Why should I be considered mad? The Republic being established, I am not a great man, I shall not copy Napoleon; but I am an honest man, I will imitate Washington. My name, the name of Bonaparte, will be inscribed on two pages of the history of France: on the first there will be crime and glory, on the second, probity and honour. And the second will perhaps be worth the first. Why? Because, if Napoleon is the greater, Washington is the better man. Between the guilty hero and the good citizen I choose the good citizen. Such is my ambition."

From 1848 to 1851 three years elapsed. People had long suspected Louis Bonaparte; but long-continued suspicion misleads the intellect and wears itself out by its unfruitful duration. Louis Bonaparte had had two-faced ministers, such as Magne and Rouher; but he had also had straightforward ministers, such as Léon Faucher and Odilon Barrot; and these last affirmed that he was upright and sincere. He had been seen to beat his breast before the gate of Ham; his foster sister, Madame Hortense Cornu, wrote to Mieroslawsky: "I am a good Republican, and I answer for him." His friend of Ham, Peauger, a loyal man, declared: "Louis Bonaparte is incapable of treason." Had not Louis Bonaparte written the book entitled "Pauperism"? In the intimate circles of the Élysée Count Potocki was a Republican and Count d'Orsay was a Liberal;— Louis Bonaparte said to Potocki: "I am a man of democracy," and to

d'Orsay, "I am a man of liberty." The Marquis du Hallays was against the *coup d'état*, while the Marquise du Hallays was for it. Louis Bonaparte said to the marquis: "Fear nothing." (To be sure, he whispered to the marchioness: "Make your mind easy.") The Assembly, after having shown here and there some symptoms of uneasiness, had grown calm. There was General Neumayer, "who was to be depended upon," and who from his position at Lyons would march upon Paris. Changarnier exclaimed: "Representatives of the people, deliberate in peace." Even Louis Bonaparte himself had pronounced these famous words, "I should regard as an enemy of my country any one who would change by force that which has been established by law;" and, moreover "force" was the army, and the army possessed leaders, leaders who were beloved and victorious. Lamoricière, Changarnier, Cavaignac, Leflô, Bedeau, Charras; could any one imagine the Army of Africa arresting the generals of Africa?

On Friday, November 28, 1851, Louis Bonaparte said to Michel de Bourges: "If I wanted to do wrong, I could not. Yesterday, Thursday, I invited to my table five colonels of the garrison of Paris, and the whim seized me to question each one by himself. All five declared to me that the army would never lend itself to a *coup de force*, nor attack the inviolability of the Assembly. You can tell your friends this." — "He smiled," said Michel de Bourges, reassured, "and I also smiled." After this, Michel de Bourges declared in the Tribune: "This is the man for me." In that same month of

November a satirical journal, charged with calumniating the President of the Republic, was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for a caricature depicting a shooting-gallery and Louis Bonaparte using the Constitution as a target. Thorigny, Minister of the Interior, declared in the Council before the President, "that a depositary of power ought never to violate the law, as otherwise he would be —" "A dishonest man," interposed the President. All these words and all these facts were notorious. The material and moral impossibility of the *coup d'état* was manifest to all. To assail the National Assembly! To arrest the Representatives! What madness! As we have seen, Charras, who had long remained on his guard, unloaded his pistols. The feeling of security was complete and unanimous. Nevertheless, there were some of us in the Assembly who still retained some doubt, and who occasionally shook our heads; but we were looked upon as fools.



## CHAPTER II

### PARIS SLEEPS — THE BELL RINGS

ON the 2nd of December, 1851, Representative Versigny, of the Haute-Saône, who lived in Paris, at No. 4, Rue Léonie, was asleep. He slept soundly; he had been working till late at night. Versigny was a young man of thirty-two, gentle-featured and fair-complexioned, of a courageous spirit, and inclined towards social and economic studies. He had passed the first hours of the night in studying a book by Bastiat, in which he was making marginal notes; and, leaving the book open on the table, he had fallen asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by a sharp ring at the bell. He sprang up in surprise. It was dawn. It was about seven o'clock in the morning.

Never dreaming what could be the motive for so early a visit, and thinking that some one had mistaken the door, he again lay down, and was about to resume his slumber, when a second ring at the bell, still louder than the first, completely aroused him. He got up in his night-shirt and opened the door.

Michel de Bourges and Théodore Bac entered. Michel de Bourges was the neighbour of Versigny; he lived at No. 16, Rue de Milan.

Théodore Bac and Michel were pale, and appeared greatly agitated.

"Versigny," said Michel, "dress yourself at once; Baune has just been arrested."

"Bah!" exclaimed Versigny. "Is it the Mau-guin business over again?"

"It is more than that," replied Michel. "Baune's wife and daughter came to me half-an-hour ago. They awoke me. Baune was arrested in his bed at six o'clock this morning."

"What does that mean?" asked Versigny.

The bell rang again.

"This will probably tell us," answered Michel de Bourges.

Versigny opened the door. It was Representative Pierre Lefranc. He brought, in truth, the solution of the enigma.

"Do you know what is happening?" said he.

"Yes," answered Michel. "Baune is in prison."

"It is the Republic that's a prisoner," said Pierre Lefranc. "Have you read the placards?"


"No."

Pierre Lefranc explained to them that the walls at that moment were covered with placards which the curious crowd were thronging to read, that he had glanced over one of them at the corner of his street, and that the *coup* was accomplished.

"The *coup*!" exclaimed Michel. "Say rather the crime."

Pierre Lefranc added that there were three placards, — one decree and two proclamations. — all three on white paper, and pasted close together.

The decree was printed in large letters.



The ex-Constituent Laissac, who lodged, like Michel de Bourges, in the neighbourhood (No. 4, Cité Gaillard), then came in. He brought the same news, and announced other arrests which had been made during the night.

There was not a minute to lose.

They went to notify Yvan, the Secretary of the Assembly, appointed by the Left, who lived on Rue de Boursault.

An immediate meeting was necessary. Those Republican representatives who were still at liberty must be warned and brought together without delay.

Versigny said, "I will go and find Victor Hugo."

It was eight o'clock in the morning. I was awake and was working in bed. My servant entered and said, with an air of alarm:—

"A representative of the people is outside who wishes to speak to monsieur."

"Who is it?"

"Monsieur Versigny."

"Show him in."

Versigny entered, and told me the state of affairs. I sprang out of bed.

He told me of the rendezvous at the rooms of the ex-Constituent Laissac.

"Go at once and inform the other representatives," said I.

He left me.



## CHAPTER III

### WHAT HAD HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT

PREVIOUS to the fatal days of June, 1848, the esplanade of the Invalides was divided into eight huge grass-plots, surrounded by wooden railings and enclosed between two groves of trees, separated by a street running perpendicularly to the front of the Invalides. This street was crossed by three streets running parallel to the Seine. There were broad lawns upon which the children used to play. The centre of the eight grass-plots was marked by a pedestal which, under the Empire, had borne the bronze lion of St. Mark, brought from Venice; under the Restoration, a white marble statue of Louis XVIII; and under Louis Philippe, a plaster bust of Lafayette. The palace of the Constituent Assembly having been nearly seized by a crowd of insurgents on the 22nd of June, 1848, and there being no barracks in the neighbourhood, General Cavaignac caused to be constructed, three hundred paces from the Legislative Palace, on the grass-plots of the Invalides, several rows of long barracks, under which the grass vanished. These barracks, where three or four thousand men could be accommodated, held the troops specially appointed to defend the National Assembly.

On the 1st December, 1851, the two regiments quartered on the Esplanade were the 6th and the 42nd Regiments of the Line, the 6th commanded by Colonel Garderens de Boisse, who was famous before the Second of December, the 42nd by Colonel Espinasse, who has been famous since that date.

The ordinary night-guard of the palace of the Assembly was composed of a battalion of Infantry and of thirty artillery-men, with a captain. The War Department sent in addition several troopers for orderly service. Two mortars and six pieces of cannon, with their ammunition waggons, were ranged in a little square courtyard situated on the right of the Cour d'Honneur, and which was called the Cour des Canons. The major, the military commandant of the palace, was placed under the immediate control of the questors.<sup>1</sup> At nightfall the gratings and the doors were secured, sentinels were posted, countersigns were issued to the sentries, and the palace was closed like a fortress. The password was the same as on Place de Paris.

The special instructions drawn up by the questors prohibited the entrance of any armed force other than the regiment on duty.

On the night of the 1st and 2nd of December the Legislative Palace was guarded by a battalion of the 42nd.

The session of the 1st of December, which was exceedingly peaceable, and devoted to a discussion

<sup>1</sup>The Questors were officers elected by the Assembly, whose special duties were to keep and audit the accounts, and who controlled all matters affecting the social economy of the House. — Tr.



of the municipal law, had ended late, and was terminated by a ballot at the tribune. At the moment when M. Baze, one of the questors, ascended the tribune to deposit his vote, a representative, belonging to what were called the "Bancs Élyséens," approached him, and said in a low tone: "To-night you will be carried off." Such warnings as these were received every day, and, as we have already explained, people had ended by paying no heed to them. Nevertheless, immediately after the sitting the questors sent for the special commissioner of police of the Assembly, President Dupin being present. When interrogated, the commissioner declared that the reports of his agents indicated "dead calm," — such was his expression, — and that assuredly there was no danger to be apprehended for that night. When the questors pressed him further, President Dupin exclaimed, "Bah!" and left the room.

On that same day, the 1st of December, about three o'clock in the afternoon, as General Leflô's father-in-law crossed the boulevard in front of Tortoni's, some one rapidly passed him and whispered in his ear these significant words: "Eleven o'clock — midnight." This incident excited but little attention at the Questure, and several even laughed at it; it had become a habit with them. Nevertheless General Leflô would not go to bed until the hour mentioned had passed by, and remained in the offices of the Questure until nearly one o'clock in the morning.

The shorthand service of the Assembly was done outside by four messengers attached to the *Moni-*

teur, who were employed to carry the copy of the shorthand writers to the printing-office, and to bring back the proof-sheets to the palace of the Assembly, where M. Hippolyte Prévost corrected them. M. Hippolyte Prévost, who was chief of the stenographic staff, and in that capacity had apartments in the Legislative Palace, was at the same time editor of the musical *feuilleton* of the *Moniteur*. On the 1st of December he had gone to the Opéra Comique for the first representation of a new piece, and did not return till after midnight. The fourth messenger from the *Moniteur* was waiting for him with a proof of the last slip of the session; M. Prévost corrected the proof, and the messenger was sent off. It was then a little after one o'clock, profound quiet reigned, and, with the exception of the guard, all in the palace slept.

It was about this time of night that a singular incident occurred. The captain who was second in command of the battalion on guard at the Assembly went to the major and said: "The colonel has sent for me;" and he added, according to military etiquette: "Will you permit me to go?" — The major was astonished. "Go," he said with some sharpness; "but the colonel is wrong to disturb an officer on duty." One of the soldiers of the guard, without understanding the meaning of the words, heard the commandant pacing up and down, and muttering several times: "What the deuce can he want?"

Half an hour afterwards the captain returned. "Well," asked the commandant, "what did the colonel want with you?" — "Nothing," answered

the captain, "he wished to give me the orders for to-morrow's duties." — The night advanced. Towards four o'clock the captain came again to the major. "Major," he said, "the colonel has sent for me." — "Again!" exclaimed the major; "this is becoming strange; nevertheless, go."

The second in command had among other duties that of giving out countersigns, and, consequently, of rescinding them.

As soon as he had gone out, the major, becoming uneasy, thought that it was his duty to communicate with the military commandant of the palace. He went upstairs to the apartment of the commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel Niols. Colonel Niols had gone to bed, and the attendants had retired to their rooms in the attics. The major, new to the palace, groped about the corridors, and, knowing little about the various rooms, rang at a door which seemed to him that of the military commandant. Nobody answered, the door was not opened, and the major returned downstairs, without having succeeded in speaking to anybody.

On his part the second in command returned to the palace, but the major did not see him again. He remained near the iron gate on Place Bourgogne, shrouded in his cloak, and walking up and down the courtyard as though expecting some one.

At the instant that five o'clock struck on the great clock of the dome, the soldiers who slept in the barrack-camp before the Invalides were suddenly awakened. Orders were given in a low voice in the barracks to take up arms in silence. Shortly afterwards, two regiments, knapsack on back,

were marching towards the palace of the Assembly; they were the 6th and the 42nd.

At this same stroke of five, simultaneously in all the quarters of Paris, the infantry filed out noiselessly from every barracks, with their colonels at their head. The aides-de-camp and orderly officers of Louis Bonaparte, who had been distributed among all the barracks, superintended this taking up of arms. The cavalry were not set in motion until three-quarters of an hour after the infantry, for fear that the ring of the horses' hoofs on the stones might wake slumbering Paris too soon.

M. de Persigny, who had brought from the Élysée to the camp at the Invalides the order to take up arms, marched as the head of the 42nd, by the side of Colonel Espinasse. A story is current in the army, — for at the present day, blasé as people are over dishonourable incidents, such incidents are yet told with a species of gloomy indifference, — the story is current that at the moment of setting out with his regiment one of the colonels, who could be named, hesitated, and that the man from the Élysée, taking a sealed packet from his pocket, said to him: "Colonel, I admit that we are running a great risk. Here in this envelope, which I have been charged to hand to you, are a hundred thousand francs in bank-notes, *for contingencies*." The envelope was accepted, and the regiment set out.

On the evening of the 2nd of December the colonel said to a lady: "~~This~~ morning I earned a hundred thousand francs and my general's epaulets." — The lady showed him the door.

Xavier Durrieu, who tells us this story, had the curiosity later on to see this lady. She confirmed the story. Yes, certainly! she had shut the door in the face of that wretch! a soldier, a traitor to his flag, dare to visit her! She, receive such a man? No! She had not sunk to that! "And," says Xavier Durrieu, "she added, 'I am only a harlot!'"

Another mystery was in progress at the Prefecture of Police.

Those belated inhabitants of the Cité who returned home at a late hour of the night noticed a large number of cabs stopping, in scattered groups, at different points round Rue de Jerusalem.

From eleven o'clock in the evening, on the pretext of the arrival of refugees at Paris from Genoa and London, the Brigade of Surety and the eight hundred *sergents de ville* had been retained in the Prefecture. At three o'clock in the morning a summons had been sent to the forty-eight commissioners of Paris and of the suburbs, and also to the peace officers. An hour afterwards all of them arrived. They were ushered into a separate chamber, and isolated from one another as much as possible.

At five o'clock a bell rang in the Prefect's cabinet. The Prefect Maupas summoned the commissioners one after another into his cabinet, revealed the plot to them, and allotted to each his portion of the crime. None refused; many thanked him.

It was a question of arresting at their own homes seventy-eight democrats who were influential in their districts and dreaded by the Élysée as possible leaders of barricades. It was necessary, a still

more daring outrage, to arrest at their houses sixteen representatives of the people. For this last task they chose among the commissioners of police such of those magistrates as seemed the most likely to become brigands. Among these they divided the representatives. Each had his man. *Sieur Courtille* had *Charras*, *Sieur Desgranges* had *Nadaud*, *Sieur Hubaut* the elder had *M. Thiers*, and *Sieur Hubaut* the younger, *General Bedeau*. *General Changarnier* was allotted to *Lerat*, and *General Cavaignac* to *Colin*. *Sieur Dourlens* took Representative *Valentin*, *Sieur Benoist* Representative *Miot*, *Sieur Allard* Representative *Cholat*. *Sieur Barlet* took *Roger (du Nord)*, *General Lamoricière* fell to *Commissioner Blanchet*, *Commissioner Gronfier* had Representative *Greppo*, and *Commissioner Boudrot* Representative *Lagrange*. The questors were similarly allotted, *Monsieur Baze* to *Sieur Primorin*, and *General Leflô* to *Sieur Bertoglio*.

Warrants with the names of the representatives had been drawn up in the Prefect's private cabinet. Only the names of the commissioners were left blank. These were filled in at the moment of leaving.

In addition to the armed force which was appointed to assist them, it was ordered that each commissioner should be accompanied by two escorts, one composed of *sergents de ville*, the other of police agents in plain clothes. As Prefect *Maupas* had told *M. Bonaparte*, the Captain of the Republican Guard, *Baudinet*, was associated with *Commissioner Lerat* in the arrest of *General Changarnier*.

Towards half-past five the *fiacres* which were in waiting were called up, and all started, each with his instructions.

During this time, in another corner of Paris — Vieille Rue du Temple — in that ancient Soubise mansion which had been transformed into the Royal Printing-Office, and is to-day the National Printing-Office, another section of the enterprise was being organized.

Towards one in the morning a passer-by who reached Vieille Rue du Temple by Rue de Vieilles-Haudriettes, noticed, at the junction of these two streets, several long and high windows brilliantly lighted. These were the windows of the work-rooms of the National Printing-Office. He turned to the right and entered Vieille Rue du Temple; a moment later he passed the crescent-shaped entrance of the front of the printing-office. The principal door was shut, two sentinels guarded the side door. Through this little door, which was ajar, he glanced into the courtyard of the printing-office, and saw it filled with soldiers. The soldiers were silent, no sound could be heard, but the glistening of their bayonets could be seen. The passer-by, surprised, drew nearer. One of the sentinels thrust him rudely back, crying out, "Be off!"

Like the *sergents de ville* at the Prefecture of Police, the workmen had been retained at the National Printing-Office under plea of night-work. At the same time that M. Hippolyte Prévost returned to the Legislative Palace, the manager of the National Printing-Office returned to his office, also from the Opéra Comique, where he had been to see the new

piece, which was written by his brother, M. de St. Georges. Immediately on his return the manager, to whom had come an order from the Élysée during the day, took up a pair of pocket-pistols, and went down into the vestibule, which communicates by a short flight of steps with the courtyard. Shortly afterwards the gate leading to the street opened, a *fiacre* entered, a man who carried a large portfolio alighted. The manager went up to the man, and said to him: "Is that you, Monsieur de Bévillé?"

"Yes," answered the man.

The *fiacre* was put in the carriage-house, the horses placed in the stable, and the coachman shut up in a basement, where they gave him drink, and placed a purse in his hand. Bottles of wine and louis d'or — these are the groundwork of this kind of politics. The coachman drank and then went to sleep. The door of the basement was bolted.

The large gate of the courtyard of the printing-office was hardly shut when it reopened, gave passage to armed men, who entered in silence, then closed again. The arrivals were a company of light gendarmerie, the 4th of the 1st battalion, commanded by a captain named La Roche d'Oisy. As will be seen in the sequel, for all delicate expeditions the men of the *coup d'état* took care to employ the light gendarmerie and the Republican Guard, that is to say, two corps almost entirely composed of former Municipal Guards, bearing at heart a revengeful remembrance of the events of February.

Captain La Roche d'Oisy brought a letter from the Minister of War, which placed himself and his soldiers at the disposition of the manager of the



National Printing-Office. The muskets were loaded without a word being spoken, sentinels were placed in the workrooms, in the corridors, at the doors, at the windows, in fact, everywhere, two being stationed at the door leading into the street. The captain asked what instructions he should give to the sentries. "Nothing more simple," said the man who had come in the *fiacre*: "Whoever attempts to leave or to open a window, shoot him."

This man, who, in fact, was M. de Bévillé, orderly officer to M. Bonaparte, withdrew with the manager into the large office on the first floor, a solitary room which looks on the garden. There he communicated to the manager what he had brought with him, the decree of dissolution of the Assembly, the appeal to the army, the appeal to the people, the decree convoking the electors, and, in addition, the proclamation of the Prefect Maupas and his letter to the commissioners of police. The first four documents were entirely in the handwriting of the President, and here and there some erasures might be noticed.

The compositors were in waiting. Each man was placed between two gendarmes, and was forbidden to utter a single word; then the documents which had to be printed were distributed throughout the room, being cut up in very small pieces, so that an entire sentence could not be read by one workman. The manager announced that he would give them an hour to print the whole. The different fragments were finally brought to Colonel Bévillé, who put them together and corrected the proofs. The printing was conducted with the same precautions, each press between two soldiers. Notwithstanding all

possible diligence the work lasted two hours, the gendarmes watching the workmen, de Béville watching St. Georges.

When the work was finished a suspicious incident occurred, which greatly resembled betrayal of treason. For a traitor, a traitor and a half. This species of crime is subject to such accidents. Béville and St. Georges, the two trusty confidants in whose hands lay the secret of the *coup d'état*, that is to say the head of the President, — that secret, which was at no price to transpire before the appointed hour, under risk of causing everything to miscarry, — took it into their heads to confide it at once to two hundred men, in order “to test the effect,” as ex-Colonel Béville said later on, rather naïvely. They read the mysterious document which had just been printed to the light gendarmerie, who were drawn up in the courtyard. These ex-Municipal-Guards applauded. If they had hooted, it might be asked what the two experimentalists in *coups d'état* would have done. Perhaps M. Bonaparte would have waked from his dream at Vincennes.

The coachman was then liberated, the *fiacre* was harnessed, and at four o'clock in the morning the orderly officer and the manager of the National Printing-Office, thenceforward two criminals, arrived at the Prefecture of Police with the bundles of decrees. Then began for them the brand of shame — Prefect Maupas took them by the hand.

Bands of bill-stickers, bribed for the occasion, started in every direction, carrying with them the decrees and proclamations.

This was precisely the hour at which the palace of the National Assembly was invested. On Rue de l'Université there is a door of the palace, which is the old entrance to the Palais Bourbon, and at which ends the avenue which leads to the house of the President of the Assembly. This door, termed the Presidency door, was, according to custom, guarded by a sentry. For some time past the second in command to the major, who had been twice sent for during the night by Colonel Espinasse, had remained motionless and silent, close by the sentinel. Five minutes after leaving the barracks at the Invalides, the 42nd Regiment of the line, followed at some distance by the 6th Regiment, which had marched by Rue de Bourgogne, emerged from Rue de l'Université. "The regiment," says an eye-witness, "marched as one steps in a sick-room." It arrived with a stealthy step before the Presidency door. This ambushade came to surprise the law.

The sentry, seeing the troops coming, halted, but at the moment when he was going to challenge them with a *qui vive*, the second in command seized his arm, and, in his capacity of officer empowered to countermand all instructions, ordered him to give free passage to the 42nd; at the same time he commanded the amazed porter to open the gate. The gate turned upon its hinges, the soldiers spread through the avenue. Persigny entered, and said: "It is done."

The National Assembly was invaded.

At the noise of the footsteps Commandant Meunier ran up. "Commandant," Colonel Espi-

nasse called out to him, "I come to relieve your battalion." The commandant turned pale, and for a moment his eyes remained fixed on the ground. Then suddenly he put his hand to his shoulders, and tore off his epaulets; he drew his sword, broke it across his knee, threw the two fragments on the pavement, and, trembling with rage, exclaimed in a solemn voice of thunder: "Colonel, you disgrace the number of your regiment."

"All right! all right!" said Espinasse.

The Presidency door was left open, but all the other entrances remained closed. All the guards were relieved, all the sentinels changed, and the battalion on guard was sent back to the camp at the Invalides, the soldiers stacked their arms in the avenue, and in the Cour d'Honneur. The 42nd, in profound silence, occupied the doors outside and inside, the courtyard, the reception-rooms, the galleries, the corridors, the passages. Every one still slept in the palace.

Shortly afterwards arrived two of those little coupés which are called "forty sous," and two *fiacres*, escorted by two detachments of the Republican Guard and of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and by several squads of police. Commissioners Bertoglio and Primorin alighted from the two coupés.

As these carriages drove up, a personage, bald but still young, was seen to appear at the *grille* on Place de Bourgogne. This personage had all the air of a man about town, who had just come from the opera; and, in fact, he had come from thence, by way of a cavern, it is true: he came from the

Élysée. It was M. de Morny. For an instant he watched the soldiers stacking their arms, and then went on to the Presidency door. There he exchanged a few words with M. de Persigny. A quarter of an hour afterwards, accompanied by two hundred and fifty Chasseurs de Vincennes, he took possession of the Ministry of the Interior, surprised M. de Thorigny in his bed, and handed him brusquely a letter of thanks from Monsieur Bonaparte. Some days previously honest M. de Thorigny, whose ingenuous remarks we have already cited, said to a group of men near whom M. de Morny was passing: "How these men of the Mountain calumniate the President! to break his oath, to achieve a *coup d'état*, he must be a worthless wretch." — Awakened rudely in the middle of the night, and relieved of his post as minister like the sentinels of the Assembly, the worthy man, astounded, and rubbing his eyes, muttered: "Why! the President is a —"

"Yes," said Morny, with a burst of laughter.

He who writes these lines knew Morny. Morny and Walewsky held in the quasi-reigning family the positions, one of Royal bastard, the other of Imperial bastard. Who was Morny? We will tell you. A good-natured upstart, an intriguer, but in no way austere, a friend of Romieu, and a supporter of Guizot, with the manners of the world, and the morals of the roulette-table, self-satisfied, clever, combining a certain liberality of ideas with a readiness to accept useful crimes, finding means to wear a gracious smile with bad teeth, leading a life of pleasure, dissipated but reserved, ugly, good-tempered, fierce, well-dressed, intrepid, will-

ingly leaving a brother prisoner under bolts and bars, and ready to risk his head for a brother Emperor, having the same mother as Louis Bonaparte, and; like Louis Bonaparte, having some father or other, having a right to call himself Beauharnais, a right to call himself Flahaut, and calling himself Morny; carrying literature as far as vaudeville, and politics as far as tragedy; a destructive high-liver; possessing all the frivolity consistent with assassination; capable of being sketched by Marivaux and understood by Tacitus; without conscience, irreproachably elegant, infamous, and amiable, — at need a perfect duke. Such was this malefactor.

It was not yet six o'clock in the morning. Troops began to mass themselves on Place de la Concorde, where Leroy-Saint-Arnaud, on horseback, passed them in review.

Commissioners of Police Bertoglio and Primorin drew up two companies in battle order under the vault of the great staircase of the Questure, but did not ascend that way. They were accompanied by agents of police, who knew the most secret recesses of the Palais Bourbon, and who conducted them through various passages.

General Leflô was lodged in the pavilion occupied in the time of the Duc de Bourbon by Monsieur de Feuchères. That night General Leflô had staying with him his sister and her husband, who were visiting Paris, and who slept in a room the door of which led into one of the corridors of the palace. Commissioner Bertoglio knocked at this door, opened it, and together with his agents abruptly burst into the room where a woman was in bed. The

general's brother-in-law sprang out of bed, and cried out to the questor, who slept in an adjoining room: "Adolphe, the doors are being forced, the palace is full of soldiers. Get up!"

The general opened his eyes and saw Commissioner Bertoglio standing beside his bed.

He sat up.

"General," said the commissioner, "I have come to fulfil a duty."

"I understand," said General Leflô, "you are a traitor."

The commissioner, stammering out the words, "plot against the safety of the State," displayed a warrant. The general, without pronouncing a word, struck this infamous paper with the back of his hand.

Then he dressed and put on his dress uniform of Constantine and of Médéah, thinking in his loyal, soldierly folly, that there were still generals of Africa in the eyes of the soldiers he would find on his way. There were no longer any but ambuscade-generals. His wife embraced him; his son, a child of seven years, in his nightshirt, and in tears, said to the commissioner of police: "Mercy, Monsieur Bonaparte!"

The general, clasping his wife in his arms, whispered in her ear: "There is artillery in the courtyard, try to have a cannon fired."

The commissioner and his men led him away. He regarded these policemen with contempt, and did not speak to them; but when he recognized Colonel Espinasse, his military Breton's heart swelled with indignation.

"Colonel Espinasse," said he, "you are a villain, and I hope to live long enough to tear the buttons from your uniform."

Ex-Colonel Espinasse hung his head, and stammered: "I do not know you."

A major waved his sword, and cried: "We have had enough of lawyer-generals." Some soldiers crossed their bayonets before the unarmed prisoner, three *sergents de ville* pushed him into a *fiacre*, and a sub-lieutenant, approaching the carriage, and looking in the face of the man who, if he were a citizen, was his representative, and if he were a soldier was his general, flung this abominable word at him: "Canaille!"

Meanwhile Commissioner Primorin had gone by a more roundabout way in order the more surely to surprise the other questor, M. Baze.

From M. Baze's apartment a door led to a passage communicating with the chamber of the Assembly. Sieur Primorin knocked at this door. "Who is there?" asked a maid-servant, who was dressing. "The Commissioner of Police," replied Primorin. The servant, thinking that it was the Commissioner of Police of the Assembly, opened the door.

At this moment M. Baze, who had heard the noise, and had just awakened, put on a dressing-gown, and cried: "Do not open the door."

He had scarcely spoken these words when a man in plain clothes and three *sergents de ville* in uniform rushed into his chamber. The man, opening his coat and displaying his tri-coloured scarf, asked M. Baze: "Do you recognize this?"

"You are a villain!" answered the questor.



The police agents laid their hands on M. Baze. "You shall not take me away," he said. "You, a commissioner of police, you, who are a magistrate, and know what you are doing, you outrage the National Assembly, you violate the law, you are a criminal!"

A hand-to-hand struggle ensued, four against one, Madame Baze and her two little girls screaming, the maid-servant being thrust back with blows by the *sergents de ville*. "You are ruffians!" cried Monsieur Baze. They carried him away by main force, in their arms, still struggling, naked, his dressing-gown being torn to shreds, his body covered with blows, his wrist torn and bleeding.

The stairs, the ground-floor, the courtyard, were full of soldiers with fixed bayonets and grounded arms. The questor spoke to them. "Your representatives are being arrested! You did not receive your arms to break the laws!" — A sergeant was wearing a brand-new cross. "Have you been given the cross for this?" — The sergeant answered: "We only know one master." — "I note your number," rejoined M. Baze; "you are a dishonoured regiment." — The soldiers listened with a stolid air, and seemed still asleep. Commissioner Primorin said to them: "Do not answer, this has nothing to do with you." — They led the questor across the courtyard to the guard-house at the Porte Noire.

This was the name given to a little door contrived under the vault opposite the treasury of the Assembly, and opening on Rue de Bourgogne, facing Rue de Lille.

Several sentries were placed at the door of the guard-house, and at the top of the flight of steps which led thither, M. Baze being left there in charge of three *sergents de ville*. Several soldiers, without their weapons, and in their shirt-sleeves, went in and out. The questor appealed to them in the name of military honour. "Do not answer," said the *sergents de ville* to the soldiers.

M. Baze's two little girls had followed him with terrified eyes; when they lost sight of him the youngest burst into tears. "Sister," said the elder, who was seven years old, "let us say our prayers." And the two children, clasping their hands, knelt down.

Commissioner Primorin, with his swarm of agents, burst into the questor's cabinet, and laid his hands on everything. The first papers which he spied on the middle of the table, and which he seized, were the famous decrees which had been prepared in the event of the Assembly having voted the proposals of the questors. All the drawers were opened and searched. This overhauling of M. Baze's papers, which the commissioner of police termed "a domiciliary visit," lasted more than an hour.

M. Baze's clothes had been taken to him, and he had dressed. When the "domiciliary visit" was over, he was taken out of the guard-house. There was a *fiacre* in the courtyard, which he entered, together with the three *sergents de ville*. The vehicle, in order to reach the Presidency door, passed through the *Cour d'Honneur*, then through the *Cour de Canons*. Day was breaking. M. Baze looked into the courtyard to see if the cannon were

still there. He saw the ammunition waggons ranged in order, with their shafts raised; the places of the six cannon and the two mortars were vacant.

In the avenue of the Presidency the *fiacre* stopped for a moment. Two lines of soldiers, their right arms resting on the shoulder of the bayonet, lined the footpaths of the avenue. At the foot of a tree were grouped three men: Colonel Espinasse, whom M. Baze knew and recognized, a species of lieutenant-colonel, who wore a black and orange ribbon round his neck, and a major of lancers, all three sword in hand, consulting together. The windows of the *fiacre* were closed; M. Baze tried to lower them to appeal to these men; the *sergents de ville* seized his arms. Commissioner Primorin then came up, and was about to re-enter the little two-seated coupé which had brought him.

"Monsieur Baze," said he, with that villainous kind of courtesy which the agents of the *coup d'état* freely blended with their crime, "you must be uncomfortable with those three men in the *fiacre*; you are cramped; come in with me."

"Leave me," said the prisoner. "With these three men I am cramped; with you I should be contaminated."

An escort of infantry drew up on both sides of the *fiacre*. Colonel Espinasse called to the coachman: "Drive slowly by Quai d'Orsay until you meet the cavalry escort. When the cavalry have assumed charge, the infantry will come back." — They set out.

As the *fiacre* turned on to Quai d'Orsay a picket of the 7th Lancers arrived at full speed; it was the

escort. The troopers surrounded the *fiacre*, and they galloped off.

No incident occurred during the journey. Here and there, at the noise of the horses' hoofs, windows were opened and heads put forth; and the prisoner, who had at length succeeded in lowering a window, heard startled voices saying: "What's the matter?"

The *fiacre* stopped. — "Where are we?" asked M. Baze. — "At Mazas," said a *sergent de ville*.

The questor was taken to the office of the prison. Just as he entered he saw Baune and Nadaud being brought out. There was a table in the centre, at which Commissioner Primorin, who had followed the *fiacre* in his coupé, had just seated himself. While the commissioner was writing, M. Baze noticed on the table a paper which was evidently a record of committals, on which were these names, written in the following order: Lamoricière, Charras, Cavaignac, Changarnier, Leflô, Thiers, Bedeau, Roger (du Nord), Chambolle. — This was probably the order in which the representatives had arrived at the prison.

When Sieur Primorin had finished writing, M. Baze said: "Now, you will be good enough to receive my protest, and add it to your official report." — "It is not an official report," objected the commissioner, "it is simply an order for committal." — "I intend to write my protest at once," replied Mr. Baze. — "You will have plenty of time in your cell," observed with a smile a man who stood by the table. — M. Baze turned. "Who are you?" — "I am the governor of the prison," said the man. — "In that case," replied M. Baze,

"I pity you, for you are aware of the crime you are committing." — The man turned pale, and stammered a few unintelligible words.

The commissioner rose from his seat; M. Baze briskly took possession of his chair, seated himself at the table, and said to *Sieur Primorin*: "You are a public officer; I call upon you to add my protest to your official report." — "Very well," said the commissioner, "so be it." Baze wrote the protest as follows: —

"I, the undersigned, Jean-Didier Baze, Representative of the People, and Questor of the National Assembly, carried off by violence from my residence in the palace of the National Assembly, and conducted to this prison by an armed force which it was impossible for me to resist, protest in the name of the National Assembly and in my own name against the outrage on the national representation committed upon my colleagues and upon myself.

"Given at Mazas on the 2nd of December, 1851, at eight o'clock in the morning.

"BAZE."

While this was taking place at Mazas, the soldiers were laughing and drinking in the courtyard of the Assembly. They made their coffee in the saucepans. They had lighted enormous fires in the courtyard; the flames, fanned by the wind, at times reached the walls of the Chamber. A superior official of the Questure, an officer of the National Guard, *Ramond de la Croisette*, ventured to say to them:

"You will set the palace on fire;" whereupon a soldier struck him a blow with his fist.


Four of the pieces taken from the *Cour de Canons* were levelled upon the Assembly; two on Place de Bourgogne pointed towards the grating, and two on Pont de la Concorde pointed towards the grand staircase.

As side-note to this instructive narrative let us mention a curious fact: this 42nd Regiment of the Line was the same which had arrested Louis Bonaparte at Boulogne. In 1840 this regiment lent its aid to the law against the conspirator; in 1851 it lent its aid to the conspirator against the law: such is the beauty of passive obedience.

## CHAPTER IV

### OTHER DOINGS OF THE NIGHT

DURING the same night, in all parts of Paris acts of brigandage took place. Unknown men leading armed troops, and themselves armed with hatchets, mallets, pincers, crowbars, life-preservers, swords hidden under their coats, pistols, of which the butts could be distinguished under the folds of their cloaks, assembled in silence before a house, occupied the street, encircled the approaches, picked the lock of the door, garrotted the porter, invaded the stairs, and burst through the doors upon a sleeping man; and when that man, awakened with a start, asked of these bandits: "Who are you?" their leader answered, "A commissioner of police." So it happened to Lamoricière, who was seized by Blanchet, who threatened him with the gag; to Greppo, who was brutally treated and thrown down by Gronfier, assisted by six men carrying a dark lantern and a pole-axe; to Cavaignac, who was secured by Colin, a smooth-tongued villain, who affected to be shocked on hearing him "curse and swear;" to M. Thiers, who was arrested by Hubaut the elder, who professed that he had seen him "tremble and weep," thus adding falsehood to crime; to Valentin, who was assailed in his bed by Dourlens, taken by the feet and shoulders, and



thrust into a padlocked police-van; to Miot, destined to the tortures of African casemates; to Roger (du Nord), who, with courageous and witty irony, offered sherry to the bandits. Charras and Changarnier were taken unawares. They lived on Rue Saint-Honoré, nearly opposite each other, Changarnier at No. 3, Charras at No. 14. Since the 9th of September Changarnier had dismissed the fifteen men armed to the teeth by whom he had hitherto been guarded during the night; and on the 1st of December, as we have said, Charras had unloaded his pistols. These empty pistols were lying on the table when they came to arrest him. The commissioner of police threw himself upon them. "Idiot," said Charras to him, "if they had been loaded, you would be a dead man." These pistols, we may note, had been given to Charras at the taking of Mascara by General Renaud, who at the moment of Charras' arrest by the *coup d'état* was on horseback in the street in the service of the *coup d'état*. If these pistols had remained loaded, and if General Renaud had had the task of arresting Charras, it would have been curious if Renaud's pistols had killed Renaud. Charras assuredly would not have hesitated. We have already mentioned the names of these police rascals; it is worth while to repeat them. It was Courtille who arrested Charras, Lerat who arrested Changarnier, Desgranges who arrested Nadaud. The men thus seized in their own houses were Representatives of the People; they were inviolable, so that to the crime of the violation of their persons was added this high treason, the violation of the Constitution.



There was no lack of impudence in the perpetration of these outrages. The police agents made merry. Some of these scoundrels jested. At Mazas the under-jailors jeered at Thiers. Nadaud reprimanded them severely. Sieur Hubaut the younger awoke General Bedeau. — "General, you are a prisoner." — "My person is inviolable." — "Unless you are taken in the act." — "Well," said Bedeau, "I am taken in the heinous act of being asleep." They took him by the collar and dragged him to a *fiacre*.

On meeting at Mazas, Nadaud grasped the hand of Greppo, and Lagrange grasped the hand of Lamoricière. This made the police laugh. One Thirion, a colonel, wearing a commander's cross round his neck, was present at the jailing of the generals and representatives. "Look me in the face," said Charras to him. Thirion moved away.

Thus, without counting other arrests which took place later on, there were imprisoned during the night of the 2nd of December, sixteen representatives and seventy-eight citizens. The two agents of the crime furnished a report of it to Louis Bonaparte. Morny wrote, "Boxed up;" Maupas wrote, "Quadded." The one in drawing-room slang, the other in the slang of the galleys. Subtle gradations of language.

## CHAPTER V

### THE DARKNESS OF THE CRIME

VERSIGNY had just left me.

While I dressed hastily, a man arrived in whom I had every confidence. He was a poor cabinet-maker out of work, named Girard, to whom I had given shelter in a room of my house, a carver of wood, and not illiterate. He came in from the street; he was trembling.

"Well," I asked, "what do the people say?"

Girard answered: —

"People are dazed. The blow has been struck in such a manner that they don't understand it. Workmen read the placards, say nothing, and go to their work. Only one in a hundred speaks. It is to say: 'Good!' This is how it appears to them: The law of the 31st May is abrogated. 'Good!' — Universal suffrage is re-established. 'Good again!' The re-actionary majority has been driven away. 'Admirable!' Thiers is arrested. 'Capital!' Changarnier is seized. 'Bravo!' — Round each placard there are *claqueurs*. Ratapoil explains his *coup d'état* to Jacques Bonhomme. Jacques Bonhomme takes it all in. Briefly, it is my impression that the people give their consent."

"So be it," said I.

"But," asked Girard of me, "what will you do, Monsieur Victor Hugo?"

I took my scarf of office from a cupboard, and showed it to him.

He understood.

We shook hands.

As he went out, Carini entered.

Colonel Carini is a fearless man. He commanded the cavalry under Mieroslawsky in the Sicilian insurrection. He has, in a few moving and enthusiastic pages, told the story of that noble revolt. Carini is one of those Italians who love France as we Frenchmen love Italy. Every man of heart in this age has two fatherlands — the Rome of yesterday and the Paris of to-day.

"Thank God," said Carini to me, "you are still free;" and he added, "The blow has been struck in a formidable manner. The Assembly is invested. I have come from there. Place de la Révolution, the quays, the Tuileries, the boulevards, are crowded with troops. The soldiers have their knapsacks. The batteries are harnessed. If fighting takes place it will be desperate work."

I answered: "There will be fighting."

And I added, laughing: "You have proved that the colonels write like poets; now it is for the poets to fight like colonels."

I entered my wife's room; she knew nothing, and was quietly reading her paper in bed.

I had about me five hundred francs in gold. I put on my wife's bed a box containing nine hundred francs, all the money I had left, and I told her what had happened.

She turned pale, and said to me: "What are you going to do?"

"My duty."

She embraced me, and said but two words: —

"Do it."

My breakfast was ready. I ate a cutlet in two mouthfuls. As I finished, my daughter came in. She was startled by the manner in which I kissed her, and asked: "What is the matter?"

"Your mother will explain to you."

And I left them.

Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne was as quiet and deserted as usual. Four workmen were, however, chatting near my door; they wished me good-morning.

I cried out to them: "You know what is going on?"

"Yes," said they.

"Well. It is treason! Louis Bonaparte is murdering the Republic. The people are attacked. The people must defend themselves."

"They will defend themselves."

"You promise me that?"

"Yes," they answered.

One of them added: "We swear it."

They kept their word. Barricades were constructed in my street (Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne), in Rue des Martyrs, in Cité Rodier, in Rue Coque-nard, and at Notre-Dame de Lorette.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE PLACARDS

ON leaving these brave men I could read at the corner of Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne and Rue des Martyrs, the three infamous placards which had been posted on the walls of Paris during the night.

Here they are:

### PROCLAMATION

#### OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC

#### *Appeal to the People*

FRENCHMEN! The present situation can last no longer. Every day which passes aggravates the dangers of the country. The Assembly, which ought to be the firmest support of order, has become a hot-bed of conspiracies. The patriotism of three hundred of its members has been unable to check its fatal tendencies. Instead of making laws in the public interest it forges arms for civil war; it attacks the power which I hold directly from the People, it encourages all bad passions, it compromises the tranquillity of France; I have dissolved it, and I constitute the whole People the judge between it and me.

The Constitution, as you know, was constructed

with the object of weakening beforehand the power which you were about to confide to me. Six millions of votes were an emphatic protest against it, and yet I have faithfully observed it. Insults, calumnies, outrages, have found me unmoved. Now, however, that the fundamental compact is no longer respected by the very men who incessantly invoke it, now that the men who have ruined two monarchies wish to tie my hands in order to overthrow the Republic, it is my duty to frustrate their treacherous schemes, to maintain the Republic, and to save the country by appealing to the solemn judgment of the only sovereign whom I recognize in France — the People.

I therefore make a loyal appeal to the whole nation, and I say to you: If you wish to continue this condition of unsettlement which degrades us and endangers our future, choose another in my place, for I will no longer retain a power which is impotent to do good, which renders me responsible for actions which I cannot prevent, and which binds me to the helm when I see the vessel driving towards the abyss.

If, on the other hand, you still place confidence in me, give me the means of accomplishing the great mission which I hold from you.

This mission consists in closing the era of revolutions, by satisfying the legitimate needs of the People, and by protecting them from subversive passions. It consists, above all, in creating institutions which survive men, and which are the foundations on which something durable may be established.

Persuaded that the instability of the governing power, that the preponderance of a single Assembly, are permanent causes of trouble and discord, I submit to your suffrages the following fundamental bases of a Constitution which will be developed later by the Assemblies: —

1. A responsible head, appointed for ten years.
2. Ministers dependent upon the executive power alone.
3. A Council of State composed of the most distinguished men, who shall prepare laws and shall support them in debate before the Corps Législatif.
4. A Corps Législatif which shall discuss and vote the laws, be elected by universal suffrage, without *scrutin de liste*, which falsifies elections.
5. A Second Assembly composed of all the illustrious men of the country, a balancing power, guardian of the fundamental compact, and of the public liberties.

This system, created by the First Consul at the beginning of the century, has already given repose and prosperity to France; it would insure them to her again.

Such is my firm conviction. If you share it, declare it by your votes. If, on the contrary, you prefer a government without strength, monarchical or republican, borrowed from I know not what past, or what chimerical future, answer in the negative.

Thus, for the first time since 1804, you will

vote with a full knowledge of the circumstances, knowing exactly for whom and for what.

If I do not obtain the majority of your suffrages I shall convoke a new Assembly, and shall place in its hands the commission which I have received from you.

But if you believe that the cause of which my name is the symbol, — that is to say, France regenerated by the Revolution of '89, and organized by the Emperor, — is still your own, proclaim it by sanctioning the powers which I ask at your hands.

Then France and Europe will be preserved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed, rivalries will disappear, for all will respect, in the decision of the People, the decree of Providence.

Given at the Palace of the Élysée, the 2nd of December, 1851.

“LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.”

## PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC TO THE ARMY

SOLDIERS! Be proud of your mission; you will save the country, for I count upon you, not to violate the laws, but to enforce respect for the first law of the country, the national sovereignty, of which I am the legitimate representative.

For a long time past, like myself, you have suffered from obstacles which have opposed themselves both to the good that I wished to do and to the demonstrations of your sympathies in my favour. These obstacles have been broken down.

The Assembly has tried to attack the authority



which I hold from the entire nation. It has ceased to exist.

I make a loyal appeal to the people and to the army, and I say to them: Either give me the means of insuring your prosperity, or choose another in my place.

In 1830, as in 1848, you were treated as vanquished men. After having branded your heroic disinterestedness, they disdained to consult your sympathies and your wishes, and yet you are the flower of the nation. To-day, at this solemn moment, I desire that the voice of the army shall be heard.

Vote, therefore, freely as citizens; but, as soldiers, do not forget that passive obedience to the orders of the head of the State is the rigorous duty of the army, from the general to the private soldier.

It is for me, responsible for my actions both to the people and to posterity, to take those measures which seem to me indispensable for the public welfare.

As for you, remain immovable within the rules of discipline and honour. By your imposing attitude help the country to manifest its will calmly and upon due reflection.

Be ready to repress every attack upon the free exercise of the sovereignty of the people.

Soldiers, I do not speak to you of the memories which my name recalls. They are engraven in your hearts. We are united by indissoluble ties. Your history is mine. There is between us, in the past, community of glory and of misfortune.

There will be in the future community of sentiment and of resolutions for the repose and the grandeur of France.

Given at the Palace of the Élysée, December 2, 1851.

(Signed) L. - N. BONAPARTE.

## IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC decrees:—

### ARTICLE I

The National Assembly is dissolved.

### ARTICLE II

Universal suffrage is re-established. The law of May 31 is abrogated.

### ARTICLE III

The French People are convoked in their electoral districts from December 14 to December 21 following.

### ARTICLE IV

A State of Siege is declared in the district of the First Military Division.

### ARTICLE V

The Council of State is dissolved.

### ARTICLE VI

The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of this decree.

Given at the Palace of the Élysée, December 2, 1851.

LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

DE MORNÿ, Minister of the Interior.

## CHAPTER VII

### NO. 70, RUE BLANCHE

THE Cité Gaillard is somewhat difficult to find. It is a deserted alley in that new quarter which separates Rue des Martyrs from Rue Blanche. I found it, however. As I reached No. 4, Yvan came out of the porte-cochère and said: "I am here to warn you. The police have an eye upon this house. Michel is waiting for you at No. 70, Rue Blanche, a few steps from here."

I knew No. 70, Rue Blanche. It was there that Manin lived, the celebrated President of the Venetian Republic. It was not in his rooms, however, that the meeting was to take place.

The concierge of No. 70 told me to go up to the first floor. The door was opened, and a handsome, grey-haired woman of some forty summers, the Baroness Coppens, whom I recognized, having seen her in society and at my own house, ushered me into a salon.

Michel de Bourges and Alexander Rey were there, the latter an ex-Constituent, an eloquent writer, a brave man. At that time Alexander Rey edited the *National*.

We shook hands.

Michel said to me: —

"Hugo, what do you propose to do?"

I answered: "Everything."

"That also is my opinion," said he.

Numerous representatives arrived, among others Pierre Lefranc, Labrousse, Théodore Bac, Noel Parfait, Arnould (de l'Ariège), Démosthène Ollivier, an ex-Constituent, and Charamaule. There was deep and unutterable indignation, but no useless words were spoken.

All were imbued with that manly anger whence issue great resolutions.

We talked. The situation was set forth. Each one told the news he had heard.

Théodore Bac came from Léon Faucher, who lived on Rue Blanche. It was he who had awakened Léon Faucher, and had announced the news to him. The first words of Léon Faucher were: "It is an infamous deed."

From the first moment Charamaule displayed a courage which, during the four days of the struggle, never flagged for a single instant. Charamaule is a very tall man, possessed of vigorous features and convincing eloquence; he voted with the Left, but sat with the Right. In the Assembly he was the neighbour of Montalembert and Riancey. He sometimes had warm disputes with them, which we watched from afar and which amused us.

Charamaule had come to the meeting at No. 70 dressed in a sort of blue cloth military cloak, and armed, as we found out later.

The situation was grave: sixteen representatives arrested, — all the generals in the Assembly, and he who was more than a general, Charras. All the

newspapers suppressed, all the printing-offices occupied by soldiers. On the side of Bonaparte an army of 80,000 men which could be doubled in a few hours; on our side nothing. The people deceived, and, moreover, disarmed. The telegraph at their command. All the walls covered with their placards, and at our disposal not a single printer's case, not one sheet of paper. No means of raising a protest, no means of beginning the combat. The *coup d'état* was clad in mail, the Republic was naked; the *coup d'état* had a speaking-trumpet, the Republic wore a gag.

What was to be done?

The raid against the Republic, against the Constitution, against the Assembly, against right, against law, against progress, against civilization, was commanded by African generals. These heroes had just proved that they were cowards. They had taken their precautions well. Fear alone can engender so much skill. They had arrested all the men of war of the Assembly, and all the men of action of the Left, — Baune, Charles Lagrange, Miot, Valentin, Nadaud, Cholat. Add to this that all the possible leaders of barricades were in prison. The organizers of the ambushade had carefully left at liberty Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself, judging us to be less men of action than of speech, wishing to leave to the Left men capable of resistance, but incapable of victory, hoping to dishonour us if we did not fight, and to shoot us if we did fight.

Nevertheless, no one hesitated. The deliberation began. Other representatives arrived every minute: Edgar Quinet, Doutre, Pelletier, Cassal, Bruckner,

Baudin, Chauffour. The room was full, some seated, most standing, in disorder but without confusion.

I was the first to speak.

I said that the struggle ought to be begun at once. Blow for blow.

That it was my opinion that the hundred and fifty Representatives of the Left should put on their scarves of office, should march in procession through the streets and the boulevards as far as the Madeleine, crying "Vive la Republique! Vive la Constitution!" should appear before the troops, and alone, calm and unarmed, should summon Might to obey Right. If the soldiers yielded, we should go to the Assembly and make an end of Louis Bonaparte. If the soldiers fired upon their legislators, we should disperse throughout Paris, cry "To arms," and resort to barricades. Resistance should be begun constitutionally, and if that failed, should be continued revolutionarily. There was no time to be lost.

"High treason," said I, "needs to be seized red-handed; it is a great mistake to suffer such an outrage to be accepted by the hours as they elapse. Each minute that passes is an accomplice, and endorses the crime. Beware of that calamity called an accomplished fact. To arms!"

Many warmly supported this advice, among others Edgar Quinet, Pelletier, and Doutre.

Michel de Bourges seriously objected. My instinct was to begin at once, his advice was to wait and see. According to him there was danger in hastening the catastrophe. The *coup d'état* was organized, and the people were not. They had been taken unawares.

We must not indulge in illusions; the masses could not stir as yet. Perfect calm reigned in the faubourgs. Surprise, yes; anger, no. The people of Paris, although so intelligent, did not understand.

Michel added: "We are not in 1830. Charles X, in turning out the 221, exposed himself to that slap in the face, the re-election of the 221. We are not in the same situation. The 221 were popular, the present Assembly is not. A chamber which has been insultingly dissolved is always sure to win, if the people support it. Thus the people rose in 1830. To-day they are stagnant. They are dupes until they shall be victims." Michel de Bourges concluded: "The people must be given time to understand, to grow angry, to rise. As for us, representatives, we should be rash to precipitate the clash. If we were to march immediately, straight upon the troops, we should only be shot to no purpose, and the glorious insurrection for the right would thus be deprived beforehand of its natural leaders — the representatives of the people. We should decapitate the popular army. Temporary delay, on the contrary, would be beneficial. Too much zeal must be guarded against; self-restraint is necessary; to give way would be to lose the battle before it is begun. Thus, for example, we must not attend the meeting announced by the Right for noon; all those who go there would be arrested. We must remain free, we must remain in readiness, we must remain calm, and before acting await the advent of the people. Four days of this agitation without fighting would weary the army." Michel, however, advised a beginning, but simply by placarding

Article 68 of the Constitution. But where could a printer be found?

Michel de Bourges spoke with an experience of revolutionary procedure which I lacked. For many years past he had dealt more or less with the masses. His counsel was wise. It must be added that all the information which came to us seconded him, and appeared conclusive against me. Paris was apathetic. The army of the *coup d'état* invaded her peaceably. Even the placards were not torn down. Nearly all the representatives present, even the most daring, agreed with Michel's counsel, to wait and see what would happen. "At night," said they, "the agitation will begin;" and they concluded, like Michel de Bourges, that the people must be given time to understand. To begin too soon would be to risk being left alone. We should not carry the people with us at that first moment. Let us leave the indignation to mount little by little to their hearts. If it were begun prematurely our manifestation would miscarry. These were the sentiments of all. For myself, while listening to them, I felt shaken. Perhaps they were right. It would be a mistake to give the signal for the combat in vain. What good is the lightning which is not followed by the thunderbolt?

To raise our voices, to give vent to a cry, to find a printer, — there was the first question. But was there still a free Press?

The brave old ex-chief of the 6th Legion, Colonel Forestier, came in. He took Michel de Bourges and myself aside.

"Listen," said he to us; "I come to you; I



have been cashiered. I no longer command my legion, but appoint me, in the name of the Left, colonel of the 6th. Sign an order and I will go at once and call them to arms. In an hour the regiment will be on foot."

"Colonel," answered I, "I will do more than sign an order, I will accompany you."

And I turned towards Charamaule, who had a carriage in waiting.

"Come with us," said I.

Forestier was sure of two majors of the 6th. We decided to drive to them at once, and that Michel and the other representatives should await us at Bonyalet's, on Boulevard du Temple, near the Café Turc. There we would consult together.

We started.

We traversed Paris, where people were already beginning to swarm in a threatening manner. The boulevards were thronged with an uneasy crowd. People walked to and fro; passers-by accosted one another without previous acquaintance, a noteworthy sign of public anxiety; and groups talked in loud voices at the corners of the streets. The shops were being closed.

"Come, this looks better!" cried Charamaule.

He had been wandering about the town since morning, and he had noticed with sadness the apathy of the masses.

We found the two majors at home, upon whom Colonel Forestier relied. They were two rich linen-drappers, who received us with some embarrassment. The shopmen had gathered at the windows, and watched us pass. It was mere curiosity.

However, one of the two majors countermanded a journey which he was going to take that day, and promised us his co-operation.

"But," added he, "do not deceive yourselves; one can foresee that we shall be cut to pieces. Few men will march."

Colonel Forestier said to us: "Watrin, the present colonel of the 6th, does not care for fighting; perhaps he will resign the command to me amicably. I will go to him alone, so as to startle him less, and will join you at Bonvalet's."

Near Porte Saint-Martin we left our carriage, and Charamaule and myself proceeded along the boulevard on foot, in order to observe the groups more closely, and to judge better the aspect of the crowd.

The recent levelling of the road had converted Boulevard de la Porte Saint-Martin into a deep cutting, commanded by two embankments. On the summits of these embankments were the foot-ways, furnished with railings. Carriages drove along the cutting, pedestrians walked along the foot-ways.

Just as we reached the boulevard, a long column of infantry filed into this cutting with drums at their head. The thick waves of bayonets filled Carré Saint-Martin, and lost themselves in the depths of Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle.

An enormous and compact crowd covered the two foot-ways of Boulevard Saint-Martin. Large numbers of workmen in their blouses were there, leaning upon the railings.

At the moment when the head of the column

entered the defile before the Theatre of the Porte Saint-Martin a tremendous shout of "Vive la République!" issued from every mouth as though shouted by one man. The soldiers continued to advance in silence, but one would have said that their pace slackened, and many of them regarded the crowd with an air of indecision. What did this cry of "Vive la République!" mean? Was it applause? Was it a shout of defiance?

It seemed to me at that moment that the Republic stood erect, and that the *coup d'état* hung its head.

Meanwhile Charamaule said to me: "You are recognized."

In fact, near the Château d'Eau the crowd surrounded me. Some young men cried, "Vive Victor Hugo!" One of them asked me: "Citizen Victor Hugo, what ought we to do?"

I answered: "Tear down the seditious placards of the *coup d'état*, and cry 'Vive la Constitution!'"

"And suppose they fire on us?" said a young workman.

"You will run to arms."

"Bravo!" shouted the crowd.

I added: "Louis Bonaparte is a rebel. He has covered himself to-day with every crime. We, Representatives of the People, declare him an outlaw, but even without our declaration, he is an outlaw by the mere fact of his treason. Citizens, you have two hands; take in one your rights, and in the other your gun, and fall upon Bonaparte."

"Bravo! Bravo!" again shouted the people.

A tradesman who was shutting up his shop said

to me: "Don't speak so loud; if they heard you talking like that, they would shoot you."

"Well, then," I replied, "you would parade my body, and my death would be a boon if the justice of God should come forth from it."

All shouted, "Vive Victor Hugo!"

"Shout 'Vive la Constitution,'" said I.

A great cry of "Vive la Constitution! Vive la République," burst from every breast.

Enthusiasm, indignation, wrath, gleamed in the faces of all. I thought then, and I still think, that this, perhaps, was the supreme moment. I was tempted to carry off all that crowd, and to begin the battle.

Charamaule restrained me. He whispered to me: —

"You will bring about a useless fusillade. Every one is unarmed. The infantry is only two paces from us, and see, here comes the artillery."

I looked around; in truth, several pieces of cannon debouched at a quick trot from Rue de Bondy, behind the Château d'Eau.

The advice to abstain, given by Charamaule, made a deep impression on me. Coming from such a man, and one so dauntless, it was certainly not to be distrusted. Besides, I felt bound by the deliberation which had just taken place at the meeting on Rue Blanche.

I shrank before the responsibility which I should have incurred. To have taken advantage of such a moment might mean victory, it might also mean a massacre. Was I right? Was I wrong?

The crowd thickened around us, and it became

difficult to go forward. We were anxious, however, to reach the rendezvous at Bonvalet's.

Suddenly some one touched me on the arm. It was Léopold Duras, of the *National*.

"Go no further," he whispered, "the Restaurant Bonvalet is surrounded. Michel de Bourges attempted to harangue the people, but the soldiers came up. He barely succeeded in making his escape. Numerous representatives who came to the meeting have been arrested. Retrace your steps. We are returning to the old rendezvous in Rue Blanche. I have been looking for you to tell you this."

A cab was passing; Charamaule hailed the driver, we jumped in, followed by the crowd shouting, "Vive la République! Vive Victor Hugo!"

It seems that just at that moment a squadron of *sergents de ville* arrived on the boulevard to arrest me. The coachman drove off at full speed. A quarter of an hour afterward we reached Rue Blanche.

## CHAPTER VIII

### . VIOLATION OF THE CHAMBER

AT seven o'clock in the morning the Pont de la Concorde was still free. The large barred gate of the palace of the Assembly was closed; through the bars could be seen the flight of steps — that flight of steps from which the Republic had been proclaimed on the 4th of May, 1848 — covered with soldiers; and their stacked arms could be distinguished upon the platform behind those high columns, which, in the days of the Constituent Assembly, after the 15th of May and the 23rd of June, masked small mountain mortars, loaded and aimed.

A porter with a red collar, wearing the livery of the Assembly, stood by the little wicket in the gate. From time to time representatives arrived. The porter would say, "Gentlemen, are you representatives?" and would open the door. Sometimes he asked their names.

M. Dupin's quarters could be entered without hindrance. In the great gallery, in the dining-room, in the *salon d'honneur* of the Presidency, were liveried attendants who silently opened the doors as usual.

Before daylight, immediately after the arrest of

the questors, MM. Baze and Leflô, M. de Panat, the only questor who remained free, having been spared or looked down upon as a Legitimist, awoke M. Dupin and begged him to summon the representatives immediately at their own homes. M. Dupin returned this unprecedented answer: "I see no urgency."

Almost at the same time as M. de Panat, Representative Jérôme Bonaparte had hastened thither. He had called upon M. Dupin to place himself at the head of the Assembly. M. Dupin had answered, "I cannot, I am under guard." Jérôme Bonaparte burst out laughing. In fact, no one had deigned even to place a sentinel at M. Dupin's door; they knew that it was guarded by his baseness.

It was only later, towards noon, that they took pity on him. They felt that such treatment was too contemptuous, and allotted him two sentinels.

At half-past seven, fifteen or twenty representatives, among whom were MM. Eugène Sue, Joret, de Rességuier, and de Talhouet, met in M. Dupin's room. They too had vainly argued with M. Dupin. In the recess of a window a clever member of the majority, M. Desmousseaux de Givré, who was a little deaf and exceedingly exasperated, almost quarrelled with another representative of the Right whom he wrongly supposed to be favourable to the *coup d'état*.

M. Dupin, apart from the group of representatives, alone, dressed in black, his hands behind his back, his head sunk on his breast, walked up and down before the fire-place, where a great fire was burning.

They talked aloud about him, in his own house, in his presence, and he seemed not to hear.

Two members of the Left came in, Benoît (du Rhône), and Crestin. Crestin entered the salon, went straight to M. Dupin, and said to him, "Monsieur le Président, do you know what is going on? How is it that the Assembly has not yet been convened?"

M. Dupin halted, and answered, with the shrug which was habitual with him, —

"There is nothing to be done."

And he resumed his walk.

"That is enough," said M. de Rességuier.

"It is too much," said Eugène Sue.

All the representatives left the room.

In the meantime the Pont de la Concorde was covered with troops. General Vast-Vimeux, old, lean, short, his lank white hair plastered over his temples, in full uniform, with his laced hat on his head, laden with two huge epaulets, displaying his scarf, — not of a representative, but of a general, — which scarf, being too long, trailed on the ground, crossed the bridge on foot, shouting to the soldiers inarticulate cries of enthusiasm for the Empire and the *coup d'état*. Such figures as his were seen in 1814. Only, instead of wearing a big tri-coloured cockade, they wore a big white cockade. In the main the same phenomenon: old men crying, "Long live the Past!" Almost at the same moment M. de Larochejaquelein crossed the Place de la Concorde, surrounded by a hundred men in blouses, who followed him in silence, and with an air of curiosity. Numerous regiments of cavalry



were drawn up on the broad Avenue des Champs-Élysées.

At eight o'clock a formidable force invested the Legislative Palace. All the approaches were guarded, all the doors were locked. Some representatives nevertheless succeeded in penetrating into the interior of the palace, not, as has been erroneously stated, by passing through the President's house on the side of the Esplanade des Invalides, but through the small door on Rue de Bourgogne, called the Black Door. This door, by somebody's omission or connivance, remained open till noon on the 2nd of December. Rue de Bourgogne was nevertheless full of troops. Squads of soldiers scattered here and there on Rue de l'Université allowed passers-by, who were few and far between, to pass to and fro.

The representatives who entered by the door on Rue de Bourgogne penetrated as far as the Salle des Conférences, where they met their colleagues coming out from M. Dupin's.

A numerous group of men, representing every shade of opinion in the Assembly, speedily assembled in this hall, among whom were MM. Eugène Sue, Richardet, Fayolle, Joret, Marc Dufraisse, Benoît (du Rhône), Canet, Gambon, d'Adelsward, Crépu, Répélin, Teillard-Latérisse, Rantion, General Laydet, Paulin Durrieu, Chanay, Brilliez, Collas (Gironde), Monet, Gaston, Favreau, and Albert de Rességuier.

Each newcomer accosted M. de Panat.

"Where are the vice-presidents?"

"In prison."

“ And the other two questors? ”

“ Also in prison. And I beg you to believe, gentlemen,” added M. de Panat, “ that I had nothing to do with the affront put upon me by not arresting me.”

Indignation was at its height; all shades of political opinion were blended in the same sentiment of contempt and anger, and M. de Rességuier was no less energetic than Eugène Sue. For the first time the Assembly seemed to have but one heart and one voice. At length every one said what he thought of the man of the Élysée, and it was then seen that for a long time Louis Bonaparte had imperceptibly created absolute unanimity in the Assembly — the unanimity of contempt.

M. Collas (Gironde) gesticulated and told his story. He came from the Department of the Interior. He had seen M. de Morny, he had spoken to him; and he, M. Collas, was incensed beyond measure at M. Bonaparte's crime. Since then, that crime has made him Councillor of State.

M. de Panat went hither and thither among the groups, announcing to the representatives that he had convoked the Assembly for one o'clock. But it was impossible to wait until that hour. Time pressed. At the Palais Bourbon, as on Rue Blanche, it was the universal feeling that every hour that passed helped to accomplish the *coup d'état*; every one felt as a reproach the weight of his silence or of his inaction; the circle of iron was growing smaller, the tide of soldiers rose unceasingly, and silently invaded the palace; every moment an additional sentinel was found at some door which

a moment before had been free. But the group of representatives assembled in the Salle des Conférences was as yet respected. It was necessary to act, to speak, to deliberate, to struggle, and not to lose a minute.

Gambon said, "Let us try Dupin once more; he is our official man, we have need of him." They went to look for him. They could not find him. He was no longer there; he had disappeared, he was absent, hidden, cowering, concealed, vanished, buried. Where? No one knew. Cowardice has unknown lairs.

Suddenly a man entered the hall, a man who was a stranger to the Assembly, in uniform, wearing the epaulet of a commissioned officer, and a sword by his side. He was a major of the 42nd, who came to order the representatives to quit their hall. All, Royalists and Republicans alike, rushed upon him: such is the expression of an indignant eye-witness. General Leydet addressed him in words of the sort that strike the cheek rather than the ear.

"I am doing my duty, I am executing my orders," stammered the officer.

"You are an idiot, if you think you are doing your duty," cried Leydet to him, "and you are a scoundrel if you know that you are committing a crime. Do you hear what I say? take offence at it if you dare!"

The officer refused to take offence and rejoined, "So, gentlemen, you will not withdraw?"

"No."

"I shall go and obtain force."

"Do so."

He left the room, and in fact went to the Department of the Interior for orders.

The representatives waited in that kind of indescribable agitation which might be called the strangling of the right by violence.

In a short time, one of them, who had gone out, came back hastily, and warned them that two companies of the gendarmerie mobile were coming with their guns in their hands.

Marc Dufraisse cried out, "Let the outrage be thorough; let the *coup d'état* come and find us in our seats! Let us go to the Salle des Séances!" He added, "Since things have come to this pass, let us afford the actual, living spectacle of an 18th Brumaire."

They all repaired to the Salle des Séances. The passage was free. The Salle Casimir-Périer was not yet occupied by the soldiers.

They numbered about sixty. Several had donned their scarves of office. They entered the hall with an attitude of determination.

There, M. de Rességuier, with the best intentions, and in order to form a more compact group, urged that they should all instal themselves on the Right.

"No," said Marc Dufraisse, "every one to his own bench." They scattered about the hall, each in his usual place.

M. Monet, who sat on one of the lower benches of the Left Centre, held in his hand a copy of the Constitution.

Several minutes elapsed. No one spoke. It was

the silence of expectation which precedes decisive deeds and final crises, and during which every one seems to listen respectfully to the last instructions of his conscience.

Suddenly the troops of the gendarmerie mobile, headed by a captain with his sword drawn, appeared on the threshold. The Salle des Séances was violated. The representatives rose from their seats simultaneously, shouting "Vive la République!" Then they resumed their seats.

Representative Monet alone remained standing, and in a loud and indignant voice, which rang through the empty hall like a trumpet, ordered the soldiers to halt.

The soldiers halted, staring at the representatives with a bewildered air. As yet they only blocked the lobby of the Left, and had not passed the tribune.

Then Representative Monet read Articles 36, 37, and 68 of the Constitution.

Articles 36 and 37 established the inviolability of the representatives. Article 68 deposed the President in the event of his treason.

That was a solemn moment. The soldiers listened in silence.

The articles having been read, Representative d'Adelsward, who sat on the first lower bench of the Left, and who was nearest to the soldiers, turned towards them and said: —

"Soldiers, you see that the President of the Republic is a traitor, and would make traitors of you. You violate the sacred precinct of the National Representation. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of the laws, we order you to withdraw."

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While Adelsward was speaking the major commanding the gendarmerie mobile entered.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have orders to request you to withdraw, and, if you do not withdraw of your own accord, to expel you."

"Orders to expel us!" exclaimed Adelsward; and all the representatives added, "Orders from whom? Let us see the orders. Who signed the orders?"

The major drew forth a paper and unfolded it. Scarcely had he unfolded it when he attempted to replace it in his pocket; but General Leydet threw himself upon him and seized his arm. Several representatives bent forward, and read the order for the expulsion of the Assembly, signed "Fortoul, Minister of Marine."

Marc Dufraisse turned towards the gendarmes mobiles, and cried, —

"Soldiers, your very presence here is an act of treason. Leave the hall!"

The soldiers seemed undecided. But suddenly a second column filed in through the door at the right, and at a signal from the major, the captain shouted, —

"Forward! Turn them all out!"

Then began an indescribable hand-to-hand fight between the gendarmes and the legislators. The soldiers, with their guns in their hands, invaded the benches of the Senate. Repellin, Chanay, Ranton, were forcibly torn from their seats. Two gendarmes rushed upon Marc Dufraisse, two upon Gambon. A long struggle took place on the first bench of the Right, on the spot where MM. Odilon Barrot and

Abbatucci were accustomed to sit. Paulin Durrieu resisted violence by force; it took three men to drag him from his bench. Monet was thrown down upon the benches of the messengers. They seized Adelsward by the throat, and thrust him outside the hall. Richardet, a feeble man, was thrown down and brutally treated. Some were pricked with the points of the bayonets; nearly all had their clothes torn.

The major shouted to the soldiers, "Rake them out." Thus it was that sixty Representatives of the People were taken by the collar by the *coup d'état*, and driven from their seats. The assault completed the treason. The physical act was worthy of the moral act.

The last three to come out were Fayolle, Teillard-Latérisse, and Paulin Durrieu. They were allowed to pass through the main door of the palace, and they found themselves on Place Bourgogne.

Place Bourgogne was occupied by the 42nd Regiment of the Line, under the orders of Colonel Garderens.

Between the palace and the statue of the Republic, which occupied the centre of the square, a piece of artillery was pointed at the Assembly in front of the great door.

By the side of the cannon some Chasseurs de Vincennes were loading their guns and biting their cartridges.

Colonel Garderens was on horseback near a group of soldiers, which attracted the attention of Representatives Teillard-Latérisse, Fayolle, and Paulin Durrieu.

In the middle of this group three men who had been arrested were struggling vigorously, crying, "Vive la Constitution! Vive la République!"

Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérissse approached and recognized in the three prisoners three members of the majority, Representatives Toupet-des-Vignes, Radoubt-Lafosse, and Arbey.

Representative Arbey was warmly protesting. As he raised his voice, Colonel Garderens cut him short with these words, which are worthy of preservation, —

"Hold your tongue! One word more, and I will have you thrashed with the butt-end of a musket."

The three representatives of the Left indignantly called upon the colonel to release their colleagues.

"Colonel," said Fayolle, "you are breaking the law three times."

"I will break it six times," answered the colonel, and he arrested Fayolle, Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérissse.

The soldiers were ordered to take them to the guard-house of the palace then being built for the Department of Foreign Affairs.

On the way the six prisoners, marching between a double file of bayonets, met three of their colleagues, Representatives Eugène Sue, Chanay, and Benoît (du Rhône).

Eugène Sue stepped in front of the officer who commanded the detachment, and said to him, —

"We summon you to set our colleagues at liberty."

"I cannot do so," answered the officer.

"In that case complete your crimes," said Eugène Sue. "We summon you to arrest us also."



The officer arrested them.

They were taken to the same guard-house of the Department of Foreign Affairs, and, later on, to the barracks on Quai d'Orsay. It was not till night that two companies of the line came to transfer them to this ultimate resting-place.

While placing them between his soldiers the commanding officer bowed to the ground, politely observing, "Gentlemen, my men's guns are loaded."

The clearance of the hall was carried out, as we have said, in a disorderly fashion, the soldiers pushing the representatives before them through all the doors. Some, and among the number those whom we have mentioned, went out by Rue de Bourgogne, others were dragged through the Salle des Pas Perdus towards the barred door opposite Pont de la Concorde.<sup>1</sup>

The Salle des Pas Perdus has for its ante-chamber a sort of crossroads room, upon which opened the staircase of the high tribunes, and several doors, among others the great glass door of the gallery which leads to the apartments of the President of the Assembly.

As soon as they had reached this room, which adjoins the little rotunda, where the side door of the palace is situated, the soldiers set the representatives free.

There, in a few moments, a group was formed, and Representatives Canet and Favreau began to

<sup>1</sup> This barred door was closed on December 2, and was not reopened until the 12th of March, when M. Louis Bonaparte came to inspect the works of the Hall of the Corps Législatif.

speak. A cry arose: "Let us search for Dupin, let us drag him here if it is necessary."

They opened the glass door and rushed into the gallery. This time M. Dupin was in his room. M. Dupin, having learned that the gendarmes had cleared out the hall, had come out of his hiding-place. The Assembly being prostrate, Dupin stood erect. The law being made prisoner, this man felt that he was set free.

The group of representatives, led by MM. Canet and Favreau, found him in his study.

There a dialogue ensued. The representatives summoned the President to put himself at their head, and to re-enter the Hall, he the leader of the Assembly, with them, the leaders of the Nation.

M. Dupin refused point-blank, maintained his ground, was very firm, and clung heroically to his nonentity.

"What do you want me to do?" said he, mingling with his alarmed protests many law maxims and Latin quotations, instinctively, like chattering jays, who pour forth all their vocabulary when they are frightened. "What do you want me to do? Who am I? What can I do? I am nothing. No one is any longer of any account. *Ubi nihil, nihil*. Might is there. Where the might is the people lose their rights. *Novus nascitur ordo*. Shape your course accordingly. I am obliged to submit, for my part. *Dura lex, sed lex*. A law of necessity, we admit, and not a law of right. But what is to be done? I ask to be let alone. I can do nothing; I do what I can. It is not the will that I lack. If I had a corporal and four men, I would have them shot."

"This man recognizes only force," said the representatives; "very well, let us employ force."

They put violence upon him, they put a scarf round his neck, like a rope, and, as they had said, they dragged him towards the hall, begging for his "liberty," lamenting, kicking — I would say wrestling, if the word were not too dignified.

Some minutes after the clearance, this Salle des Pas Perdus, which had just seen representatives pass collared by gendarmes, saw M. Dupin collared by representatives.

They did not get far. Soldiers barred the great green folding-doors. Colonel Espinasse hurried thither, the commander of the gendarmerie came up. The butts of a pair of pistols were seen peeping out of the commander's pocket.

The colonel was pale, the commander was pale, M. Dupin was livid. Both sides were afraid. M. Dupin was afraid of the colonel; the colonel assuredly was not afraid of M. Dupin, but behind that laughable and miserable figure he saw a terrible phantom arise — his crime; and he trembled. In Homer there is a scene where Nemesis appears behind Thersites.

M. Dupin stood for some moments stupefied, bewildered and speechless.

Representative Gambon cried out to him: —

"Now then, speak, M. Dupin, the Left does not interrupt you."

Then, with the words of the representatives in his loins, and the bayonets of the soldiers at his breast, the unhappy man spoke. What his mouth uttered at that moment, what the President of the sovereign

Assembly of France stammered before the gendarmes at that supreme moment, no one could gather.

Those who heard the last hiccoughs of that moribund cowardice, hastened to purge their ears of them. It appears, however, that he stammered something like this: —

“ You are might, you have bayonets; I invoke the right, and I leave you. I have the honour to salute you.”

He went away.

They let him go. At the moment of departure he turned and let fall a few more words. We will not pick them up. History has no rag-picker's basket.

## CHAPTER IX

### AN END WORSE THAN DEATH

WE should have been glad to put aside, never to speak of him again, this man who had borne for three years that most honourable title, President of the National Assembly of France, and who had succeeded only in being the lackey of the majority. He contrived in his last hour to sink even lower than could have been believed possible even for him. His career in the Assembly had been that of a valet, his end was that of a scullion.

The unprecedented attitude that M. Dupin assumed before the gendarmes when uttering with a grimace his pretence of a protest, even justified suspicion. Gambon exclaimed, "He resists like an accomplice. He knew all about it!"

We believe these suspicions to be unjust. M. Dupin knew nothing. Who, indeed, among the organizers of the *coup d'état* would have taken the trouble to make sure of his joining them? Corrupt M. Dupin? was it possible? And, then, to what purpose? To pay him? Why? It would be money wasted when fear alone was enough. Some connivances are all made beforehand. Cowardice is the old fawner upon felony. The blood of the law, when shed, is quickly wiped up. Behind the assassin who

holds the poniard comes the trembling wretch who holds the sponge.

Dupin took refuge in his study. They followed him.

"My God!" he cried, "can't they understand that I want to be left in peace."

In truth they had tortured him ever since the morning, in order to extract from him an impossible morsel of courage.

"You treat me worse than the gendarmes," said he.

The representatives installed themselves in his study, seated themselves at his table, and, while he groaned and scolded in an arm-chair, they drew up a formal report of what had just taken place, as they wished to leave an official record of the outrage in the archives.

When the official report was ended Representative Canet read it to the President, and offered him a pen.

"What do you want me to do with this?" he asked.

"You are the President," answered Canet. "This is our last sitting. It is your duty to sign the official report."

That man refused.



## CHAPTER X

### THE BLACK DOOR

M. DUPIN is a matchless disgrace.

Later on he had his reward. It appears that he became something like Procureur-Général to the Court of Cassation.

M. Dupin does Louis Bonaparte the service of being in his place the vilest of men.

Let us continue this dismal history.

The representatives of the Right, in their first bewilderment at the *coup d'état*, hastened in large numbers to M. Daru's, who was Vice-President of the Assembly, and at the same time one of the Presidents of the Pyramid Club. This club had always supported the policy of the Élysée, but without any idea that a *coup d'état* was premeditated. M. Daru lived at No. 75, Rue de Lille.

Towards ten o'clock in the morning about a hundred of these representatives had assembled at M. Daru's house. They resolved to attempt to make their way to the hall where the Assembly held its sittings. Rue de Lille leads into Rue de Bourgogne, almost opposite the little door by which the palace is entered, and which is called the Black Door.

They walked towards this door, with M. Daru at

their head. They marched arm-in-arm and three abreast. Some of them had put on their scarves of office. They took them off later.

The Black Door, half-open as usual, was guarded by only two sentries.

Some of the most indignant, among them M. de Kerdrel, rushed towards the door and tried to pass through. The door, however, was violently closed, and there ensued between the representatives and the *sergents de ville* who hastened to the spot, a sort of free fight, in which a representative had his wrist sprained.

At the same time a battalion drawn up on Place de Bourgogne marched at the double on the group of representatives. M. Daru, stately and firm, signed to the commander to halt; the battalion halted, and M. Daru, in the name of the Constitution, and in his capacity of Vice-President of the Assembly, summoned the soldiers to lay down their arms and to give free passage to the representatives of the sovereign people.

The commander of the battalion replied by an order to clear the street immediately, declaring that there was no longer an assembly; that as for himself, he did not know what representatives of the people were; and that if those persons before him did not retire of their own accord, he would drive them back by force.

"We will yield only to violence," said M. Daru.

"You are guilty of high treason," added M. de Kerdrel.

The officer gave the order to charge.

The soldiers advanced in close order.



There was a moment of confusion, — almost a collision. The representatives, forcibly driven back, turned into Rue de Lille. Some of them fell. Several members of the Right were rolled in the mud by the soldiers. One of them, M. Etienne, received a blow on the shoulder from the butt-end of a musket. We may add that a week afterwards M. Etienne was a member of that thing which they styled the Consultative Committee. He found the *coup d'état* to his taste, the blow with the musket-butt included.

They went back to M. Daru's house; on the way the scattered group reunited, was recruited indeed by some newcomers.

"Gentlemen," said M. Daru, "the President has failed us, the hall is closed against us. I am the Vice-President; my house is the Palace of the Assembly."

He opened a large salon, and there the members of the Right installed themselves. At first the discussions were somewhat uproarious. M. Daru, however, observed that the moments were precious, and silence was restored.

The first measure to be taken was evidently the deposition of the President of the Republic by virtue of Article 68 of the Constitution. Some representatives of the party called *Burgresses* sat round a table and drew up the decree of deposition.

As they were about to read it, a representative who came in from out-of-doors appeared at the door of the salon, and announced to the Assembly that Rue de Lille was filling up with troops, and that the house was being surrounded.

There was not a moment to lose.

M. Benoît-d'Azy said: "Gentlemen, let us go to

the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement; there we shall be able to deliberate under the protection of the Tenth Legion, of which our colleague, General Lauriston, is colonel."

M. Daru's house had a back entrance by a small gate at the bottom of the garden. Most of the representatives went out that way.

M. Daru was about to follow them. Only himself, M. Odilon Barrot, and two or three others remained in the room, when the door opened. A captain entered, and said to M. Daru, —

"Monsieur le Comte, you are my prisoner."

"Where am I to follow you?" asked M. Daru.

"I have orders to keep you under guard in your own house."

The house, in fact, was occupied by troops, and thus it was that M. Daru was prevented from taking part in the sitting at the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement.

The officer allowed M. Odilon Barrot to go.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE HIGH COURT

WHILE this was taking place on the left bank, towards noon a man was noticed walking to and fro in the great Salle des Pas Perdus of the Palais de Justice. This man, carefully buttoned up in his overcoat, seemed to be attended at a distance by several possible supporters; certain police enterprises employ assistants whose dubious appearance renders passers-by uneasy, so much so that people wonder whether they are magistrates or thieves. The man in the buttoned overcoat, wandered from door to door, from lobby to lobby, exchanging signs of intelligence with the species of tipstaves who followed him; then came back to the large hall, stopping on the way the barristers, solicitors, ushers, clerks, and attendants, and repeating to all in a low voice, so as not to be heard by the passers-by, the same question. To this question some answered, "Yes;" others, "No." And the man resumed his prowling about the Palais de Justice, with the air of a bloodhound seeking the trail.

He was a Commissioner of the Arsenal police.

What was he looking for?

The High Court.

What was the High Court doing?

It was in hiding.

Why? To perform its duties?

Yes and no.

The Commissioner of the Arsenal police had that morning received from Maupas the Prefect orders to search everywhere for the place where the High Court might be sitting, if perchance it thought it its duty to meet. Confusing the High Court with the Council of State, the commissioner of police had gone first to Quai d'Orsay. Having found nothing there, not even the Council of State, he had come away empty-handed, and wandered at random towards the Palais de Justice, thinking that as justice was what he was seeking, he would perhaps find it there.

Not finding it, he went away.

The High Court, however, had nevertheless met.

Where, and how? We shall see.

At the period the history of which we are now chronicling, before the present reconstruction of the old buildings of Paris, when the Palais de Justice was reached through Cour de Harlay, a winding staircase the reverse of majestic led you into a long corridor called the Galerie Mercière. Towards the middle of this corridor there were two doors; one on the right, which led to the Court of Appeal, the other on the left, leading to the Court of Cassation. The folding-doors at the left opened upon the old Galerie de Saint-Louis, recently restored, and which serves at the present time as a Salle des Pas Perdus for the barristers of the Court of Cassation. A wooden statue of Saint-Louis stood opposite the door. An entrance cut in a niche to the right of

this statue led into a winding corridor ending in a sort of cul-de-sac which apparently was closed by two double doors. On the door at the right were the words "First President's Room;" on that at the left, "Council Chamber." Between these two doors, for the convenience of the barristers going from the hall of the Civil Chamber, which formerly was the *Grand' Chambre* of Parliament, had been contrived a sort of dark and narrow cave, in which, as one of them remarked, "every crime could be committed with impunity."

Leaving on one side the First President's room and opening the door which bore the inscription "Council Chamber," one passed through a large room, furnished with a huge horse-shoe table, surrounded by green chairs. At the end of this room, which in 1793 was used as a consulting-room for the juries of the Revolutionary Tribunal, a door was cut in the wainscoting, which led into a little corridor, where were two doors: on the right, the door of the office of the President of the Criminal Chamber, on the left the door of the restaurant. "Sentenced to death!—Now let us go and dine!" These two ideas have jostled each other for centuries. A third door closed the end of this corridor. This door was, so to speak, the last in the Palais de Justice, the most distant, the least known, the most hidden; it opened into what was called the Library of the Court of Cassation, a large square room lighted by two windows overlooking the great inner yard of the Conciergerie, furnished with a few leather chairs, a large table covered with a green cloth, and with law books lining the walls from floor to ceiling.

This room, as may be seen, is more secluded, more hidden than any other in the palace.

It was there, in that room, that there arrived successively on the 2nd of December, towards eleven o'clock in the morning, several men dressed in black, without robes, without insignia of office, terrified, bewildered, astray, shaking their heads, and whispering together. These trembling men constituted the High Court.

The High Court of Justice, according to the terms of the Constitution, was composed of seven magistrates: a president, four judges, and two assistants, chosen by the Court of Cassation from among its own members, and re-chosen every year.

In December, 1851, these seven judges were named Hardouin, Pataille, Moreau, Delapalme, Cauchy, Grandet, and Quesnault, the two last-named being assistants.

These men, almost unknown, had nevertheless some antecedents. M. Cauchy, a few years previously President of the Chamber of the Royal Court of Paris, an amiable man and easily frightened, was the brother of the mathematician and member of the Institute, to whom we owe the computation of waves of sound, and of the ex-Archivist of the Chamber of Peers. M. Delapalme had been Advocate-General, and had taken a prominent part in the press trials under the Restoration; M. Pataille had been a deputy of the Centre under the Monarchy of July; M. Moreau (de la Seine) was noteworthy in that he had been dubbed "de la Seine" to distinguish him from M. Moreau (de la Meurthe), who on his side was noteworthy in that he had been

dubbed "de la Meurthe," to distinguish him from M. Moreau (de la Seine). The first assistant, M. Grandet, had been President of the Chamber at Paris. I have read this panegyric of him: "He is not known to possess any individuality or opinion of his own whatsoever." The second assistant, M. Quesnault, liberal, deputy, public functionary, Advocate-General, conservative, learned, compliant, had, by making a stepping-stone of everything, reached the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation, where he was known as one of the most severe members. 1848 had offended his notion of right; he had resigned after the 24th of February; he did not resign after the 2nd of December.

M. Hardouin, who presided over the High Court, was an ex-President of Assizes, a religious man, a rigid Jansenist, noted among his colleagues as a "scrupulous magistrate," living in Port-Royal, a diligent reader of Nicolle, belonging to the race of old parliamentarians of the Marais, who used to go to the Palais de Justice mounted on mules; the mule had now gone out of fashion, and whoever had visited President Hardouin would have found no more obstinacy in his stable than in his conscience.

On the morning of the 2nd of December, at nine o'clock, two men mounted the stairs of M. Hardouin's house, No. 10, Rue de Condé, and met at his door. One was M. Pataille; the other, one of the most prominent members of the bar of the Court of Cassation, was Martin of Strasbourg, ex-member of the Constituent Assembly. M. Pataille had come to place himself at M. Hardouin's disposal.

Martin's first thought, on reading the placards of

the *coup d'état*, had been of the High Court. M. Hardouin ushered M. Pataille into a room adjoining his study, and received Martin of Strasbourg as a man to whom one does not wish to speak before witnesses. Being formally summoned by Martin to convene the High Court, he begged that he would let him "manage it," declared that the High Court would "do its duty," but that first of all he must "confer with his colleagues;" concluding with this expression, "It shall be done to-day or to-morrow."

"To-day, or to-morrow!" exclaimed Martin; "Monsieur le Président, the safety of the Republic, the safety of the country, perhaps, depends on what the High Court does or does not do. Your responsibility is great; bear that in mind. When one is of the High Court of Justice one does not do one's duty to-day or to-morrow; one does it at once, instantly, without losing a minute, without a moment's hesitation."

Martin of Strasbourg was right; Justice is always to-day. He added: "If you want a man for energetic acts, I am at your service." — M. Hardouin declined the offer, declared that he would not lose a moment, and begged Martin to allow him to "confer" with his colleague, M. Pataille.

In fact, he convoked the High Court for eleven o'clock, and it was settled that the meeting should take place in the Library.

The judges were punctual. At quarter past eleven they were all assembled. M. Pataille arrived last.

They sat at the end of the great green table. They were alone in the Library.



There was no ceremony. President Hardouin thus opened the debate: "Gentlemen, there is no need to explain the situation, we all know what it is."

Article 68 of the Constitution was imperative. It was necessary that the High Court should meet *under penalty of high treason*. They gained time, they swore themselves in, they appointed as Recorder of the High Court M. Bernard, Recorder of the Court of Cassation, they sent for him, and meanwhile requested the librarian, M. Denevers, to act as clerk. They settled the time and place for an evening sitting. They talked of the conduct of the ex-Constituent Martin of Strasbourg, at which they were offended, regarding it almost as a nudge of the elbow given by politics to justice. They talked a little of Socialism, of the Mountain, and of the Red Republic, and a little also of the judgment which they had to pronounce. They chatted, they told stories, they found fault, they speculated, they spun out the time.

What were they waiting for?

We have related what the commissioner of police was doing on his side.

And, by the way, when the accomplices of the *coup d'état* reflected that the people, in order to summon the High Court to do its duty, could invade the Palais de Justice, and that they would never look for it where it was assembled, they felt that that room had been excellently chosen; but when they reflected that the police would doubtless come also, to expel the High Court, and that perhaps they would not succeed in finding it, they all mentally regretted the choice of the room. They had desired

to hide the High Court, they had succeeded too well. It was grievous to think that, perhaps, when the police and the armed force should arrive, matters would have gone too far, and the High Court would be too deeply compromised.

They had appointed a Recorder, now they must organize a Court. A second step, more serious than the first.

The judges delayed, hoping that chance would end by deciding on one side or the other, either for the Assembly or for the President, either against the *coup d'état* or for it, and that there might thus be a vanquished party; and that the High Court could then in all security seize somebody by the collar.

They lengthily argued the question whether they should immediately decree the accusation of the President, or whether they should draw up a simple order of inquiry. The latter course was adopted.

They drew up a decree; not the honest and outspoken decree which was placarded by the efforts of the representatives of the Left and published, and in which are found those words of bad taste, *crime* and *high treason*; this decree, a weapon of war, never existed otherwise than as a projectile. Wisdom in a judge sometimes consists in drawing up a judgment which is not a judgment, one of those judgments which has no binding force, in which everything is conditional, in which no one is incriminated, and nothing is called by its right name. There is a sort of interlocutory affair, which enables one to wait and to see what happens; in delicate crises, men who are in earnest must not inconsiderately compli-

cate possible events by that abruptness of action which is called Justice. The High Court realized this; it drew up a prudent decree. This first decree is not known; it is published here for the first time. Here it is. It is a masterpiece of the equivocal style: —

EXTRACT FROM THE RECORDS OF THE HIGH  
COURT OF JUSTICE

The High Court of Justice,

In view of Article 68 of the Constitution;

Whereas printed placards, beginning with these words: "The President of the Republic," and ending with the signatures, "Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte" and "De Morny, Minister of the Interior," the said placards declaring among other measures the dissolution of the National Assembly, have been posted to-day on the walls of Paris; that this fact of the dissolution of the National Assembly by the President of the Republic is of a nature to constitute the contingency anticipated by Article 68 of the Constitution, and renders, according to the terms of the aforesaid article, the meeting of the High Court indispensable,

Declares that the High Court of Justice has met, that it appoints<sup>1</sup> . . . to perform the duties of government representative at its sessions; M. Bernard, the clerk of the Court of Cassation, to perform the duties of clerk;

<sup>1</sup> This space was left blank. It was filled in later with the name of M. Renouard, Councillor of the Court of Cassation.

and with a view to proceed further according to the terms of the aforesaid Article 68 of the Constitution, adjourns until to-morrow, the 3rd of December, at noon.

Discussed and decreed in the Council Chamber, sitting MM. Hardouin, President, Pataille, Moreau, Delapalme, and Cauchy, Judges, December 2, 1851.

The two assistants, MM. Grandet and Quesnault, offered to sign the decree, but the President decided that it would be more proper to accept only the signatures of the titular judges, the assistants having no status when the Court is full.

Meanwhile it was one o'clock; the news began to spread through the palace that a decree of deposition against Louis Bonaparte had been passed by a part of the Assembly; one of the judges, who had gone out during the debate, brought back this rumour to his colleagues. This coincided with an outburst of energy. The President observed that it would be opportune to appoint a procureur-général.

Here was a difficulty. Whom should they appoint? In preceding trials they had always chosen for procureur-général of the High Court the Procureur-Général of the Court of Appeal of Paris. Why should they introduce an innovation? They determined upon the said Procureur-Général of the Court of Appeal. This procureur-général was at the time M. de Royer, who had been Keeper of the Seals to M. Bonaparte. Thence a new difficulty and a long debate.

Would M. de Royer consent? M. Hardouin un-

dertook to go and make him the offer. He had only to cross the Galérie Mercière.

M. de Royer was in his study. The proposal greatly embarrassed him. He was struck dumb with the blow. To accept was serious, to refuse was still more serious.

The treason was patent. On the 2nd of December, an hour after noon, the *coup d'état* was still a crime. M. de Royer, not knowing whether the treason would succeed, ventured to stigmatize the deed in private, and lowered his eyes with a noble shame before this violation of the laws to which, three months later, numerous purple robes, including his own, swore fealty. But his indignation did not go to the extent of accusation. Accusation speaks aloud. M. de Royer as yet only murmured. He was perplexed.

M. Hardouin understood this state of conscience. Persistence would have been unreasonable. He withdrew.

He returned to the room where his colleagues were awaiting him.

In the meantime the commissioner of police of the Arsenal had returned.

He had finally succeeded in "unearthing" — such was his expression — the High Court. He penetrated as far as the council room of the Civil Chamber; at that moment he had no other escort than the few police agents of the morning. An attendant happened to pass. The commissioner asked him the whereabouts of the High Court. "The High Court?" was the reply; "what is that?" Nevertheless the attendant told the libra-

rian, who came up. A few words were exchanged between M. Denevers and the commissioner.

"What are you looking for?"

"The High Court."

"Who are you?"

"I want the High Court."

"It is in session."

"Where is it sitting?"

"Here."

And the librarian pointed to the door.

"Very well," said the commissioner.

He said no more, but returned to the *Galérie Mercière*.

We have said that he was accompanied at that time only by a few police agents.

The High Court was, in fact, in session. The President was telling the judges of his visit to the procureur-general. Suddenly they heard footsteps in the lobby which leads from the council room to the room where they were deliberating. The door opened abruptly. Bayonets appeared, and amid the bayonets a man in a tightly buttoned overcoat, with a tri-coloured sash over his coat.

The magistrates stared, in stupefaction.

"Gentlemen," said the man, "disperse immediately."

President Hardouin rose.

"What does this mean? Who are you? Are you aware to whom you are speaking?"

"I know. You are the High Court, and I am a police commissioner."

"Well, then?"

"Be off."

There were there thirty-five municipal guards, commanded by a lieutenant, and with a drum at their head.

"But —" said the President.

The commissioner interrupted him with these words, which are given literally: —

"Mr. President, I am not going to enter into an oratorical discussion with you. I have my orders, and I transmit them to you. Obey."

"Whom?"

"The Prefect of Police."

The President asked this strange question, which implied the acceptance of an order: —

"Have you a warrant?"

The commissioner answered: —

"Yes."

And he handed a paper to the President.

The judges turned pale.

The President unfolded the paper; M. Cauchy put his head over M. Hardouin's shoulder. The President read: —

"You are ordered to dissolve the High Court, and, in case of refusal, to arrest MM. Béranger, Rocher, de Boissieux, Pataille, and Hello."

And, turning towards the judges, the President added, —

" 'Signed, MAUPAS.' "

Then, addressing the commissioner, he resumed. —

"There is some mistake; these are not our names. MM. Béranger, Rocher, and de Boissieux have completed their terms and are no longer judges of the High Court; as for M. Hello, he is dead."

The High Court was in fact temporary and re-

newable; the *coup d'état* overthrew the Constitution, but did not understand it. The warrant signed "Maupas" was applicable to the preceding High Court. The *coup d'état* had been misled by an old list. Such is the heedlessness of assassins.

"Monsieur le Commissaire de Police," continued the President, "you see that these names are not ours."

"That does not matter to me," replied the commissioner. "Whether this warrant does or does not apply to you, disperse, or I shall arrest all of you."

And he added: —

"At once."

The judges held their peace; one of them took from the table a loose sheet of paper, which was the judgment they had drawn up, and put the paper in his pocket. Then they went away.

The commissioner pointed to the door where the bayonets were, and said: —

"That way."

They went out by the lobby between two ranks of soldiers. The detachment of Republican Guards escorted them as far as the *Galérie de Saint-Louis*.

There they set them free, with heads hanging.

It was about three o'clock.

While these things were taking place in the Library, close by, in the former *Grand' Chambre* of the Parliament, the Court of Cassation was sitting and delivering judgments as usual, without noticing what was happening so near at hand. It would appear that the police exhale no odour.

Let us at once have done with this High Court.

In the evening at half-past seven the seven judges



met at the house of one of their number, he who had taken away the decree; they framed an official report, drew up a protest, and recognizing the necessity of filling in the line left blank in their decree, on the motion of M. Quesnault, appointed as procureur-général M. Renouard, their colleague in the Court of Cassation. M. Renouard, who was immediately informed, accepted.

They met for the last time on the next day, the 3rd, at eleven o'clock in the morning, an hour before the time mentioned in the decree which we have read above, — again in the Library of the Court of Cassation. M. Renouard was present. An official minute was given to him, recording his appointment, as well as certain details with which he asked to be supplied. The decree which had been prepared was taken by M. Quesnault to the Recorder's office, and immediately entered upon the records of the secret deliberations of the Court of Cassation, the High Court not having a record of its own, and having decided, from its creation, to use the records of the Court of Cassation. After the decree they also transcribed the two documents described as follows on the records: —

I. An official report recording the interference of the police during the discussion upon the preceding decree.

II. A minute of the appointment of M. Renouard to the office of procureur-général.

In addition, seven copies of these different documents, made by the hands of the judges themselves, and signed by them all, were put in a place of safety, as also a note-book, in which were transcribed, so it

is said, five other secret decrees relating to the *coup d'état*.

Does this page of the records of the Court of Cassation exist at the present time? Is it true, as has been stated, that the Prefect Maupas sent for the records and tore out the leaf containing the decree? We have not been able to clear up this point. The records now are shown to no one, and the clerks in the Recorder's office are dumb.

Such are the facts; let us sum them up.

If this so-called "High" Court had been so constituted as to conceive such an idea as that of doing its duty, when it had once met, to organize would have been a matter of a few minutes; it would have proceeded resolutely and rapidly; it would have appointed as procureur-général some energetic man connected with the Court of Cassation, either from the bench, like Freslon, or from the bar, like Martin of Strasbourg. By virtue of Article 68, and without awaiting the initiative of the Assembly, it would have rendered a decree stigmatizing the crime, it would have hurled an order of arrest at the President and his accomplices, and have ordered the removal of the person of Louis Bonaparte to jail. On his side, the procureur-général would have issued a warrant of arrest. All this could have been done by half-past eleven, and at that time no attempt had been made to dissolve the High Court. These preliminary proceedings concluded, the High Court, by going out through a disused door leading into the Salle des Pas Perdus, could have gone down into the street, and there have proclaimed its judgment to the people. At that time it would have met with

no hindrance. Finally, and this in any case, it should have sat in judicial costume, in a court-room, with all magisterial state, and when the police agent and his soldiers appeared should have ordered the soldiers, who perhaps would have obeyed, to arrest the agent; and if the soldiers had disobeyed, should have allowed themselves to be formally dragged to prison, so that the people could see, under their own eyes, in the open street, the muddy feet of the *coup d'état* trampling upon the robe of Justice.

Instead of this, what steps did the High Court take? We have just seen.

“ Be off with you! ”

“ We are going.”

One conceives a very different idea of the dialogue between Mathieu Molé and Vidocq.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE MAYOR'S OFFICE OF THE TENTH ARRONDISSEMENT

THE representatives, having left M. Daru's, assembled again in the street. There they consulted briefly, from group to group. There were a large number of them. In less than an hour, by sending notices to the houses of members on the left bank alone, in view of the extreme urgency, they could get together more than three hundred. But where should they meet? At Lemardelay's? Rue Richelieu was guarded. At the Salle Martel? it was a long way off. They relied upon the Tenth Legion, of which General Lauriston was colonel; they decided upon the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement. It was but a short distance, and there were no bridges to be crossed.

They formed in a column, and set forth.

M. Daru, as we have said, lived on Rue de Lille, close by the Assembly. The section of Rue de Lille lying between his house and the Palais Bourbon was occupied by infantry. The last platoon blocked his door, but only from the right, not from the left. The representatives, on leaving M. Daru's, went toward Rue des Saints-Pères, and left the soldiers behind them. At that moment the troops had been

instructed only to prevent their meeting in the palace of the Assembly; they were allowed to form their column in the street and walk away. If they had turned to the right instead of to the left, they would have been stopped. But there were no orders for the other alternative; they passed through a hiatus in the instructions.

An hour later this caused Saint-Arnaud an outburst of anger.

On their way other representatives joined them and swelled the column. As the members of the Right lived for the most part in Faubourg Saint-Germain, the column was composed almost entirely of men belonging to the majority.

At the corner of Quai d'Orsay they met a group of members of the Left, who had assembled after their expulsion from the palace of the Assembly, and were consulting together. There were Representatives Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Victor Hennequin, Colfavru, and Chamiot.

Those who were marching at the head of the column left their places, went up to the group, and said, "Come with us."

"Where are you going?" asked Marc Dufraisse.

"To the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement."

"What do you intend to do there?"

"To decree the deposition of Louis Bonaparte."

"And then?"

"Then we shall go in a body to the palace of the Assembly; we shall force our way in spite of opposition, and from the top of the steps we shall read to the soldiers the decree of deposition."

"Very good, we are with you," said Marc Dufraisse.

The five members of the Left marched at some distance from the column. Several of their friends who were in the column joined them; and we may here mention a fact without giving it more importance than belongs to it: the two fractions of the Assembly represented in this unpremeditated gathering marched towards the mayor's office without coalescing; one on each side of the street. It chanced that the men of the majority kept to the right side of the street, and the men of the minority to the left.

Not one wore a scarf. No outward token caused them to be recognized. The passers-by stared at them with surprise, and seemed not to understand the meaning of this procession of silent men through the solitary streets of Faubourg Saint-Germain. One quarter of Paris was as yet unaware of the *coup d'état*.

Strategically speaking, from a defensive point of view, the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement was ill chosen. Situated on a narrow street, in that short section of Rue Grenelle-Saint-Germain which lies between Rue des Saints-Pères and Rue du Sépulcre, close by the *carrefour* of the Croix-Rouge, at which the troops could arrive from so many different points, the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement, hemmed in, overlooked, and blockaded on every side, was a pitiful citadel for the assailed National Representation. It is true that they no longer had the choice of citadels, any more than, later on, they had the choice of generals.

Their arrival at the mayor's office might have seemed auspicious. The great porte-cochère, which leads into a square courtyard, was closed; it opened. The detachment of the National Guard, composed of some twenty men, presented arms and rendered military honours to the Assembly. The representatives entered; a deputy received them with respect on the threshold of the office.

"The palace of the Assembly is closed by the troops," said the representatives; "we have come here to deliberate." The deputy led them to the first floor, and admitted them to the large municipal hall. The National Guard cried, —

"Vive l'assemblée nationale!"

The representatives having entered, the door was closed. A crowd began to gather in the street and shouted, "Vive l'assemblée!" A large number of persons unconnected with the Assembly entered the building at the same time with the representatives. Overcrowding was feared, and two sentries were placed at a little side door, which was left open, with orders to allow only members of the Assembly who might come later to enter. M. Howyn de Tranchère stationed himself at this door, and undertook to identify them.

On their arrival at the mayor's office, the representatives numbered somewhat under three hundred. They exceeded that number later on. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. Not all of them went up at once into the hall where the meeting was to take place. Several, those of the Left in particular, remained in the courtyard, mingling with the National Guards and citizens.

They talked of what was to be done.

This was the first difficulty: —

The oldest member present was M. de Kératry. Was he to preside?

The representatives assembled in the great hall were in favour of him. Those who remained in the courtyard hesitated.

Marc Dufraisse went up to MM. Jules de Lasteyrie and Léon de Maleville, who had stayed behind with the representatives of the Left, and said to them: "What are they thinking of upstairs? Make Kératry President? The name of Kératry would frighten the people as much as mine would frighten the bourgeoisie."

A member of the Right, M. de Keranflech, came up, and intending to support the objection, added: "And then, think of Kératry's age. It is rank folly. The idea of putting up a man of eighty to cope with this hour of danger!"

But Esquiros demurred: —

"That is a wretched reason! Eighty years old! that's an element of strength."

"Yes; when it's well borne," said Colfavru.

"But Kératry shows his age."

"Nothing can be greater," retorted Esquiros, "than a great octogenarian."

"It is glorious," added Chamiot, "to be presided over by Nestor."

"No, by Gerontes," said Victor Hennequin.

These words put an end to the debate. Kératry was put aside. MM. Léon de Maleville and Jules de Lasteyrie, two men respected by all parties, undertook to make the members of the Right listen to



reason. It was decided that the "bureau" should preside. Five members of the bureau were present: two vice-presidents, MM. Benoît d'Azy and Vitet, and three secretaries, MM. Grimault, Chapot, and Moulin. Of the two other vice-presidents, one, General Bedeau, was at Mazas; the other, M. Daru, was under guard in his own house. Of the three other secretaries, two, MM. Peupin and Lacaze, adherents of the Élysée, were absentees; the other, M. Yvan, a member of the Left, was at the meeting of the Left, on Rue Blanche, which was taking place almost at the same moment.

Meanwhile an usher appeared on the steps of the building and cried out, as on the most peaceful days of the Assembly, "Representatives, the session is about to open."

This usher, who belonged to the Assembly, and who had followed it, shared its fortunes throughout the day, the sequestration on Quai d'Orsay included.

At the summons of the usher all the representatives in the courtyard, among them one of the vice-presidents, M. Vitet, went up to the hall, and the session was opened.

This session was the last that the Assembly held under regular conditions. The Left, which, as we have seen, had on its side boldly recaptured the legislative power, and had added to it what was necessitated by circumstances, the duty of revolution; the Left, without a bureau, without an usher, and without secretaries, held sittings which lack the accurate and passionless record of stenography, but which live in our memories and which History will garner.

M. Yvan

Two shorthand-writers of the Assembly, MM. Grosselin and Lagache, were present at the session at the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement. They were able to record it. The censorship of the victorious *coup d'état* has mutilated their report and has published through its historians that mangled version as the true version. One lie more, — that is of no importance. This shorthand narrative belongs to the docket of the 2nd of December, it is one of the vital documents in the prosecution which the future will institute.

Stenography reproduces everything except life. Stenography is an ear; it hears and sees not. It is therefore necessary to fill in here the inevitable gaps in the stenographic account.

In order to obtain a complete idea of this session in the Tenth Arrondissement, we must picture the great hall of the mayor's office: an oblong parallelogram, lighted on the right by four or five windows overlooking the courtyard; on the left, along the wall, furnished with several rows of benches which had been hastily brought thither, on which were heaped the three hundred representatives, assembled by chance. No one was seated: those in front were standing, those behind were mounted on the benches. Here and there were a few small tables. In the centre men walked to and fro. At the end opposite the door, was a long table furnished with benches, which ran from wall to wall, and behind which sat the "bureau." *To sit* is the official phrase. The bureau did not actually sit; like the rest of the Assembly it was on its feet. The secretaries, MM. Chapot, Moulin, and Grimault wrote standing. At

certain moments the two vice-presidents climbed on the benches the better to be seen from all parts of the room. The table was covered by an old green tablecloth, stained with ink; three or four inkstands had been brought in, and a quantity of paper was scattered about. There the decrees were written as fast as they were passed. They multiplied copies; some representatives became unofficial secretaries and helped the official secretaries,

This great hall was on a level with the landing. It was situated, as we have said, on the first floor; it was reached by a very narrow staircase.

We must remember that nearly all of the members present were members of the Right.

The first moment was a tragic one. Berryer appeared to advantage. Berryer, like all extemporaneous speakers, without style, will be remembered only as a name, and a much disputed name, Berryer having been rather a professional advocate than an impassioned orator. On that day Berryer was brief, logical and earnest. They began with this cry, "What shall we do?"—"Issue a declaration," said M. de Falloux. — "A protest," said M. de Flavigny. — "A decree," said Berryer.

In truth, a declaration was mere wind; a protest mere noise; a decree was an act.

"What sort of a decree?" was asked. "Deposition," said Berryer. Deposition was the extreme limit of the energy of the Right. Beyond deposition, there was outlawry; deposition was practicable for the Right, outlawry was possible only for the Left. In fact it was the Left that outlawed Louis Bonaparte. They did it at their first meeting on Rue

Blanche. We shall see this later. With deposition, legality reached its limit; with outlawry, revolution began. The recurrences of revolution are the logical consequence of *coups d'état*.

The deposition having been voted, a man who later turned traitor, Quentin Bauchart, exclaimed, "Let us all sign it." All signed it. Odilon Barrot came in and signed it. Antony Thouret came in and signed it. Suddenly M. Piscatory announced that the mayor was refusing to allow representatives who arrived to enter the hall. "Let us order him to do so by decree," said Berryer. And the decree was voted. Thanks to this decree, MM. Favreau and Monet entered; they came from the Legislative Palace; they told of Dupin's cowardice. M. Dahirel, one of the leaders of the Right, was exasperated, and said, "We have been attacked with the bayonet." Voices arose: "Let us summon the Tenth Legion. Let the drums beat to arms. Lauriston hesitates. Let us order him to protect the Assembly." — "Let us order him by decree," said Berryer. This decree was voted, which, however, did not prevent Lauriston from refusing. Another decree, also proposed by Berryer, declared any one who had assailed the inviolability of the Assembly a traitor, and ordered the immediate release of those representatives who had been wrongfully imprisoned. All this was voted at once without debate, in a sort of unanimous hurly-burly, and amid a storm of frantic conversations. From time to time Berryer imposed silence. Then the angry outcries broke forth again. — "The *coup d'état* will not dare to come here." — "We are masters here." — "We are at home." — "It would

be impossible to attack us here." — "The wretches will not dare!" — If the uproar had been less violent, the representatives might have heard through the open windows close at hand, the sound of soldiers loading their muskets.

A regiment of Chasseurs de Vincennes had just entered, without noise, the garden of the mayor's office, and, while awaiting orders, were loading their muskets.

Little by little the session, at first disorderly and tumultuous, assumed an ordinary aspect. The uproar subsided into a murmur. The voice of the usher, crying "Silence, gentlemen," finally dominated the hubbub. Every moment more representatives came in, and hastened to sign the decree of deposition at the desk. As there was a great crowd round the desk waiting to sign, a dozen loose sheets of paper were passed around the great hall and the two adjoining rooms, and the members affixed their signatures to them.

The first to sign the decree of deposition was M. Dufaure, the last was M. Betting de Lancastel. Of the two presidents, one, M. Benoît d'Azy, addressed the Assembly; the other, M. Vitet, pale, but calm and resolute, distributed instructions and orders. M. Benoît d'Azy maintained a becoming attitude, but a certain hesitation in his speech betrayed an inner agitation. Divisions, even in the Right, had not disappeared at that critical moment. A Legitimist member was overheard to say in a low voice, referring to one of the vice-presidents, "That long-legged Vitet looks like a whited sepulchre." Vitet was an Orleanist.

Given this adventurer with whom they had to deal, this Louis Bonaparte who is capable of everything, the hour and the man being wrapt in mystery, some Legitimist individuals of the naïve variety were seriously but comically frightened. The Marquis de —, the fly on the coach-wheel of the Right, went hither and thither, harangued, shouted, declaimed, exclaimed, proclaimed, and trembled. Another, M. A—— N——, perspiring, red-faced, out of breath, rushed about like a mad man. "Where is the guard? How many men are there? Who commands them? The officer! send me the officer! Vive la Républiqué! National Guard, stand firm! Vive la République!" — All the Right echoed this cry. — "Do you want to kill it, in God's name!" said Esquiros. Some were dejected; Bourbousson maintained the silence of a vanquished statesman. Another, the Vicomte de —, a relative of the Duc d'Escars, was so alarmed that every moment he adjourned to a corner of the courtyard. In the crowd which filled the courtyard there was a *gamin* of Paris, a child of Athens, who has since become an excellent and charming poet, Albert Glatigny. Albert Glatigny cried out to the terrified viscount: "I say there! Do you think that *coups d'état* are extinguished as Gulliver put out fires?"

Oh, Laughter, how dismal you are when mingled with Tragedy!

The Orleanists were more tranquil, and maintained a more becoming attitude. This arose from the fact that they were in more real danger.

Pascal Duprat placed at the head of the decrees

the words " République Française," which had been forgotten.

From time to time men who were not discussing the subject of the moment uttered the strange word: " Dupin," upon which there ensued shouts of derision and bursts of laughter. " Let us mention that coward's name no more!" cried Antony Thouret.

There were motions and counter-motions; it was a continual uproar broken by profound and solemn pauses. Alarmist phrases passed from group to group. " We are in a cul-de-sac." — " We are caught here as in a rat-trap." And on every motion voices were raised: " That's it!" — " That's right!" — " It's all settled!"

They agreed in undertones to meet at No. 19, Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, in case they should be expelled from the mayor's office. M. Bixio carried off the decree of deposition to get it printed. Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Pascal Duprat, Rigal, Lherbette, Chamiot, Latrade, Colfavru, Antony Thouret, threw in here and there energetic words of advice. M. Dufaure, determined and indignant, protested with authority. M. Odilon Barrot, motionless in a corner, maintained the silence of stupefied innocence.

MM. Passy and de Tocqueville, amid the groups, declared that when they were ministers they had entertained a permanent suspicion of a *coup d'état*, and that they clearly saw that the idea was firmly fixed in the brain of Louis Bonaparte. M. de Tocqueville added, " I said to myself every night: ' I fall asleep a minister; what if I should awake a prisoner! ' "

Some of those men who were termed "men of order," muttered while signing the decree of deposition: "Beware of the Red Republic!" and seemed to entertain an equal fear of failure and of success. M. de Vatimesnil shook hands with the men of the Left, and thanked them for their presence. "You make us popular," said he. And Antony Thouret answered: "I know neither Right nor Left to-day; I see only the Assembly."

The younger of the two stenographers handed the written sheets to the representatives who had spoken, and asked them to revise them at once, saying, "We shall not have time to read them over." Some representatives went down into the street, showed the people copies of the decree of deposition, signed by the members of the bureau. A man of the people took one of these copies, and shouted, "Citizens! the ink is still wet! Vive la République!"

The deputy-mayor stood at the door of the hall; the staircase was crowded with National Guards and spectators. In the Assembly several had made their way into the hall, and among them the ex-Constituent Beslay, a man of uncommon courage. It was at first suggested to turn them out, but they resisted, crying: "This is our business; you are the Assembly, but we are the people." — "They are right," said M. Berryer.

M. de Falloux, accompanied by M. de Kéranflech, went up to Beslay, and leaned over the stove, by his side, saying to him, "Good morning, colleague;" then he reminded him that they both had formed part of the Committee of the National Workshops,



and that they had together visited the workmen at Parc Monceaux. The Right felt themselves falling; they became affectionate to the Republicans. The Republic is called To-morrow.

Every one spoke from where he happened to be: this one stood on a bench, that one on a chair, some on the tables. All sorts of contradictory opinions burst forth at once. In one corner some ex-leaders of "order" took fright at the possible triumph of the "Reds." In another the men of the Right surrounded the men of the Left, and asked them: "Aren't the faubourgs going to rise?"

The narrator has but one duty, to tell his story; he tells everything, the bad as well as the good. However that may be, and notwithstanding all these details of which it was our duty to speak, apart from the exceptions which we have mentioned, the attitude of the men of the Right who formed the great majority of this meeting was in many respects honourable and worthy. Some of them, as we have just mentioned, even prided themselves upon their resolution and their energy, almost as if they proposed to vie with the members of the Left.

Let us say here, — for in the course of this narrative we shall more than once see the glances of some members of the Right turned towards the people, and we must not misunderstand them, — that these monarchists who talked of popular insurrections and who invoked the faubourgs, were a minority of the majority, an imperceptible minority. Antony Thouret proposed to those who were the leaders to go in a body through the populous quarters with the decree of deposition in their hands. Brought to bay,

they refused. They declared that they desired to protect themselves by organized force alone, not by the people. It is a strange thing to say, but it must be noted, that with their habit of political shortsightedness, popular armed resistance, even in the name of the law, seemed sedition to them. The most violent symptom of revolution that they could endure was a regiment of the National Guard, with the drums at its head; they shrank from the barricade; the law in a blouse was no longer the law; truth armed with a pike was no longer truth; the law tearing up pavements produced the impression of a Fury. In the main, however, taking them for what they were, and considering their position as politicians, these members of the Right were well-advised. What would they have done with the people? And what would the people have done with them? How would they have gone about it to set fire to the masses? Can you conceive Falloux as a tribune, fanning Faubourg Saint-Antoine into flame?

Alas! amid this dense gloom; in these fatal complications of circumstances by which the *coup d'état* profited so odiously and so perfidiously; in that vast misunderstanding which comprised the whole situation, Danton himself would not have sufficed to kindle the revolutionary spark in the heart of the people.

The *coup d'état* entered this meeting impudently, with its convict's cap on its head. It possessed an infamous assurance—there, indeed, as everywhere else. There were in that majority three hundred representatives of the people. Louis Napoleon sent

a sergeant to drive them away. The Assembly having resisted the sergeant, he sent an officer, the temporary commander of the sixth battalion of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. This officer, young, fair-haired, a joker, half-laughing, half-threatening, pointed to the stairs filled with bayonets, and snapped his fingers at the Assembly.

"Who is this young spark?" asked a member of the Right. A National Guard who stood by said, "Throw him out of the window!"—"Kick him downstairs!" cried one of the people.

This Assembly, grievous as were its offences against the principles of the Revolution — and with these offences democracy alone had the right to reproach it — this Assembly, I repeat, was the National Assembly, that is to say, the Republic incarnate, living Universal Suffrage, the Majesty of the Nation, upright and visible. Louis Bonaparte assassinated this Assembly, and, moreover, insulted it. A blow is worse than a dagger-thrust.

The gardens of the neighbourhood, occupied by the troops, were full of broken bottles. They had plied the soldiers with drink. They obeyed the epaulets unreservedly, and according to the expression of an eye-witness, appeared "stupefied." The representatives appealed to them, and said: "Why, this is a crime!" They answered: "We are not aware of it."

One soldier was heard to say to another: "What have you done with your ten francs of this morning?"

The sergeants urged on the officers. With the exception of the commander, who probably was

earning the cross, the officers were respectful, the sergeants brutal.

A lieutenant showing signs of flinching, a sergeant called out to him: " You are not the only one who commands here! Come, march! "

M. de Vatimesnil asked a soldier: " Will you dare to arrest us, the Representatives of the People? "

" *Parbleu!* " said the soldier.

Several soldiers, hearing certain representatives say that they had eaten nothing since morning, offered them some of their bread. Some of them accepted. M. de Tocqueville, who was unwell, and stood leaning against the wall in a window-recess, pale as death, received from a soldier a piece of this bread, which he shared with M. Chambolle.

Two commissioners of police appeared " in full dress," in black coats, with their sash-girdles and their black-tasselled hats. One was an old man, the other young. The first was named Lemoine-Tacherat, and not Bacherel, as has been erroneously printed; the second, Barlet. These names should be noted. The unprecedented effrontery of this Barlet was remarked. Nothing was lacking, — cynical speech, insulting gesture, sardonic intonation. It was with an indescribably insolent air that Barlet, when summoning the meeting to dissolve itself, added, " Rightly or Wrongly." On the benches of the Assembly there were mutterings of " Who is this scoundrel? " The other, compared to him, seemed moderate and inoffensive. Émile Péan exclaimed, " The old man is simply plying his trade, but the young one is working for promotion."

Before this Tacherat and this Barlet entered, be-

fore the butts of the muskets were heard ringing on the stones of the staircase, the Assembly had talked of resistance. Of what kind of resistance? We have just stated. The majority could contemplate regular military resistance, in uniform and epaulets. Such a resistance was easy to decree, but difficult to organize. The generals on whom the Assembly were accustomed to rely having been arrested, there remained only two possible generals, Oudinot and Lauriston. General Marquis de Lauriston, ex-peer of France, at the same time Colonel of the Tenth Legion and Representative of the People, drew a distinction between his duty as representative and his duty as colonel. Summoned by some of his friends of the Right to beat to arms and call out the Tenth Legion, he answered: "As Representative of the People I ought to indict the executive power, but as colonel I must obey it." It seems that he obstinately confined himself within this singular reasoning, and that it was impossible to draw him out of it.

"How stupid he is!" said Piscatory.

"How sharp he is!" said Falloux.

The first officer of the National Guard who appeared in uniform seemed to be recognized by two members of the Right, who said, "It is M. de Périgord!" They were mistaken, it was M. Guilbot, major of the third battalion of the Tenth Legion. He declared that he was ready to march on the first order from his colonel, General Lauriston. General Lauriston went down into the courtyard, and came up a moment later, saying, "They do not recognize my authority. I have resigned." Indeed, the

name of Lauriston was not familiar to the soldiers. Oudinot was better known to the army. But how?

At the moment when the name of Oudinot was pronounced, a shudder ran through this meeting, composed almost exclusively of members of the Right. In fact, at that critical time, at that fatal name of Oudinot, reflection crowded upon reflection in every mind.

What was the *coup d'état*?

It was the "Roman expedition at home;" which was undertaken against whom? against those who had made the Roman expedition abroad. The National Assembly of France, dissolved by violence, could find but a single general to defend it in its dying hour. And who was he? The self-same man, who in the name of the National Assembly of France had dissolved by violence the National Assembly of Rome. What power could Oudinot, the strangler of a republic, possess to save a republic? Was it not evident that his own soldiers would answer: "What have you against us? What we did at Rome we are doing at Paris." — What a tale is this tale of treason! The French Legislative wrote the first chapter in the blood of the Roman Constituent Assembly: Providence wrote the second chapter in the blood of the French Legislative, Louis Bonaparte holding the pen.

In 1849, Louis Bonaparte assassinated the sovereignty of the People in the person of its Roman representatives: in 1851 he assassinated it in the person of its French representatives. It was logical, and although infamous, it was just. The Legislative Assembly bore at the same time the weight of two

crimes; it was an accomplice in the first, the victim of the second. All these men of the majority felt this, and submitted. Or, rather, it was the same crime, the crime of the Second of July, 1849, ever erect, ever alive, which had simply changed its name, which now called itself the Second of December, and which, being the offspring of that Assembly, stabbed it to the heart. Nearly all crimes are parricidal. On a certain day they recoil upon those who committed them, and slay them.

At that moment, so full of anxiety, M. de Falloux must have looked about for M. de Montalembert. M. de Montalembert was at the Élysée.

When Tamisier rose and uttered those terrible words, "The Roman *business!*" M. de Dampierre, in dismay, shouted at him: "Silence! You are killing us!"

It was not Tamisier who was killing them, it was Oudinot.

M. de Dampierre did not realize that he was shouting "Silence!" to History.

And then, even without regard to the fatal remembrance which at such a moment would have crushed a man endowed in the highest degree with great military qualities, General Oudinot, although an excellent officer, and a worthy son of his brave father, possessed none of those striking qualities which, in the critical hour of revolution, arouse the soldier and carry with them the people. At that instant, to turn back an army of a hundred thousand men, to force back the balls into the cannons' mouths, to find beneath the wine poured out for the Prætorian guards the true soul of the French soldier,

half-drowned and nearly dead; to tear the flag from the *coup d'état* and restore it to the law, to surround the Assembly with thunder and lightning, would have needed one of those men who exist no longer; it would have needed the firm hand, the calm speech, the cold and searching glance of Desaix, that French Phocion; it would have needed the broad shoulders, the commanding stature, the thundering voice, the insulting, insolent, cynical, jovial, and sublime eloquence of Kléber, that military Mirabeau. Desaix, the countenance of a just man, or Kléber, the countenance of a lion! General Oudinot, small, awkward, embarrassed, with an indecisive and dull glance, red cheeks, low forehead, hair smooth and grizzled, polished manner, humble smile, without eloquence, without energy, without force, brave before the enemy, timid before strangers, having, to be sure, the bearing of a soldier, but having also the bearing of a priest, caused the mind to hesitate between the sword and the taper; he had in his eyes a sort of "Amen!"

He had the best intentions in the world, but what could he do? Alone, without prestige, without true glory, without personal authority, and dragging Rome after him! He felt all this himself, and he was as it were paralyzed by it. When they appointed him, he got upon a chair and thanked the Assembly, with a stout heart, doubtless, but with hesitating speech. When the little fair-haired officer dared to look him in the face and insult him, who held the sword of the people, who was the chosen general of the sovereign Assembly, he could only stammer such wretched phrases as these: "I have just



declared to you that we cannot, *unless compelled by force*, obey the order which prohibits us from remaining together." He spoke of obeying, he who should command. They had girded him with his scarf, and it seemed to make him uncomfortable. He inclined his head alternately first on one shoulder, then on the other; he held his hat and cane in his hand, he had a benevolent aspect. A Legitimist member muttered in a low voice to his neighbour, "One would say he was a bailiff speechifying at a wedding." And his neighbour, a Legitimist also, replied, "He reminds me of Monsieur le Duc d'Angoulême."

What a contrast to Tamisier! Tamisier, honourable, earnest, serious, although a mere captain of artillery, had the bearing of a general. Had Tamisier, with his grave and gentle features, lofty intellect, and dauntless heart, a sort of soldier-philosopher, been better known, he could have rendered decisive service. No one can tell what would have happened if Providence had given the soul of Tamisier to Oudinot, or the epaulettes of Oudinot to Tamisier.

In this bloody enterprise of December we lacked a general's uniform becomingly worn. A book might be written on the part which gold lace plays in the destiny of nations.

Tamisier, appointed chief of staff some instants before the invasion of the hall, placed himself at the disposal of the Assembly. He was standing on a table. He spoke with a resonant and hearty voice. The most downcast were reassured by this modest, upright, devoted attitude. Suddenly he drew him-

self up, and looking that Royalist majority in the face, exclaimed, "Yes, I accept the charge you offer me. I accept the duty of defending the Republic! Nothing but the Republic! do you understand?"

A unanimous shout answered him: "Vive la République!"

"Ah!" said Beslay, "your voice has come back, as on the Fourth of May."

"Vive la République! Nothing but the Republic!" repeated the men of the Right, Oudinot louder than the rest. All arms were extended towards Tamisier, every hand pressed his. Oh, danger! irresistible converter! In his last hour the atheist invokes God, and the Royalist the Republic. They cling to that which they have denied.

The official historians of the *coup d'état* have stated that at the beginning of the sitting two representatives had been sent by the Assembly to the Department of the Interior to "negotiate." What is certain is that these two representatives had no authority. They presented themselves, not on behalf of the Assembly, but in their own names. They offered themselves as intermediaries to arrange a peaceable termination of the catastrophe which had begun. With an honesty which bordered on simplicity they called upon Morny to yield himself a prisoner, and to return within the law, declaring that in case of refusal the Assembly would do its duty, and call the people to the defence of the Constitution and of the Republic. Morny answered them with a smile, accompanied by these plain

words: "If you appeal to arms, and if I find any representatives on the barricades, I will have them all shot, to the last man."

The meeting in the Tenth Arrondissement yielded to force. President Vitet insisted that they should forcibly arrest him. The police agent who seized him turned pale and trembled. Under certain circumstances, to lay violent hands upon a man is to lay them upon the right, and those who dare to do so tremble like the law that they assail.

The exodus from the mayor's office was long and beset with obstructions. Half an hour elapsed while the soldiers were forming a line, and while the commissioners of police, all the time seeming to be occupied solely with the task of driving back the crowd in the street, sent for orders to the Department of the Interior. During that time some of the representatives, seated round a table in the great hall, wrote to their families, to their wives, to their friends. They fought for the last sheets of paper; pens were lacking; M. de Luynes wrote his wife a letter in pencil. There were no wafers; they were forced to send their letters unsealed; some soldiers offered to put them in the post. M. Chambolle's son, who had accompanied his father thus far, undertook to take the letters addressed to Mesdames de Luynes, de Lasteyrie, and Duvergier de Hau-ranne.

General Forey — the same who had refused a battalion to Marrast, the President of the Constituent Assembly, which had caused his promotion from colonel to general — General Forey, in the centre of the courtyard, his face inflamed, half-drunk,

coming, they said, from breakfast at the Élysée, superintended the outrage. A member, whose name we regret that we do not know, dipped his boot in the gutter and wiped it along the gold stripe of General Forey's trousers. Representative Lherbette went up to General Forey, and said to him, "General, you are a coward." Then, turning to his colleagues, he exclaimed, "Do you hear? I tell this general that he is a coward." General Forey did not stir. He kept the mud on his uniform and the epithet on his cheek.

The meeting did not call the people to arms. We have just explained that it was not strong enough to do so; nevertheless, at the last moment, a member of the Left, Latrade, made a fresh effort. He took M. Berryer aside, and said to him, "The formal act of resistance is performed; let us not allow ourselves now to be arrested. Let us disperse through the streets crying: 'To arms!'" M. Berryer conferred a few seconds on the subject with Vice-President Benoît d'Azy, who refused.

The deputy-mayor, hat in hand, escorted the members of the Assembly as far as the gate of the mayor's office. As soon as they appeared in the courtyard, ready to go out between two lines of soldiers, the post of National Guards presented arms and shouted, "Vive l'Assemblée! Vivent les représentants du peuple!" The National Guards were at once disarmed, almost forcibly, by the Chasseurs de Vincennes.

There was a wine-shop opposite the mayor's office. As soon as the great folding gates opened, and the Assembly appeared in the street, led by

General Forey on horseback, and having at its head Vice-President Vitet, grasped by the collar by a police agent, a few men in white blouses, gathered at the windows of this wine-shop, clapped their hands and shouted, "Well done! down with the 'twenty-five francs'!"

They set forth.

The Chasseurs de Vincennes, who marched in a double line on either side of the prisoners, cast glances of hatred at them. General Oudinot said in a whisper, "These little infantrymen are terrible fellows. At the siege of Rome they rushed to the assault like madmen. These *gamins* are very devils." — The officers avoided the glances of the representatives. On leaving the building, M. de Coislin passed an officer and exclaimed: "What a disgrace for the uniform!" The officer retorted with angry words, and insulted M. de Coislin. Shortly afterwards, during the march, he went up to M. de Coislin and said to him, "Monsieur, I have reflected; it is I who am wrong."

They marched slowly. A few steps from the mayor's office the procession met M. Chegaray. The representatives called out to him: "Come!" He answered, making an expressive gesture with his hands and his shoulders: "Oh! the idea! when they have not arrested me!" — and he made as though he would pass on. He was ashamed, however, and went with them. His name is found in the roll-call at the barracks.

A little further on M. de Lespérut passed them. They cried out to him: "Lespérut! Lespérut!" — "I am with you," he replied. The soldiers pushed

him back. He seized the butt-ends of the muskets, and forced his way into the column.

In one of the streets through which they passed a window was opened. Suddenly a woman appeared with a child; the child, recognizing its father among the prisoners, held out its arms and called to him, the mother wept in the background.

It was at first intended to take the Assembly in a body straight to Mazas, but this order was countermanded by the Department of the Interior. They were afraid of that long walk, in broad daylight, through populous and easily aroused streets. The d'Orsay barracks were close at hand; they selected them as a temporary prison.

One of the officers insolently pointed out with his sword the arrested representatives to the passers-by, and said in a loud voice: "These are the Whites, we have orders to spare them. Now it is the turn of Messieurs the Red Representatives; let them look out for themselves!"

Wherever the procession passed, the populace shouted from the pavements, from doors, and windows: "Vive l'Assemblée Nationale!" When they spied a few representatives of the Left sprinkled through the column they cried: "Vive la République!" "Vive la Constitution!" "Vive la Loi!" The shops were not shut, and passers-by went and came. Some said: "Wait until evening; this is not the end."

A staff-officer on horseback, in full uniform, met the procession, recognized M. de Vatimesnil, and went to salute him. On Rue de Beaune, as they passed the establishment of the *Démocratie Paci-*

*fique*, a group shouted, "Down with the traitor of the Élysée!"

On Quai d'Orsay, the shouting was redoubled. There was a great crowd there. On either side of the quay a file of troops of the line, elbow to elbow, kept back the spectators. In the middle of the space left vacant, the members of the Assembly slowly advanced between a double file of soldiers, one stationary, which threatened the people, the other marching, which threatened the representatives.

Serious reflections abound in the presence of all the details of the great crime which this book is designed to describe. Every honest man who sets himself face to face with the *coup d'état* of Louis Bonaparte hears nothing in his conscience but a tumult of indignant thoughts. Whoever reads our work to the end will assuredly not credit us with the intention of extenuating this monstrous deed. Nevertheless, as the profound logic of facts ought always to be italicized by the historian, it is necessary here to call to mind and to repeat, even to satiety, that apart from the members of the Left, of whom a very small number were present, and whom we have mentioned by name, the three hundred representatives who thus defiled before the eyes of the crowd, constituted the former royalist and reactionary majority of the Assembly. If it were possible to forget, that, whatever were their errors, whatever their faults, and, we venture to add, whatever their illusions, these persons thus treated were the representatives of the leading civilized nation, were sovereign legislators, senators

of the people, inviolable deputies, and sacred by the great law of Democracy, and that just as each man bears in himself something of the mind of God, so each of these chosen representatives of universal suffrage bore something of the soul of France; if it were possible to forget this for a moment, it assuredly would be a spectacle more laughable perhaps than sad, and certainly more philosophical than lamentable, to see, on that December morning, after so many laws of repression, after so many extraordinary measures, after so many votes of censure and of a state of siege, after so many refusals of amnesty, after so many affronts to equity, to justice, to the human conscience, to public good faith, to right, after so much indulgence for the police, after so many smiles bestowed on absolutism, the entire party of order arrested *en masse* and taken to prison by *sergents de ville*!

One day, or rather, one night, the moment having come to save society, the *coup d'état* abruptly seizes the demagogues, and it turns out that it holds by the collar, — whom? the Royalists.

They arrived at the barracks, formerly the barracks of the Gardes du Corps, on the pediment of which is a carved escutcheon, whereon are still visible the traces of the three *fleurs de lys* effaced in 1830. They halted. The door was opened. "Ah!" said M. de Broglie, "here we are."

At that moment they could read a great placard posted on the barrack wall beside the door, bearing in huge letters the words: —



It was the advertisement of a pamphlet, published two or three days previous to the *coup d'état*, without any author's name, demanding the Empire, and attributed to the President of the Republic.

The representatives entered and the doors were closed upon them. The shouts ceased; the crowd, which occasionally has its meditative moments, remained for some time on the quay, dumb, motionless, gazing alternately at the closed gate of the barracks, and at the silent façade of the palace of the Assembly, dimly visible in the misty December twilight, two hundred paces distant.

The two commissioners of police went to report their "success" to M. de Morny. M. de Morny said, "Now the struggle has begun. Good! These are the last representatives who will be made prisoners."

## CHAPTER XIII

### LOUIS BONAPARTE'S PROFILE

THE minds of all these men, we repeat, were very differently affected.

The extreme Legitimist party, which represents the white of the flag, was not, it must be said, greatly exasperated at the *coup d'état*. Upon many faces might be read the remark of M. de Falloux: "I am so well satisfied that I have considerable difficulty in affecting to be only resigned." The pure cast down their eyes, as is becoming to purity; the bold raised their heads. They felt an impartial indignation which permitted a little admiration. How cleverly these generals were ensnared! The country assassinated, that is horrible; but they were enraptured at the jugglery blended with the parricide. One of the leaders said, with a sigh of envy and regret: "We do not possess a man of such talent!" Another muttered: "This is order." And he added: "Alas!" Another exclaimed: "It is a frightful crime, well done." Some wavered, attracted on one side by the lawful power which inhered in the Assembly, and on the other by the abomination which was in Bonaparte; honest souls poised between duty and infamy. There was a M. Thomines Desmazures who went as far as the door

of the great hall of the mayor's office, halted, looked inside, looked outside, and did not enter. It would be unjust not to record that others, among the pure Royalists, and above all M. de Vatimesnil, had the sincere intonation and the upright wrath of justice.

Be it as it may, the Legitimist party, taken as a whole, entertained no horror of the *coup d'état*. It feared nothing. Royalists fear Louis Bonaparte? Why?

Indifference does not inspire fear. Louis Bonaparte was indifferent. He knew but one thing, his object. To break out a road in order to reach it, that was simple; the rest might be left alone. There lay the whole of his policy: to crush the Republicans, to disdain the Royalists.

Louis Bonaparte had no passion. He who writes these lines, talking one day about Louis Bonaparte with the ex-King of Westphalia, remarked: "In him the Dutchman tones down the Corsican." — "If there is any Corsican," answered Jérôme.

Louis Bonaparte has never been other than a man who lies in wait for chance, a spy trying to dupe God. He has the livid dreaminess of the gambler who cheats. Cheating admits audacity, but excludes anger. In his prison at Ham he read but one book, "The Prince." He had no family, for he could hesitate between Bonaparte and Verhuell; he had no country, for he could hesitate between France and Holland.

This Napoleon took his St. Helena in good part. He admired England. Resentment? To what purpose? In his eyes there was nothing on earth but his own interests. He pardoned people because

he exploited them; he forgot everything because he calculated upon everything. What did his uncle matter to him? He did not serve him, he made use of him. He fixed his paltry thoughts upon Austerlitz. He stuffed the eagle with straw.

Malice is an unproductive outlay. Louis Bonaparte possessed only as much memory as was useful. Hudson Lowe did not prevent him from smiling upon the English; the Marquis of Montchenu did not prevent him from smiling on the Royalists.

He was a serious politician, a pleasant companion, wrapped in his own scheming, not impulsive, doing nothing beyond that which he intended, free from brusquerie and loud talk, discreet, correct, learned, talking smoothly of necessary carnage, a murderer, because he had no choice.

All this, we repeat, without passion, and without anger.

Louis Bonaparte was one of those men who have been influenced by the profound iciness of Machiavelli.

It was through being a man of that nature that he succeeded in submerging the name of Napoleon by piling December upon Brumaire.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE D'ORSAY BARRACKS

It was half-past three.

The arrested representatives entered the courtyard of the barracks, a huge parallelogram, surrounded and dominated by high walls. These walls are pierced by three tiers of windows, and have the dismal aspect of barracks, schools, and prisons.

This courtyard is entered by a vaulted arch which passes through the whole depth of the building on the street. This archway, under which is the guard-house, is closed on the side of the quay by a heavy double gate, and on the side of the courtyard by an iron grating. They closed the gate and the grating on the representatives. They "set them at liberty" in the bolted and guarded courtyard.

"Let them stroll about," said an officer.

The air was cold, the sky was grey. Some soldiers, in their shirt-sleeves and foraging-caps, busy about various duties, went hither and thither among the prisoners.

First M. Grimault, then M. Antony Thouret called the roll. The representatives formed a circle around them. Lherbette said laughingly, "This just suits the barracks. We look like sergeant-majors who have come to report." They called over the

seven hundred and fifty names of the representatives. To each name some one answered "Absent" or "Present," and the secretary noted with a pencil those who were present. When the name of Morny was reached, some one cried out: "At Clichy!" At the name of Persigny the same voice exclaimed: "At Poissy!" The inventor of these two jokes, which by the way are very poor, has since gone over to the Second of December, to Morny and Persigny; he has covered his cowardice with the embroidery of a senator.

The roll-call verified the presence of two hundred and twenty Representatives, whose names were as follows: —

Duc de Luynes, d'Andigné de la Chasse, Antony Thouret, Arène, Audren de Kerdrel (Ille-et-Vilaine), Audren de Kerdrel (Morbihan), de Balzac, Barchou de Penhoen, Barillon, O. Barrot, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Quentin Bauchard, G. de Beaumont, Béchard, Behaghel, de Belvèze, Benoît-d'Azy, de Bernardy, Berryer, de Berset, Basse, Betting de Lancastel, Blavoyer, Bocher, Boissié, de Botmillan, Bouvatier, Duc de Broglie, de la Broise, de Bryas, Buffet, Caillet du Tertre, Callet, Camus de la Guibourgère, Canet, de Castillon, de Cazalis, Admiral Cécile, Chambolle, Chamiot Champannet, Chaper, Chapot, de Charencey, Chasseigne, Chauvin, Chazant, de Chazelles, Chegaray, Comte de Coislin, Colfavru, Colas de la Motte, Coquerel, de Corcelles, Cordier, Corne, Creton, Daguilhon-Pujol, Dahirel, Vicomte Dambray, Marquis de Dampierre, de Brotonne, de Fontaine, de Fontenay, Vicomte de Sèze, Desmars, de la Devansaye, Didier, Dieuleveult,

Druet-Desvaux, A. Dubois, Dufaure, Dufougerais, Dufour, Dufournel, Marc Dufraisse, P. Duprat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Étienne, Vicomte de Fal-loux, de Faultrier, Faure (Rhône), Favreau, Ferre, des Ferrès, Vicomte de Flavigny, de Foblant Frichon, Gain, Gasselin, Germonière, de Gicquiau, de Goulard, de Gouyon, de Grandville, de Grasset, Grelier-Dufougerais, Grévy, Grillon, Grimault, Gros, Guislier de la Tousche, Harscouët de Saint-Georges, Marquis d'Havrincourt, Hennequin, d'Hespel, Houel, Howyn de Tranchère, Huot, Joret, Jouannet, de Kéranflech, de Kératry, de Kéridec, de Kermazec, de Kersauron-Penendreff, Léon de Laborde, Laboulie, Lacave, Oscar Lafayette, Lafosse, Lagarde, Lagrenée Laimé, Lainé, Comte Lanjuinais, Larabit, de Larcy, J. de Lasteyrie, Latrade, Laureau, Laurenceau, General Marquis de Lauriston, de Laussat, Lefebvre de Gros-riez, Legrand, Legros-Desvaux, Lemaire, Émile Le-roux, Lespérut, de l'Espinoy, Lherbette, de Linsaval, de Luppé, Maréchal, Martin de Villers, Maze-Saunay, Mèze, Arnould de Melun, Anatole de Melun, Me-rentié, Michaud, Mispoulet, Monet, Duc de Monte-bello, de Montigny, Moulin, Murat-Sistrière, Alfred Nettement, d'Olivier, General Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, Paillat, Duparc, Passy, Émile Péan, Pécoul, Casimir Perier, Pidoux, Pigeon, de Piogé, Piscatory, Proa, Prudhomme, Querhoent, Randoing, Raudot, Raulin, de Ravinel, de Rémusat, Renaud, Rezal, Comte de Rességuier, Henri de Riancey, Rigal, de la Rochette, Rodat, de Roquefeuille, des Rotours de Chaulieu, Rouget-Lafosse, Rouillé, Roux-Carbonel, Sainte-Beuve, de Saint Germain, General Comte de Sainte-Priest, Salmon (Meuse), Marquis Sauvaire-

Barthélemy, de Serré, Comte de Sesmaisons, Simonot, de Staplande, de Surville, Marquis de Talhouet, Talon, Tamisier, Thuriot de la Rosière, de Tinguay, Comte de Tocqueville, de la Tourette, Comte de Tréveneuc, Mortimer-Ternaux, de Vatimesnil, Baron de Vandœuvre, Vernhette (Hérault), Vernhette (Aveyron), Vézin, Vitet, Comte de Vogüé.

After this list of names we read as follows in the stenographic report: —

“ The roll-call having been completed, General Oudinot requests the representatives who were scattered about the courtyard to come nearer to him, and makes the following announcement: —

“ ‘ The Captain-Adjutant-Major, who has remained here in command of the barracks, has just received an order to have rooms prepared for us, to which we are to retire, as we are considered to be in custody. [Hear! hear!] Do you wish me to send for the Adjutant-Major? [No, no; it is useless.] I will tell him that he must execute his orders.’ [Yes, that is right.] ”

The representatives remained boxed up and “strolling” around the courtyard for two long hours. They walked about arm-in-arm. They walked quickly, so as to warm themselves. The men of the Right said to the men of the Left, “ Ah! if you had only voted for the questors! ” They also said: “ Well! how about the *invisible sentry*! ”<sup>1</sup> Then they laughed, and Marc Dufraisse answered:

<sup>1</sup> Michel de Bourges had thus characterized Louis Bonaparte, as the guardian of the Republic against the monarchical parties.



"Deputies of the People! deliberate in peace!" It was then the turn of the Left to laugh. Nevertheless, there was no bitterness, but the cordiality born of a common misfortune.

They questioned the ex-ministers about Louis Bonaparte. They asked Admiral Cécile, "Now, when all is said, what sort of a man is he?" The Admiral answered by this definition: "He's a poor creature." M. Vézin added: "He wishes History to call him 'Sire.'" "Poor Sire, then!" said M. de Camus de la Guibourgère. M. Odilon Barrot exclaimed, "What a fatality, that we should have been condemned to employ this man!"

This said, these heights attained, their political philosophy was exhausted, and they held their peace.

On the right, near the door, there was a canteen raised a few steps above the courtyard. "Let us promote this canteen to the dignity of a refreshment-room," said the ex-ambassador to China, M. de Lagrenée. They entered; some went to the stove, others asked for soup. MM. Favreau, Piscatory, Larabit, and Vatimesnil took refuge in a corner. In the opposite corner drunken soldiers chatted with the maids of the barracks. M. de Kératry, bent beneath his eighty years, was seated near the stove on an old worm-eaten chair; the chair tottered and the old man shivered.

Towards four o'clock a battalion of Chasseurs de Vincennes arrived in the courtyard with their platters, and began to eat, singing and laughing uproariously. M. de Broglie glanced at them and said to M. Piscatory: "It is a strange sight to see

the porringers of the Janissaries, vanished from Constantinople, reappear at Paris! ”

Almost at the same moment a staff officer informed the representatives, on behalf of General Forey, that “the apartments assigned to them were ready,” and requested them to follow him. They were taken to the eastern building, which is the wing of the barracks farthest from the palace of the Council of State; there they were taken up to the third floor. They expected chambers and beds. They found long halls, vast garrets with filthy walls and low ceilings, furnished with wooden tables and benches. These were the “apartments.” These garrets, which opened into one another, were all on the same corridor, a narrow passage, which ran the length of the building. In one of these rooms they saw, thrown into a corner, snare-drums, a bass-drum, and various instruments of military music. The representatives distributed themselves among the halls, at random. M. de Tocqueville, who was ill, threw his overcoat on the floor in the embrasure of a window, and lay down. He remained thus stretched on the ground for several hours.

These halls were heated very badly, by cast-iron stoves, shaped like hives. A representative, wishing to poke the fire, upset one, and nearly set fire to the floor.

The last of the rooms looked out on the quay. Antony Thouret opened a window and leaned out. Several representatives joined him. The soldiers who were bivouacking below on the sidewalk, caught sight of them, and began to shout, “Ah! there they are, those twenty-five franc beggars who tried

to cut down our pay!" In fact, on the preceding evening, the police had spread this slander through the barracks, that a bill had been placed on the tribune to lessen the pay of the troops. They had even gone so far as to name the author of this bill. Antony Thouret attempted to undeceive the soldiers. An officer called out to him: "It was one of your party who offered the bill. It was Lamennais!"

About half after one there were ushered into the rooms MM. Vallette, Bixio, and Victor Lefranc, who had come to join their colleagues and constitute themselves prisoners.

It grew dark. They were hungry. Several had not eaten since the morning. M. Howyn de Tranchère, an obliging and self-sacrificing man, who had acted as porter at the mayor's office, acted as forager at the barracks. He collected five francs from each representative, and sent out and ordered a dinner for two hundred and twenty from the Café d'Orsay, at the corner of the Quay and Rue du Bac. They dined badly, but merrily. Cookshop mutton, bad wine, and cheese. There was no bread. They ate as they could, one standing, another on a chair, one at a table, another astride a bench, with his plate before him, "as at a ball-room supper," said, laughingly, a dandy of the Right, Thuriot de la Rosière, son of the regicide Thuriot. M. de Rémusat buried his head in his hands. Émile Péan said to him: "We shall get over it." And Gustave de Beaumont cried, addressing himself to the Republicans: "And your friends of the Left! Will they preserve their honour? Will there not be an insurrection, at least?" They passed one another

the dishes and plates, the Right showering attentions on the Left. "Here is the opportunity to bring about a fusion," said a young Legitimist. Troopers and sutlers waited on them. Two or three tallow candles burnt and smoked on each table. There were few glasses. Right and Left drank from the same. "Equality, Fraternity," said Marquis Sauvaise-Barthélemy, of the Right. And Victor Hannequin replied: "But not Liberty."

Colonel Feray, son-in-law of Marshal Bugeaud, was in command at the barracks; he offered the use of his salon to M. de Broglie and M. Odilon Barrot, who accepted it. The barrack gate was opened to M. de Kératry, on account of his great age, to M. Dufaure, as his wife had just been confined, and to M. Étienne, on account of the wound he had received that morning on Rue de Bourgogne. At the same time there were added to the two hundred and twenty MM. Eugène Sue, Benoît (du Rhône), Fayolle, Chanay, Toupet des Vignes, Radoubt-Lafosse, Arbey, and Teillard-Latérisse, who up to that time had been detained in the new palace of Foreign Affairs.

About eight o'clock in the evening, when dinner was over, the restrictions were somewhat relaxed, and the space between the door and the barred gate of the barracks began to be littered with carpet bags and toilet articles sent by the families of the imprisoned representatives.

They were summoned by their names. Each went down in turn, and briskly went up again with his cloak, his coverlet, or his foot-warmer. A few women succeeded in making their way to their hus-

bands. M. Chambolle was able to press his son's hand through the bars.

Suddenly a voice exclaimed: "Ah! We are going to spend the night here." Mattresses were brought in, and thrown on the tables, on the floor, anywhere.

Fifty or sixty representatives found room on them, the greater number remained on their benches. Marc Dufraisie settled himself to pass the night on a footstool, with his elbows on a table. Lucky was the man who had a chair.

Nevertheless, cordiality and gaiety did not cease to prevail. "Make room for the 'Burgraves!'" said smilingly a venerable veteran of the Right. A young republican representative rose, and offered him his mattress. They overwhelmed one another with offers of overcoats, cloaks, and coverlets.

"Reconciliation," said Chamiot, offering half of his mattress to the Duc de Luynes. The Duc de Luynes, who had two millions a year, smiled, and rejoined: "You are St. Martin, and I am the beggar."

M. Paillet, the well-known barrister, who belonged to the third estate, said: "I passed the night on a Bonapartist straw mattress, wrapt in a Montagnard quilt, my feet in a democratic and socialist sheepskin, and my head in a legitimist cotton nightcap."

The representatives, although prisoners in the barracks, could stroll about freely. They were allowed to go down into the courtyard. M. Cordier (du Calvados) went upstairs again, saying, "I have just spoken to the soldiers. They did not know that the generals had been arrested. They appeared

surprised and displeased." Thus did they grasp at the faintest hope.

Representative Michel Renaud of the Basses-Pyrénées found several of his compatriots of the Basque country among the Chasseurs de Vincennes who occupied the courtyard. Some had voted for him, and reminded him of the fact. They added: "Ah! We would vote again for the red list." One of them, quite a young man, took him aside, and said to him: "Do you need any money, monsieur? I have a forty-sous piece in my pocket."

Towards ten o'clock in the evening a great hubbub arose in the courtyard. The gates and the grating turned noisily on their hinges. Something entered which rumbled like thunder. They leaned out of the windows, and saw at the foot of the steps a sort of huge, oblong chest, painted black, yellow, red, and green, on four wheels, drawn by post-horses, and surrounded by men in long overcoats, and with fierce faces, holding torches. In the gloom, and with the help of imagination, this vehicle appeared completely black. One could see a door but no other opening. It resembled a great coffin on wheels.

"What is that? Is it a hearse?" — "No, it's a police-van." — "And those fellows, are they undertakers?" — "No, they're turnkeys." — "And for whom has the thing come?"

"For you, messieurs!" cried a voice.

It was the voice of an officer; and the vehicle which had just entered was in fact a police-van.

At the same time a word of command was heard: "First squadron to horse." And five minutes after-

wards the lancers who were to escort the vehicle formed in battle order in the courtyard.

Then arose in the barracks the buzz of a hive of angry bees. The representatives ran up and down the stairs, and went to look at the police-van at close quarters. Some of them touched it, and could not believe their eyes. M. Piscatory met M. Chambole, and cried out: "I am to go in that thing!" M. Berryer met Eugène Sue, and they exchanged these words: — "Where are you going?" — "To Mont Valérien. And you?" — "I do not know."

At half-past ten the roll-call began of those who were to go. Police agents stationed themselves at a table between two candles in a room at the foot of the stairs, and the representatives were summoned two by two. The representatives agreed not to answer to their names, and to reply to each name that was called: "He is not here." But those "Burgraves" who had accepted the hospitality of Colonel Feray considered such petty resistance unworthy of them, and answered to the call of their names. This drew the others. Everybody answered. Among the Legitimists some serio-comic scenes were enacted. They who alone were not threatened insisted on believing that they were in danger. They would not let one of their orators go; they embraced him, and clung to him, almost with tears, crying out: "Do not go away! Do you know where they are taking you? Think of the moats of Vincennes!"

The representatives, having been summoned two by two, as we have said, filed before the police agents, and then they were ordered to get into the "robbers'

box." The stowage was apparently made at haphazard and promiscuously; later, however, by the difference of the treatment accorded to the representatives in the various prisons, it was apparent that this promiscuous loading had perhaps been slightly prearranged. When the first vehicle was full, a second of similar construction drew up. The police agents, pencil and note-book in hand, noted down the contents of each vehicle. These men knew the representatives. When Marc Dufraisse, called in his turn, entered the room, he was accompanied by Benoît (du Rhône). "Ah! here is M. Marc Dufraisse," said the agent who held the pencil. When asked for his name Benoît replied "Benoît." "Du Rhône," added the agent; and he continued: "for there are also Benoît d'Azy and Benoît-Champy."

The loading of each vehicle occupied nearly half an hour. The successive arrivals had raised the number of imprisoned representatives to two hundred and thirty-two. Their embarkation, or, to use the expression of M. de Vatimesnil, their "barrelling-up," which began a little after ten in the evening, was not finished until nearly seven o'clock in the morning. When there were no more police-vans available, omnibuses were brought in. These various vehicles were divided into three detachments, each escorted by lancers. The first detachment started about one o'clock in the morning, and was taken to Mont Valérien; the second, about five o'clock, and was taken to Mazas; the third, about half-past six, to Vincennes.

As this business occupied a long time, those who



had not yet been called benefited by the mattresses and tried to sleep. Thus, from time to time, silence reigned in the upper rooms. In the midst of one of these pauses M. Bixio sat upright, and raising his voice, cried out: "Gentlemen, what do you think of 'passive obedience'?" A general burst of laughter was the reply. Again, during one of these pauses, another voice exclaimed:—

"Romieu will be a senator."

Émile Péan asked:—

"What will become of the Red Spectre?"

"He will turn priest," answered Antony Thouret, "and will become the Black Spectre."

Other words which the historians of the Second of December have spread abroad were not uttered. Thus, Marc Dufraisse never made the remark with which the men of Louis Bonaparte have sought to cloak their crimes: "If the President does not shoot all those of us who resist, he does not understand his business."

For the *coup d'état* such a remark might be convenient; but so far as history is concerned it is false.

The interior of the police-vans was lighted while the representatives were entering. The air-holes of each cage were not closed. In this manner Marc Dufraisse could see through the aperture M. de Rémusat in the opposite cell to his own. M. de Rémusat had entered the van with M. Duvergier de Hauranne.

"Upon my word, Monsieur Marc Dufraisse," exclaimed Duvergier de Hauranne when they jostled each other in the gangway of the vehicle, "upon my word, if any one had prophesied to me, 'You will

go to Mazas in a police-van,' I should have said: 'It is improbable;' but if they had added, 'You will go with Marc Dufraisse,' I should have said, 'It is impossible!'"

As soon as a vehicle was full, five or six policemen entered and stood in the gangway. The door was shut, the steps were put up, and they drove off.

When all the police-vans had been filled, there were still some representatives left. As we have said, omnibuses were brought into requisition. Into these, representatives were thrust pell-mell, rudely, without deference for age or name. Colonel Feray, on horseback, superintended and directed operations. As he mounted the steps of the last vehicle but one, the Duc de Montebello called out to him: "To-day is the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz, and the son-in-law of Marshal Bugeaud compels the son of Marshal Lannes to enter a convicts' van."

When they came to the last omnibus, there were only seventeen places for eighteen representatives. The most active mounted first. Antony Thouret, who alone balanced the whole of the Right, for he had as much wit as Thiers and as much stomach as Murat, Antony Thouret, corpulent and slow, was the last. When he appeared on the threshold of the omnibus in all his hugeness, a cry of alarm arose: — Where was he going to sit?

Antony Thouret, spying Berryer at the end of the omnibus, went straight to him, sat down on his knees, and quietly said to him: "You wanted 'compression,' Monsieur Berryer. Now you have it."

## CHAPTER XV

### MAZAS

THE police-vans, escorted as far as Mazas by the lancers, found another squadron of lancers ready to receive them at Mazas. The representatives descended one by one. The officer commanding the lancers stood by the door, and watched them pass with stupid curiosity.

Mazas, which has taken the place of La Force, now demolished, is a huge reddish building, close to the terminus of the Lyons Railway, on the unoccupied land of Faubourg Saint-Antoine. From a distance the building appears to be of brick, but on closer examination it is seen to be constructed of stone set in cement. Six large detached buildings, with three floors, all radiating from a rotunda which serves as the common centre, separated by courtyards which grow broader in proportion as the buildings recede, pierced by a thousand little dormer windows, which give light to the cells, surrounded by a high wall, and presenting in a bird's-eye view the shape of a fan — such is Mazas. From the rotunda which forms the centre, rises a sort of minaret, which is the alarm-tower. On the ground floor is a round room, used as the registrar's office. On the first floor is a chapel where a single priest says mass

for all, and the observatory, where a single attendant keeps watch over all the doors of all the galleries at the same time. Each building is termed a "division." The courtyards are divided by high walls into a multitude of little oblong walks.

As each representative descended from the van he was conducted into the rotunda where the office is. There his name was taken down, and in exchange for his name he was given a number. Whether the prisoner is a thief or a legislator, such is the rule in this prison; the *coup d'état* reduced all to the same level. As soon as the representative was registered and numbered, he was ordered to "be off." They said to him, "Go upstairs," or "Go;" and they announced him at the end of the corridor to which he was allotted by calling out: "Receive number So-and-So." The gaoler in that particular corridor answered: "Send him on." The prisoner mounted alone, went straight on, and on his arrival found the gaoler standing near an open door. The gaoler said: "Here you are, monsieur." The prisoner entered, the gaoler locked the door, and they passed to another.

The *coup d'état* proceeded very differently towards the various representatives: those whom it desired to conciliate, the men of the Right, were sent to Vincennes; those whom it detested, the men of the Left, were sent to Mazas. Those at Vincennes had the quarters of M. de Montpensier, which were expressly reopened for them; an excellent dinner, eaten in company; wax candles, fire, and the smiles and bows of the governor, General Courtigis.

This is how those at Mazas were treated.

A police-van deposited them at the prison. They were transferred from one box to another. At Mazas a clerk registered them, searched them, measured them, and entered them in the register as convicts. Having passed through the office, each of them was conducted along a gallery shrouded in darkness, through a long damp vault, to a narrow door which was suddenly opened. There a gaoler pushed the representative in by the shoulders, and the door was locked.

The representative thus immured found himself in a small, oblong, narrow, dark room. This is what the prudent language of modern legislation terms a "cell." There the broad daylight of a December noon only produces a dim twilight. At one end there is a door, with a wicket; at the other, close to the ceiling, at a height of ten or twelve feet, a loophole with a fluted-glass window. This window blurred the eye, and prevented it from seeing the blue or grey of the sky, and from distinguishing the cloud from the sun's ray, and invested the wan daylight of winter with an indescribable uncertainty. It was less than a dim light, it was a blurred light. The inventors of this fluted-window have succeeded in making the heavens squint.

After a few moments the prisoner began to distinguish objects confusedly, and this is what he found: whitewashed walls turned green here and there by various exhalations; in one corner a round hole protected by iron bars, and exhaling a sickening smell; in another corner a slab turning on a hinge like the bracket-seat of a cab, and capable of being used as a table; no bed; a straw-bottomed chair; under

foot, a brick floor. Gloom was the first impression; cold was the second.

Thus, then, the prisoner found himself, alone, half-frozen, in this semi-darkness, being able to walk up and down in a space of eight square feet like a caged wolf, or to remain seated on his chair like an idiot at Bicêtre.

In this situation an ex-Republican of the day before, who had become a member of the majority, and on occasions more or less Bonapartist, M. Émile Leroux, who had, moreover, been thrown into Mazas by mistake, having doubtless been taken for some other Leroux, began to weep with rage. Three, four, five hours passed away thus. Meanwhile they had not eaten since the morning; some of them, in the excitement caused by the *coup d'état*, had not even breakfasted. Hunger came upon them. Were they to be forgotten there? No; a bell rang in the prison, the wicket in the door opened, and an arm held out to the prisoner a pewter porringer and a piece of bread.

The prisoner greedily seized the bread and the porringer. The bread was black and sticky; the porringer contained a sort of thick water, warm and reddish. Nothing can be compared to the smell of this "soup." As for the bread, it smelt only of mould.

However great their hunger, most of the prisoners on the first impulse threw their bread on the floor, and emptied the porringer down the hole with the iron bars.

Nevertheless the stomach shrieked, the hours passed, they picked up the bread, and ended by

eating it. One prisoner went so far as to pick up the porringer and to attempt to wipe the bottom with his bread, which he afterwards devoured. Subsequently, this prisoner, a representative set at liberty in exile, told me of this dietary, and said, "A hungry stomach has no nose."

For the rest, absolute solitude and profound silence. However, after a few hours, M. Émile Leroux — it was he himself who told M. Versigny — heard on the other side of the wall on his right a sort of curious knocking, intermittent, at irregular intervals. He listened, and almost at the same moment, on the other side of the wall, at his left, a similar rapping responded. M. Émile Leroux, enraptured — what a pleasure to hear a noise of some kind! — thought of his colleagues, prisoners like himself, and cried out in a tremendous voice: "Aha! so you are here, too, are you?" He had not finished this sentence when the door of his cell opened with a creaking of hinges and bolts; a man — the turnkey — appeared, in a great rage, and said to him: —

"Hold your tongue!"

The representative of the people, somewhat taken aback, attempted to explain.

"Hold your tongue," replied the turnkey, "or I will pitch you into a dungeon."

This turnkey spoke to the prisoner as the *coup d'état* spoke to the nation.

M. Émile Leroux, with his persistent parliamentary habits, nevertheless attempted to insist.

"What!" said he, "can I not answer the signals that two of my colleagues are making to me?"

"Two of your colleagues, indeed," answered the

gaoler, "they are two thieves." And he closed the door, shouting with laughter.

They were, in fact, two thieves, between whom M. Émile Leroux was, not crucified, but locked up.

The Mazas prison is so ingeniously built that the least word can be heard from one cell to another. Consequently there is no isolation, despite the cellular system. Thence the rigorous silence imposed by the perfect and cruel logic of the rules. What do the thieves do? They have invented a telegraphic system of raps, and the rules waste their pains. M. Émile Leroux had simply interrupted a dialogue that had begun.

"Don't interfere with our patter," cried his thief-neighbour, who for this exclamation was put in the dungeons.

Such was the life of the representatives at Mazas. Moreover, as they were in secret confinement, not a book, not a sheet of paper, not a pen, not even an hour's exercise in the courtyard.

The thieves also go to Mazas, as we have seen. But those who know a trade are permitted to work; those who know how to read are supplied with books; those who know how to write are granted a desk and paper; all are permitted the hour's exercise required by the laws of health and authorized by the rules.

The representatives were allowed nothing whatever. Isolation, close confinement, silence, darkness, cold; "the amount of *ennui* which makes men mad," as Linguet said, speaking of the Bastille.

To remain seated on a chair all day long, with arms and legs crossed: such was the situation.



But the bed! Could they lie down?

No.

There was no bed.

At eight o'clock in the evening the turnkey entered the cell, and removed something which was rolled up on a plank near the ceiling. This "something" was a hammock.

The hammock being hooked up and spread out, the turnkey wished his prisoner good-night.

There was a blanket in the hammock, sometimes a mattress two inches thick. The prisoner, wrapt in this blanket, tried to sleep, and only succeeded in shivering.

But on the morrow he could at least lie all day in his hammock?

Not at all.

At seven o'clock in the morning the turnkey came in, wished the representative good-morning, made him get up, and rolled up the hammock on its shelf near the ceiling.

But in this case could not the prisoner take down the authorized hammock, unroll it, hook it up, and lie down again?

Very good. The dungeons.

This was the routine. The hammock for the night, the chair for the day.

Let us be just, however. Some obtained beds, among others MM. Thiers and Roger (du Nord). M. Grévy had none.

Mazas shows progress in prisons; Mazas is certainly preferable to the leads of Venice, and to the under-water dungeons of the Châtelet. Theoretical philanthropy built Mazas. Nevertheless, as we have

seen, Mazas leaves much to be desired. Let us acknowledge that, from a certain point of view, the temporary solitary confinement of the lawmakers at Mazas does not displease us. There was perhaps something of Providence in the *coup d'état*. Providence, by consigning the legislators to Mazas, did an educational deed. Eat your own cooking! It is not a bad thing that those who build prisons should try them.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE EPISODE OF BOULEVARD ST. MARTIN

WHEN we arrived, Charamaule and I, at number 70, Rue Blanche, a steep, lonely street, a man in a sort of naval subaltern's uniform, was walking up and down before the door. The concierge, who recognized us, called our attention to him. "Nonsense!" said Charamaule, "a man who walks about in that way, dressed after that fashion, is assuredly not a police spy."

"My dear colleague," said I, "Bedeau has proved that the police are blockheads."

We went upstairs. The salon and a small reception room adjoining it were full of representatives, with whom were mingled many persons unconnected with the Assembly. Some ex-members of the Constituent Assembly were there, among others, Bastide and several democratic journalists. *Le National* was represented by Alexander Rey and Léopold Duras, *La Révolution* by Xavier Durrieu, Vasbenter, and Watrigon, *L'Avènement du Peuple* by H. Coste, nearly all the other editors of *L'Avènement* being in prison. About sixty members of the Left were there, among others Edgar Quinet, Schœlcher, Madier de Montjau, Carnot, Noël Parfait, Pierre Lefranc, Bancel, de Flotte, Bruckner, Chaix, Cassal,

Esquiros, Durand-Savoyat, Yvan, Carlos Forel, Etchegoyen, Labrousse, Barthélemy (Eure-et-Loire), Huguenin, Aubry (du Nord), Malardier, Victor Chauffour, Belin, Renaud, Bac, Versigny, Sain, Joigneaux, Brives, Guilgot, Pelletier, Doutre, Gindrier, Arnauld (de l'Ariège), Raymond (de l'Isère), Brillier, Maigne, Sartin, Raynaud, Léon Vidal, Lafon, Lamargue, Bourzat, and General Rey.

All were standing; they were talking confusedly, Léopold Duras had just described the investment of Café Bonvalet. Jules Favre and Baudin, seated at a little table between the two windows, were writing. Baudin had a copy of the Constitution open before him, and was copying Article 68.

When we entered there was a silence, and they asked us: "Well, what news?"

Charamaule told them what had just taken place on Boulevard du Temple, and the advice which he had thought it well to give me. They approved his action.

"What is to be done?" was asked on every side. I took the floor.

"Let us go straight to the fact and to the goal," said I. "Louis Bonaparte is gaining ground, and we are losing ground or, to speak more accurately, he has everything thus far, and we have nothing as yet. Charamaule and I were obliged to part from Colonel Forestier. I doubt if he will succeed. Louis Bonaparte is doing all he can to suppress us; we must come forth from the shadow. We must make our presence felt. We must fan this incipient conflagration, of which we saw the spark on Boulevard du Temple. A proclamation must be made; no

matter by whom it is printed, or how it is placarded; but it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately. Something brief, quick, and energetic. No phrases. Ten lines — an appeal to arms! We are the Law, and there are occasions when the Law should utter a war-cry. The Law, outlawing the traitor, is a great and terrible thing. Let us do it,”

They interrupted me with, “ Yes, that is right, a proclamation! ”

“ Dictate! dictate! ”

“ Dictate ” said Baudin to me; “ I will write.”

I dictated: —

#### “ TO THE PEOPLE

“ Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte is a traitor.

“ He has violated the Constitution.

“ He is forsworn.

“ He is an outlaw — ”

They cried out to me from all sides: “ That is right! Outlaw him. Go on.”

I resumed my dictation. Baudin wrote: —

“ The Republican representatives remind the people and the army of Article 68 — ”

They interrupted me: “ Quote it in full.”

“ No,” said I, “ it would be too long. Something is needed which can be printed on a card, pasted with a wafer, and read in a minute. I will quote Article 110. It is short and contains the appeal to arms.”

I resumed: —

"The Republican Representatives remind the people and the army of Article 68, and Article 110, the latter thus conceived: 'The Constituent Assembly confides the existing Constitution, and the laws which it consecrates, to the keeping and the patriotism of all Frenchmen.'

"The people, henceforward and for ever in possession of universal suffrage, and needing no Prince to bestow it, will know how to chastise the rebel.

"Let the people do their duty. The Republican representatives are marching at their head.

"Vive la République! To Arms!"

They applauded.

"Let us all sign," said Pelletier.

"Let us try to find a printing-office without delay," said Schœlcher, "and let the proclamation be posted immediately."

"Before nightfall — the days are short," added Joigneaux.

"At once, at once, several copies!" some one exclaimed.

Baudin, silent and swift, had already made a second copy of the proclamation.

A young man, editor of a provincial republican newspaper, came out of the crowd, and promised that, if they would give him a copy at once, the proclamation should be posted on every dead wall in Paris within two hours.

I asked him: —

"What is your name?"

"Millière," was the reply.

Millière; it was thus that that name made its first appearance in the gloomy days of our history. I can still see that pale young man, that eye at the same time piercing and veiled, that attractive, yet forbidding profile. Assassination and the Panthéon awaited him; too obscure to enter the Temple, sufficiently deserving to die on its threshold.

Baudin showed him the copy he had made.

Millière went up to him.

"You do not know me," said he; "my name is Millière; but I know you, you are Baudin."

Baudin offered him his hand.

I was present when the two spectres exchanged that grasp of the hand.

Xavier Durrieu, who was editor of *La Révolution*, made the same offer as Millière.

A dozen representatives took pens and sat down, some about a table, others with a sheet of paper on their knees, and said to me, —

"Dictate the Proclamation to us."

I had dictated to Baudin: "Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte is a traitor." Jules Favre requested the erasure of the word Napoleon, that glorious name which has a fatal power over the people and the army, and that we should say, "Louis Bonaparte is a traitor."

"You are right," said I.

A discussion followed. Some wished to strike out the word "prince." But the assembly was impatient. "Quick! quick!" they cried out. — "We are in December, the days are short," repeated Joigneaux.

Twelve copies were made simultaneously, in a few

minutes; Schœlcher, Rey, Xavier Durrieu, and Millière each took one, and set out in search of a printing-office.

As they went out, a man whom I did not know, but who was greeted by several representatives, entered and said: "Citizens, this house is marked. Troops are on the way to surround you. You have not a second to lose."

Numerous voices arose: —

"Very well! Let them arrest us!"

"What does it matter to us?"

"Let them complete their crime."

"My colleagues," said I, "let us not allow ourselves to be arrested. After the struggle, as God pleases; but before the combat, no! It is from us that the people are awaiting the initiative. If we are taken, all is at an end. It is our duty to bring on the battle, it is our right to cross swords with the *coup d'état*. It must not be allowed to capture us, it must seek us and not find us. We must elude the arm which it extends toward us, we must hide from Bonaparte, we must harass him, weary him, astonish him, exhaust him, disappear and reappear unceasingly, change our hiding-place, and always fight, be always before him, and never under his hand. Let us not leave the field. We have not numbers, let us have audacity."

The others approved. "That is right," said they, "but where shall we go?"

Labrousse said: —

"Our former colleague of the Constituent Assembly, Beslay, offers us his house."

"Where does he live?"



"Number 33 Rue de la Cérissaie, in the Marais."

"Very well," answered I, "let us separate; we will meet again in two hours at Beslay's, number 33 Rue de la Cérissaie."

We all went away; but one after another, and in different directions. I begged Charamaule to go to my house and wait for me there, and I went out on foot with Noël Parfait and Lafon.

We walked toward the then uninhabited district about the city wall. As we reached the corner of Rue Pigalle, we saw, a hundred paces from us, in the deserted streets which cross it, soldiers gliding along the houses, bending their steps toward Rue Blanche.

At three o'clock the members of the Left met on Rue de la Cérissaie. But the alarm had been given, and the inhabitants of those lonely streets stationed themselves at the windows to see the representatives pass. The place of meeting, situated and hemmed in at the end of a rear courtyard, was badly chosen in the event of investment; all these disadvantages were at once remarked, and the meeting lasted only a few seconds. It was presided over by Joly; Xavier Durrieu and Jules Gouache, editors of *La Révolution*, took part, as well as several Italian exiles, among others Colonel Carini and Montanelli, former minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. I liked Montanelli, a gentle and dauntless spirit.

Madier de Montjau brought news from the suburbs. Colonel Forestier, without losing or depriving us of hope, told of the obstacles he had encountered in his attempts to call together the 6th Legion. He pressed me to sign his appointment as

colonel, as well as Michel de Bourges; but Michel de Bourges was absent; and besides, neither Michel de Bourges or I had at that time authority from the Left. Nevertheless, under this reservation I signed his appointment. Embarrassments crowded fast upon one another. The proclamation was not yet printed, and the night was closing in. Schoelcher explained the difficulties: all the printing-offices closed and guarded; an order placarded that whoever should print an appeal to arms would be immediately shot; the workmen terrified; no money. A hat was passed round, and each threw in what money he had about him. We collected thus a few hundred francs.

Xavier Durrieu, whose fiery courage never flagged for a moment, reiterated that he would undertake the printing, and promised that by eight o'clock that evening there should be 40,000 copies of the proclamation. Time pressed. We separated, after appointing a rendezvous at the quarters of the Society of Cabinet-makers on Rue de Charonne, at eight o'clock in the evening, so as to allow time for the situation to reveal itself. As we went out and crossed Rue Beautreillis I saw Pierre Leroux coming toward me. He had taken no part in our meetings. He said to me: —

“ I believe this struggle to be useless. Although my point of view is different from yours, I am your friend. Beware. There is yet time to stop. You are entering the catacombs. The catacombs are Death.”

“ They are also Life.” I replied.

All the same, I thought with joy that my two sons

were in prison, and that this dismal duty of street-fighting was imposed upon me alone.

There yet remained five hours until the time fixed for the meeting. I determined to go home, and once more embrace my wife and daughter, before rushing into the unknown which was before me, yawning and gloomy, and which several of us were about to enter, never to emerge therefrom.

Arnauld (de l'Ariège) gave me his arm. The two Italian exiles, Carini and Montanelli, accompanied me.

Montanelli took my hands and said to me, "Right will conquer. You will conquer. Oh! God grant that this time France may not be selfish, as in 1848, and that she may deliver Italy!" I answered: "She will deliver Europe."

Such were our illusions at that moment, which, however, does not prevent them from being our hopes to-day. Faith is thus constituted; darkness proves to it that there is light.

There is a cabstand before the portal of Saint-Paul's. We went there. Rue Saint-Antoine was swarming with people in the indescribable restlessness that precedes those strange battles of idea against fact, which are called revolutions. I fancied that I saw, in that great populous quarter, a gleam of light which, alas, speedily died out. The cabstand before Saint-Paul's was deserted. The cabmen had foreseen the possibility of barricades, and had fled.

A league separated Arnauld and myself from our homes. It was impossible to walk there through the centre of Paris, without being recognized at



every step. Two passers-by extricated us from our difficulty. One of them said to the other: "The omnibuses are still running on the boulevards."

We profited by this information, and went in search of a Bastille omnibus. All four of us got in.

I entertained at heart, I repeat, wrongly or rightly, bitter regret for the opportunity lost in the morning. I said to myself that on critical days such moments come but do not return. There are two theories of revolution: to arouse the people, or to let them rise of themselves. The first theory was mine; but through force of discipline, I had obeyed the second. I reproached myself with this. I said to myself: "The people offered themselves, and we did not accept them. It is for us now, not to offer ourselves, but to do more, to give ourselves."

Meanwhile the omnibus had started. It was full. I had taken my seat at the inner end, on the left; Arnauld sat next to me, Carini opposite, Montanelli next to Arnauld. We did not speak; Arnauld and myself silently pressed each other's hand, which is a means of exchanging thoughts.

As the omnibus proceeded toward the centre of Paris the crowd became denser on the boulevard. As the omnibus entered the defile of the Porte-Saint-Martin a regiment of heavy cavalry arrived in the opposite direction. In a few seconds this regiment passed beside us. They were cuirassiers. They rode by at a sharp trot and with drawn swords. The people on the elevated sidewalks leaned over to see them pass. Not a single cry. On the one side the dejected people, on the other the triumphant soldiers; all this stirred me profoundly.

Suddenly the regiment halted. I do not know what obstruction momentarily impeded its advance in that narrow defile of the boulevard where we were hemmed in. By halting it stopped the omnibus. There were the soldiers. We had under our eyes, before us, within two paces, their horses touching the horses of our vehicle, those Frenchmen who had become Mamelukes, these citizen soldiers of the great Republic transformed into supporters of the Lower Empire. From where I sat I almost touched them; I could restrain myself no longer.

I lowered the window of the omnibus, I put out my head, and, looking fixedly at the dense line of soldiers which faced me, I called out: "Down with Louis Bonaparte. Those who serve traitors are traitors!"

Those nearest to me turned in my direction and looked at me with a tipsy air; the others did not stir, and remained at "carry arms," the peaks of their helmets over their eyes, their eyes fixed upon the ears of their horses.

In great affairs there is the immobility of statues; in contemptible affairs the immobility of manikins.

Passive obedience in crime makes a manikin of the soldier.

At the shout that I uttered Arnauld had turned sharply around; he also had lowered his window, and was leaning half out of the omnibus, with his arms extended toward the soldiers. "Down with the traitors!" he shouted.

To see him thus, with his dauntless gesture, his handsome face, pale and calm, his ardent glance, his beard and his long chestnut hair, one seemed to

M. G. U.

behold the radiant and fulminating face of an angry Christ.

The example was contagious and electrical.

"Down with the traitors!" shouted Carini and Montanelli.

"Down with the dictator! Down with the traitors!" repeated a noble-hearted young man whom we did not know, and who was sitting next Carini.

With the exception of this young man, the whole omnibus seemed seized with terror!

"Hold your tongues!" exclaimed those poor terrified creatures; "you will get us all massacred." — One, even more terrified, lowered the window, and began to shout to the soldiers: "Vive le Prince Napoléon! Vive l'Empereur!"

There were five of us, and we drowned this cry by our persistent protest: "Down with Louis Bonaparte! Down with the traitors!"

The soldiers listened in gloomy silence. A corporal turned with a threatening air toward us, and brandished his sabre. The crowd looked on in bewilderment.

What passed within me at that moment? I cannot tell! I was in a whirlwind of excitement. I had, at one and the same time, acted with a purpose, deeming it a good opportunity, and yielded to an outburst of passion, deeming the encounter a piece of insolence.

A woman cried out to us from the pavement: "You'll get yourselves cut to pieces." I vaguely imagined that a collision was about to ensue, and that, either from the crowd or from the army, the

spark would fly. I hoped for a sabre-cut from the soldiers or a shout of anger from the people. In short, I obeyed an instinct rather than an idea.

But nothing came of it, neither the sabre-cut nor the shout of anger. The soldiers did not move and the people maintained silence. Was it too late? Was it too soon?

The mysterious man of the Élysée had not foreseen the event of an insult to his name being cast in the very face of the soldiers. The soldiers had no orders. They received them that evening. This was made plain on the morrow.

In another moment the regiment broke into a gallop, and the omnibus resumed its journey. So long as the cuirassiers were riding by, Arnould (de l'Ariège), still leaning out of the vehicle, continued to shout in their ears (for as I have just said, their horses touched us), "Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!"

We alighted in Rue Laffitte. Carini, Montanelli and Arnould left me, and I went on alone toward Rue de la Tour-d'Auvergne. Night was coming on. As I turned the corner of the street a man passed me. By the light of a street lamp I recognized a workman at a neighbouring tannery, and he said to me in a low tone, and hurriedly, "Do not go home. The police have surrounded your house."

I went back again toward the boulevard, through the streets laid out but not yet built, which make a Y under my windows behind my house. Not being able to embrace my wife and daughter, I thought over what I could do with the moments that remained to me. A recollection came to my mind.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE REBOUND OF THE 26TH OF JUNE ON THE 2ND OF DECEMBER

ON Sunday, June 26, 1848, the four days' combat, that gigantic combat so terrible and so heroic on both sides, was still going on, but the insurrection had been overcome nearly everywhere, and was restricted to Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Four men who had been among the most dauntless defenders of the barricades on Rue Pont-aux-Choux, Rue Saint-Claude, and Rue Saint-Louis in the Marais, escaped after the barricades had been taken, and found safe refuge in a house on Rue Saint-Anastase number 12. They were concealed in an attic. National Guards and gardes mobiles were hunting for them, to shoot them. I was told of this. I was one of the sixty representatives sent by the Constituent Assembly into the middle of the conflict, with the mission of everywhere preceding the attacking columns, of carrying, even at the peril of our lives, words of peace to the barricades, of preventing the shedding of blood, and putting an end to the civil war. I went to Rue Saint-Anastase, and I saved the four men.

Among those men there was a poor workman of Rue de Charonne, whose wife was in labour at that very moment, and who was weeping. One could



understand, upon hearing his sobs and seeing his rags, how he must have cleared with a single bound these three steps — poverty, despair, rebellion. Their leader was a young man, pale and fair, with high cheek-bones, intelligent brow, and an earnest and resolute countenance. When I set him free, and told him my name, he also wept. He said to me: “When I think that an hour ago I knew that you were facing us, and that I wished that the barrel of my gun had eyes to see and kill you!” He added: “In the times in which we live no one knows what may happen; if ever you need me, for any purpose, come.” His name was Auguste, and he was a wine-dealer on Rue de la Roquette.

Since that day I had seen him only once, on the 26th of August, 1850, on the day when I bore one corner of Balzac’s pall. The funeral procession was going to Père la Chaise. Auguste’s shop was on the way. All the streets through which the procession passed were crowded. Auguste was at his door with his young wife and two or three workmen. As I passed he saluted me.

It was the recollection of him that came to my mind as I descended the lonely streets behind my house; in presence of the 2nd of December I thought of him. I thought that he might give me information about Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and help us in rousing the people. This young man had given me the impression of a soldier and a leader at once; I remembered the words he had said to me, and I deemed it advisable to see him. I began by going to Rue Saint-Anastase, to find the courageous woman who had hidden Auguste and his three com-

panions, to whom she had several times since rendered assistance. I begged her to accompany me. She consented.

On the way I dined upon a cake of chocolate which Charamaule had given me.

The aspects of the boulevard, going down the Italiens toward the Marais, had impressed me. The shops were open everywhere, as usual. There was little military display. In the wealthy quarters there was intense excitement and great crowds, but as we neared the populous quarters, there was comparative solitude. Before the Café Turc a regiment was drawn up. A band of young men in blouses passed before the regiment singing the Marseillaise. I answered them by shouting "To Arms!" The regiment did not stir: the light shone on the playbills on a wall near-by; the theatres were open; I looked at the placards as I passed. They were playing *Hernani* at the Théâtre Italien, with a new tenor named Guasco.

Place de la Bastille was thronged, as usual, by people going to and fro, the most peaceable folk in the world. There were a few workmen grouped round the July Column, talking in undertones, nothing more. At the windows of a wine-shop people were watching two men who were disputing for and against the *coup d'état*; he who favoured it wore a blouse, he who attacked it a coat. A few steps farther on a juggler had placed between four candles his X-shaped table, and was displaying his conjuring tricks in the midst of a crowd, who were evidently thinking only of the juggler. On turning one's eyes toward the dark solitude of Quai Mazas

several batteries all harnessed were dimly visible in the darkness. Some lighted torches here and there brought into relief the black outline of the cannon.

I had some trouble in finding Auguste's door on Rue de la Roquette. Nearly all the shops were shut, thus making the street very dark. At length, through a glass shop-front I noticed a light which lighted a zinc counter. Beyond the counter, through a partition also of glass and supplied with white curtains, another light could be vaguely distinguished, and the shadows of two or three men at table. This was the place.

I entered. The door on opening rang a bell. At the sound, the door of the glazed partition which separated the shop from the back-shop opened, and Auguste appeared.

He knew me at once, and came to meet me.

"Ah! monsieur," said he, "it is you!"

"Do you know what is going on?" I asked him.

"Yes, monsieur."

This "Yes, monsieur," uttered calmly, and even with a certain embarrassment, told me all. Where I expected an indignant outcry I received this peaceful response. It seemed to me that I was speaking to Faubourg Saint-Antoine itself. I understood that all was at an end in that quarter, and that we had nothing to expect from it. The people, that wonderful people, had resigned themselves. Nevertheless, I made an effort.

"Louis Bonaparte is betraying the Republic," said I, without noticing that I raised my voice.

He touched my arm, and pointing with his finger

to the shadows on the glazed partition: "Take care, monsieur; do not talk so loud."

"What!" I exclaimed, "you have come to this — you dare not speak, you dare not utter the name of Bonaparte aloud; you barely mumble a few words in a whisper here, in this street, in this Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where, from all the doors, from all the windows, from all the pavements, from all the very stones, should be heard the cry, 'To arms.'"

Auguste demonstrated to me what I already saw too clearly, and what Girard had led me to expect in the morning — the moral situation of the faubourg — that the people were "dazed" — that it seemed to all of them that universal suffrage was restored; that the wrecking of the law of May 31 was a good thing.

Here I interrupted him.

"But this law of the 31st of May, it was Louis Bonaparte who instigated it, it was Rouher who made it, it was Baroche who proposed it, and the Bonapartists who voted it. You are dazzled by the thief who took your purse, and who restores it to you!"

"Not I," said Auguste, "but the others."

And he continued: "To tell the whole truth, people did not care much for the Constitution; they liked the Republic, but the Republic was 'pickled;' in all that they saw but one thing clearly, the cannons ready to slaughter them; they remembered June, 1848; there were some poor devils who had suffered greatly; Cavaignac had done much evil; women clung to the men's blouses to prevent them

from going to the barricades; nevertheless, when they saw men like ourselves at their head, they would perhaps fight; but what held them back was that they did not just know for what." He concluded by saying: "The upper part of the faubourg is doing nothing, the lower part is better. Round about here they will fight. Rue de la Roquette is all right, Rue de Charonne is all right; but over Père-la-Chaise way they ask: 'What good will it do us?' They see nothing but the forty sous for their day's work. They will not stir; do not reckon upon the marble-workers." He added, with a smile: "Here we do not say 'cold as marble,' but 'cold as a marble-worker;'" — and he continued: "As for me, if I am alive, it is to you that I owe it. Dispose of me; I will lay down my life, I will do what you wish."

While he was speaking I saw the white curtain of the glazed partition behind him put aside. His young wife, being uneasy, was peeping through at us.

"Ah! my God!" said I to him, "what we need is not the life of one man but the effort of all."

He was silent. I continued: —

"Listen to me, Auguste, you who are brave and intelligent; so the faubourgs of Paris, heroic even when they go astray, the faubourgs of Paris, for a misunderstanding, for a question of salary wrongly construed, for a bad definition of socialism, rose in June, 1848, against the Assembly elected by themselves, against universal suffrage, against their own vote; and they will not rise in December, 1851, for the right, for the law, for the people, for liberty, for

the Republic! You say that there is perplexity, and that you do not understand; but, on the contrary, it was in June that all was obscure, and it is to-day that everything is clear!"

While I was saying these last words the door of the back-shop was softly opened, and some one came in. It was a young man, fair-haired like Auguste, in an overcoat, and wearing a workman's cap. I started. Auguste turned and said to me: "You can trust him."

The young man took off his cap, came close up to me, carefully turning his back on the glazed partition, and said in a low voice: "I know you well. I was on Boulevard du Temple to-day. We asked you what we were to do; you said that we must take up arms. Well, here they are!"

He thrust his hands into the pockets of his overcoat and drew out two pistols.

Almost at the same moment the bell of the street-door rang. He hurriedly put his pistols back into his pockets. A man in a blouse came in, a workman of some fifty years. This man, without looking at any one, without saying a word, threw a piece of money on the counter. Auguste took a small glass and filled it with brandy, the man drank it off, put his glass upon the counter and went away.

When the door was shut, "You see," said Auguste to me, "they drink, they eat, they sleep, they think of nothing. There you have them all!"

The other interrupted him impetuously: "One man is not the people!"

And turning to me: —

"Citizen Victor Hugo, they will march. If all

do not march, there are some who will. To tell the truth, perhaps this is not the place to begin, but on the other side of the water."

And suddenly checking himself: —

"But, you probably do not know my name."

He took a little note-book from his pocket, tore out a piece of paper, wrote his name, and gave it to me. I regret that I have forgotten that name. He was a working engineer. In order not to compromise him, I burnt that paper with many others on the Saturday morning when I was on the point of being arrested.

"It is true, monsieur," said Auguste, "you must not judge ill of the faubourg; as my friend has said, it will perhaps not be the first to begin; but if there is a rising, it will rise."

I exclaimed: "And whom do you expect to find on foot if Faubourg Saint-Antoine is prostrate? Who will be alive if the people are dead!"

The engineer went to the street-door, made certain that it was locked, then came back, and said: —

"There are many men ready and willing. It is leaders who are lacking. Listen, Citizen Victor Hugo, I can say this to you;" and he added, lowering his voice, "I hope for a movement to-night."

"Where?"

"In Faubourg Saint-Marceau."

"At what time?"

"At one o'clock."

"How do you know it?"

"Because I shall be in it. Now, Citizen Victor Hugo, if a movement takes place to-night in Fau-

bourg Saint-Marceau, will you head it? Do you consent? "

" Yes."

" Have you your scarf of office? "

I half drew it out of my pocket. His eyes glistened with joy.

" Excellent," said he: " the citizen has his pistols, the representative his scarf. Everybody is armed."

I questioned him. — " Are you sure of your movement for to-night? "

He answered: " We have prepared it, and we count upon it."

" In that case," said I, " as soon as the first barricade is constructed I wish to be behind it; come and fetch me."

" Where? "

" Wherever I may be."

He assured me that if the movement was to take place during the night he would know it at half-past ten that evening at the latest, and that I should be informed before eleven o'clock. We settled that wherever I might be at that hour I would send word to Auguste, who undertook to let him know.

The young woman continued to watch us. The conversation had lasted some time, and might seem singular to the people in the back-shop. " I am going," said I to Auguste.

I had opened the door; he took my hand, pressed it as a woman might have done, and said in a deeply-moved tone: " You are going, — will you come back? "

" I do not know."



“True,” said he, “no one knows what is going to happen. Well, perhaps you will be hunted and sought for as I have been. It will perhaps be your turn to be shot, and mine to save you. You know, the lion may sometimes have need of the mouse. Monsieur Victor Hugo, if you need a refuge, this house is yours. Come here. You will find a bed where you can sleep, and a man who will lay down his life for you.”

I thanked him with a grasp of the hand, and took my leave. The clock struck eight. I hastened towards Rue de Charonne.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE REPRESENTATIVES HUNTED DOWN

AT the corner of Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Antoine, in front of the shop of the grocer Pepin, on the same spot where the immense barricade of June, 1848, was constructed as high as the second floors, the decrees of the morning had been placarded; some men were inspecting them, although it was pitch dark, and they could not read them; and an old woman said: "The 'Twenty-five francs' are down. So much the better!"

A few steps farther I heard my name pronounced. I turned round. It was Jules Favre, Bourzat, Lafon, Madier de Montjau, and Michel de Bourges, who were passing. I took leave of the brave and devoted woman who had insisted upon accompanying me. A *fiacre* was passing. I put her in it, and then joined the five representatives. They had come from Rue de Charonne. They had found the premises of the Society of Cabinet-makers closed. — "There was no one there," said Madier de Montjau. "Those worthy folk are beginning to get together a little capital, they do not wish to endanger it, they are afraid of us; they say, '*coups d'état* are nothing to us, let us let them have their way!'"

"That does not surprise me," I replied, "a society is a bourgeois."

"Where are we going?" asked Jules Favre.

Lafon lived two steps from there, at No. 2, Quai Jemmapes. He offered us the use of his rooms. We accepted, and took the necessary measures to inform the members of the Left that we had gone there.

A few minutes later we were installed in Lafon's apartment, on the fourth floor of an old and lofty house. That house saw the taking of the Bastille.

It was entered by a side door opening from the Quai Jemmapes into a narrow courtyard a few steps lower than the quai. Bourzat remained at this door to warn us in case of any accident, and to point out the house to those representatives who might come up.

In a few moments a large number of us had assembled, and we again met almost all those of the morning, with a few others. Lafon gave up his salon to us, the windows of which overlooked various rear courtyards. We organized a sort of "bureau," and we took our places, Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel, and myself, at a large table, lighted by two candles, and placed before the fire. The representatives and the other people present sat around on chairs and sofas. A group stood before the door.

Michel de Bourges, coming in, exclaimed: "We have come to seek out the people in Fauburg Saint-Antoine. Here we are. Here we must remain."

These words were applauded.

We set forth the situation; the torpor of the faubourgs, no one at the Society of Cabinet-makers,

doors closed nearly everywhere. I told them what I had seen and heard on Rue de la Roquette, the remarks of the wine-seller, Auguste, on the indifference of the people, the hopes of the engineer, and the possibility of a movement during the night in Faubourg Saint-Marceau. It was settled that on the first notice that might be given, I should go there.

But we knew nothing as yet of what had taken place during the day. It was announced that M. Havin, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th Legion of the National Guard, had ordered the officers of his legion to meet.

Some democratic writers came in, among them Alexandre Rey and Xavier Durrieu, with Kesler, Villiers, and Amable Lemaitre of *La Révolution*; one of the others was Millière.

Millière had a large bleeding wound above his eyebrow; that same morning, on leaving us, as he was carrying away one of the copies of the proclamation which I had dictated, a man had thrown himself upon him to snatch it from him. The police had evidently already been informed of the proclamation, and lay in wait for it; Millière had a hand-to-hand struggle with the police agent, and threw him down, but carried away the wound. However, the proclamation was not yet printed. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening and nothing had come. Xavier Durrieu asserted that before another hour elapsed we should have the promised forty thousand copies. It was hoped to cover the walls of Paris with them during the night. Each of those present was to turn bill-poster.

There were among us — as was inevitable in the stormy confusion of the first moments — a good many men whom we did not know. One of these men brought in ten or twelve copies of the appeal to arms. He asked me to sign them with my own hand, in order, he said, that he might be able to show my signature to the people. "Or to the police," Baudin whispered to me, with a smile. We were not in a position to take such precautions. I gave the man all the signatures he wanted.

Jules Favre took the floor. It was important to organize the action of the Left, to impress the unity of impulsion upon the movement which was being prepared; to create a centre for it, to furnish a pivot to the insurrection, to the Left, guidance, and to the People a point of support. He proposed the immediate formation of a committee representing the entire Left in all its shades, and charged with organizing and directing the insurrection.

All the representatives cheered that eloquent and courageous man. A committee of seven was proposed. Carnot, de Flotte, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, Michel de Bourges, and myself were named at once, and thus was unanimously formed that Committee of Insurrection, which at my request was called a Committee of Resistance; for it was Louis Bonaparte who was the insurgent. We, we were the Republic. It was desired that one workman-representative should be admitted to the committee. Faure (du Rhône) was chosen. But Faure, we learned later on, had been arrested that morning. The committee was thus, in fact, composed of six members.

The committee organized during the sitting. A permanent committee was selected, with the duty of decreeing urgency in the name of all the Left, of concentrating all news, information, directions, instructions, resources, orders. This permanent committee was composed of four members, Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and myself. De Flotte and Madier de Montjau were specially delegated, de Flotte for the left bank of the river and the quarter of the schools, Madier for the boulevards and the suburbs.

These preliminary operations being arranged, Lafon took aside Michel de Bourges and myself, and told us that the ex-Constituent Proudhon had inquired for one of us two, that he had remained downstairs nearly a quarter of an hour, and that he had gone away, saying that he would wait for us on Place de la Bastille.

Proudhon, who was at that time serving a term of three years' imprisonment at Saint-Pélagie for an insult to Louis Bonaparte, was granted leave to go out from time to time. Chance willed that one of these liberty days had fallen on the 2nd of December.

A fact which one cannot help noting is that on the 2nd of December Proudhon was lawfully a prisoner by virtue of a lawful sentence, and at the same moment at which they illegally imprisoned the inviolable representatives, Proudhon, whom they could have legitimately detained, was allowed to go out. Proudhon had profited by his liberty to come in search of us.

I knew Proudhon from having seen him at the

Conciergerie, where my two sons were confined, and my two illustrious friends, Auguste Vacquerie and Paul Meurice, and those fearless writers, Louis Jourdan, Erdan, and Suchet. I could not help thinking that on that day they would assuredly not have let any of those men go out.

Meanwhile Xavier Durrieu whispered to me: "I have just left Proudhon. He wishes to see you. He is waiting for you down below, close by, at the entrance to the square; you will find him leaning on the parapet of the canal."

"I will go," said I.

I went downstairs.

At the spot mentioned, I did in fact find Proudhon, lost in thought, resting both his elbows on the parapet. He wore the broad-brimmed hat in which I had often seen him striding alone up and down the courtyard of the Conciergerie.

I went up to him.

"You wish to speak to me," I said.

"Yes;" and he shook me by the hand.

The spot where we were standing was deserted. On the left was Place de la Bastille, dark and gloomy; one could see nothing there, but one could feel a crowd; regiments were there in battle array; they were not in bivouac, they were ready to march; a muffled sound of breathing could be heard; the square was full of that swarm of pale gleams which bayonets give forth in the dark. Above this abyss of shadows, black and erect, soared the Column of July.

Proudhon began: —

"Listen. I have come to give you a friendly warning. You are entertaining illusions. The peo-

ple are in the snare. They will not stir. Bonaparte will carry the day. This rubbish, the restitution of universal suffrage, entraps the simpletons. Bonaparte passes for a Socialist. He has said, 'I will be Emperor of the Rabble.' It is a piece of insolence; but insolence has a chance of success when it has this at its service."

And Proudhon pointed to the sinister gleam of the bayonets. He continued:—

"Bonaparte has an object in view. The Republic made the people. He wishes to restore the populace. He will succeed and you will fail. He has on his side force, cannon, the delusion of the people, and the folly of the Assembly. The few of the Left to which you belong will not succeed in overthrowing the *coup d'état*. You are honest, and he has this advantage over you, that he is a rogue. You have scruples, and he has this advantage over you, that he has none. Believe me, resist no longer. The situation is hopeless. We must wait; but at this moment fighting would be madness. What do you hope for?"

"Nothing," said I.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Everything."

By the tone of my voice he understood that further persistence was useless.

"Adieu," he said.

We parted. He disappeared in the darkness, and I saw him no more.

I went up again to Lafon's apartment.

Meanwhile the copies of the appeal to arms did not come to hand. The representatives, becoming



anxious, went up and down. Some of them went out on Quai Jemmapes, to wait there and obtain information.

In the room there was a babel of conversations. The members of the committee, Madier de Montjau, Jules Favre, and Carnot, withdrew, and sent word to me by Charamaule that they were going to No. 10, Rue des Moulins, to the house of the ex-Constituent Landrin, in the district of the 5th Legion, to deliberate more at their ease, and they begged me to join them. But I thought I should do better to remain. I had placed myself at the disposal of a possible rising in Faubourg Saint-Marceau. I awaited notice of it through Auguste; it was most important that I should not go too far away; besides, it was possible that if I went away, the representatives of the Left, no longer seeing a member of the committee among them, would disperse without taking any resolution, and I saw in this more than one disadvantage.

Time passed, no proclamations. We learned the next day that the packages had been seized by the police. Cournet, an ex-republican naval officer who was present, took the floor. We shall see presently what sort of man Cournet was, and of what an energetic and determined nature. He represented to us that we had been there nearly two hours, that the police would certainly end by being informed of our whereabouts, that the members of the Left had an imperative duty — to remain at all cost at the head of the people, — that the very necessity of their situation imposed upon them the precaution of frequently changing their place of

retreat; and he ended by offering us, for our deliberation, his workshops, No. 82, Rue Popincourt, at the end of a cul-de-sac, and still in the neighbourhood of Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

This offer was accepted; I sent to inform Auguste of our change of place, and of Cournet's address. Lafon remained on Quai Jemmapes to send on the proclamations as soon as they arrived, and we set out at once.

Charamaule undertook to send to Rue des Moulins, to tell the other members of the committee that we would await them at No. 82, Rue Popincourt.

We walked, as in the morning, in small separate groups. Quai Jemmapes skirts the left bank of the Canal Saint-Martin. We met only a few solitary workmen, who looked back when we had passed, and stopped with an air of astonishment. The night was dark. A few drops of rain were falling.

A little beyond Rue du Chemin-Vert we turned to the right and so arrived at Rue Popincourt. There all was deserted, extinguished, closed, and silent, as in Faubourg Saint-Antoine. This street is of great length; we walked a long time; we passed the barracks. Cournet was no longer with us; he had remained behind to inform some of his friends, and, we were told, to take defensive measures in case his house was attacked. We looked for No. 82. The darkness was such that we could not distinguish the numbers on the houses. At length, at the end of the street, on the right, we saw a light; it was a grocer's shop, the only one open on the street. One of us entered, and asked the grocer, who was sitting

behind his counter, to show us M. Cournet's house. "Opposite," said the grocer, pointing to an old, low porte-cochère, which could be seen on the other side of the street, almost facing his shop.

We knocked at this door. It opened. Baudin entered first, tapped at the window of the porter's lodge, and said: "Monsieur Cournet?" — An old woman's voice answered: "This is the place."

The concierge was in bed; all in the house were asleep. We went in.

Having entered, and the door being locked behind us, we found ourselves in a little square courtyard which formed the centre of a sort of two-storied ruin; the silence of a convent prevailed; not a light was to be seen at the windows; near a shed we could make out the low entrance to a narrow, dark, winding staircase. "We have made some mistake," said Charamaule; "it is impossible that this is the place."

Meanwhile the concierge, hearing all those steps under the porte-cochère, had become wide-awake, had lighted her lamp, and we could see her in her lodge, her face pressed against the window, gazing with alarm at the sixty black phantoms standing motionless in her courtyard.

Esquiros addressed her: "Is this really Monsieur Cournet's house?" said he.

"Monsieur Cornet?" answered the good woman, "to be sure."

All was explained. We had asked for Cournet, the grocer had understood Cornet, the concierge had understood Cornet. It chanced that a M. Cornet lived at that exact spot.

We shall see by and by what an extraordinary service chance had rendered us.

We went out, to the great relief of the poor concierge, and resumed our search. Xavier Durrieu succeeded in ascertaining our whereabouts, and extricated us from our difficulty.

A few moments later we turned to the left, and entered a cul-de-sac of considerable length and dimly lighted by an old oil lamp, one of those with which Paris was formerly lighted; then again to the left, and we entered through a narrow passage a large courtyard encumbered with sheds and building materials. This time we were at Cournet's.

## CHAPTER XIX

### ONE FOOT IN THE TOMB

COURNET was waiting for us. He received us on the ground floor, in a room where there was a fire, a table, and some chairs; but the room was so small that a fourth of us filled it to overflowing, and the others remained in the courtyard. "It is impossible to deliberate here," said Bancel. — "I have a larger room on the first floor," answered Cournet, "but it is a building in course of construction, which is not yet furnished, and where there is no fire." — "What does it matter?" we said. "Let us go up to the first floor."

We went up to the first floor by a steep and narrow wooden staircase, and we took possession of two rooms with very low ceilings, but of which one was quite large. The walls were whitewashed, and a few straw-covered stools formed the whole of its furniture.

They called out to me: "Preside."

I sat down on one of the stools, in the corner of the first room, with the fireplace on my right and on my left the door opening on the staircase. Baudin said to me: "I have a pencil and paper. I will act as your secretary." He took a stool by my side.

The representatives and onlookers, among whom were several men in blouses, remained standing, forming in front of Baudin and myself a sort of square, backed by the two walls of the room opposite to us. This crowd extended as far as the staircase. A lighted candle was placed on the mantelpiece.

A sort of common spirit animated this meeting. The faces were pale, but in every eye could be seen the same lofty resolution. In all those shadows glowed the same flame. Several simultaneously asked permission to speak. I requested them to give their names to Baudin, who wrote them down, and then passed me the list.

The first speaker was a workman. He began by apologizing for mingling with the representatives, having no connection with the Assembly. The representatives interrupted him. — “No, no,” they said, “the people and the representatives are all one! Speak!” — He declared that, if he spoke, it was in order to clear from all suspicion the honour of his brethren, the workmen of Paris; that he had heard some representatives express doubt about them. He asserted that this was unjust, that the workmen fully realized M. Bonaparte’s crime, and the whole duty of the people, that they would not be deaf to the appeal of the Republican representatives, and that this would be clearly shown. He said all this simply, with a sort of proud shyness and honest bluntness. He kept his word. I found him the next day fighting on the Rambuteau barricade.

Mathieu (de la Drôme) came in as the workman concluded. “I bring news,” he exclaimed. A profound silence ensued.

As I have already said, we heard vaguely in the morning that the Right was to have assembled, and that a certain number of our friends had probably taken part in the meeting; and that was all. Mathieu (de la Drôme) brought us the events of the day, the details of the domiciliary arrests carried out without obstacle, the roughly treated Daru meeting on Rue de Bourgogne, the expulsion of the representatives from the hall of the Assembly, the imbecility of President Dupin, the vanishing of the High Court, the total inaction of the Council of State, the melancholy sitting held at the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement, the Oudinot *fiasco*, the decree of deposition of the President, and the two hundred and twenty forcibly arrested and taken to Quai d'Orsay. He concluded in a manly style. The duty of the Left was hourly becoming more urgent. The morrow would probably prove decisive. He implored the meeting to take counsel.

A workman added a fact. He had happened in the morning to be on Rue de Grenelle during the passage of the arrested members of the Assembly; he was there at the moment when one of the officers of the Chasseurs de Vincennes uttered these words: "Now it is the turn of Messieurs the Red Representatives. Let them beware!"

One of the editors of *La Révolution*, Hennett de Kesler, who afterwards became an intrepid exile, completed the information given by Mathieu (de la Drôme). He told of the action taken by two members of the Assembly with regard to the self-styled Minister of the Interior, Morny, and the answer of the said Morny: "If I find any representatives be-

hind the barricades, I will have them shot to the last man;" and this other saying of the same rascal respecting the members taken to Quai d'Orsay: "These are the last representatives who will be made prisoners." He told us that a placard was at that very moment being printed, which declared that "Whoever should be found at a secret meeting would be immediately shot." The placard did in fact appear the next morning.

Baudin rose. — "The *coup d'état* redoubles its frenzy," he exclaimed. "Citizens, let us redouble our energy!"

Suddenly a man in a blouse entered. He was out of breath. He had been running. He told us that he had just seen, — and he repeated, had seen with "his own eyes," — on Rue Popincourt, a regiment marching in silence towards the *cul-de-sac* of No. 82; that we were surrounded, and that we were about to be attacked. He begged us to disperse immediately.

"Citizen Representatives," cried Cournet, "I have placed scouts in the alley who will retire and warn us if the regiment enters. The gate is narrow and will be barricaded in the twinkling of an eye. There are fifty of us here with you, armed and resolute men, and at the first shot there will be two hundred. We are provided with supplies. You can deliberate calmly."

As he concluded he raised his right arm, and we saw protruding from his sleeve a long dagger, which he was keeping concealed, and with the other hand he rattled in his pocket the butts of a pair of pistols.

"Very well," said I, "let us go on."

Three of the youngest and most eloquent orators



of the Left, Bancel, Arnauld (de l'Ariège) and Victor Chauffour, delivered their opinions in succession. All three were possessed with this notion, that, our appeal to arms not having yet been placarded, the various incidents of Boulevard du Temple and the Café Bonvalet having brought about no results, none of our decrees, owing to the repressive measures of Bonaparte, having yet succeeded in appearing, whereas the events at the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement had begun to be spread abroad through Paris, it seemed as if the Right had begun active resistance before the Left. A generous rivalry for the public safety spurred them on. It was a joy to them to know that a regiment ready to attack was close by, within a few steps, and that perhaps in a few moments their blood would flow.

However, opinions multiplied, and with them, uncertainty. Some illusions were still entertained. A workman, leaning against the fireplace close to me, said in a low voice to one of his comrades that the people must not be reckoned upon, and that if we fought "we should do a crazy thing."

The incidents and events of the day had in some degree modified my opinion as to the course to be followed in this grave crisis. The silence of the crowd at the moment when Arnauld (de l'Ariège) and I abused the troops, had destroyed the impression which, a few hours before, the enthusiasm of the people on Boulevard du Temple had left with me. The hesitation of Auguste had impressed me, the Society of Cabinet-makers seemed to be slinking out of sight, the torpor of Faubourg Saint-Antoine was manifest, the inertness of Faubourg Saint-

Marceau not less so. I ought to have received notice from the engineer before eleven o'clock, and eleven o'clock was past. Our hopes died away one after another. But there was all the more reason, in my opinion, to astonish and arouse Paris by an extraordinary spectacle, by a daring act of life and collective power on the part of the representatives of the Left, by the audacity of unbounded devotion.

We shall see later what a combination of accidental circumstances prevented this idea from being realized as I purposed. The representatives did their whole duty; Providence perhaps did not do its. Be that as it may, assuming that we were not to be swept away at once by an immediate nocturnal combat, and that at the hour at which I was speaking we had still a "to-morrow," I felt the necessity of fixing every eye upon the course to be adopted on the following day.

I took the floor. I began by tearing away the veil from the situation. I painted the picture in four words: the Constitution thrown into the gutter; the Assembly driven to prison with the butt-ends of muskets; the Council of State dispersed; the High Court expelled by a galley-sergeant,—a manifest beginning of victory for Louis Bonaparte; Paris ensnared in the army as in a net; bewilderment everywhere; all authority overthrown; all compacts annulled; two things only remained standing, the *coup d'état* and ourselves.

"Ourselves! and who are we? We are," said I, "we are Truth and Justice! We are the supreme and sovereign power, the People incarnate, the Law!"

I continued: —

“ Louis Bonaparte at every minute which elapses advances a step farther in his crime. For him nothing is inviolable, nothing is sacred; this morning he violated the Palace of the Representatives of the Nation; a few hours later he laid violent hands on their persons; to-morrow, perhaps in a few moments, he will shed their blood. Very good! he is marching upon us, let us march upon him. The danger grows greater, let us grow greater with the danger.”

A murmur of assent ran through the Assembly. I continued: —

“ I repeat and insist. Let us show no mercy to this wretched Bonaparte for any of the enormities which his outrage includes. As he has drawn the wine — I should say the blood — he must drink it. We are not individuals, we are the Nation. Each of us walks clothed with the sovereignty of the people. He cannot strike our persons without rending that. Let us force his grape-shot to pierce our scarves as well as our breasts. This man is on a road to which logic confines him and which leads him to parricide. What he is killing at this moment is the country! When the ball of the executive power pierces the scarf of legislative power, it is visible parricide! It is this that must be understood! ”

“ We are all ready! ” they cried. “ What measures would you advise us to adopt? ”

“ No half measures, ” I replied: “ a deed of grandeur! To-morrow — if we leave here this night — let us all meet in Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

They interposed: “ Why Faubourg Saint-Antoine? ”

“ Yes, ” I continued, “ Faubourg Saint-Antoine!

I cannot believe that the heart of the people has ceased to beat there. Let us all meet to-morrow in Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Opposite the Lenoir Market there is a hall which was used by a club in 1848."

"The Salle Roysin," some one said.

"That is it," said I, "the Salle Roysin. We who remain free number a hundred and twenty Republican representatives. Let us install ourselves in that hall. Let us install ourselves there in the plenitude and majesty of the legislative power. Henceforward we are the Assembly, the whole Assembly! Let us sit there, deliberate there, in our official scarves, in the midst of the people. Let us summon Faubourg Saint-Antoine to its duty, let us shelter there the national representation, let us shelter there the popular sovereignty. Let us entrust the people to the keeping of the people; let us adjure them to defend themselves. If necessary, let us order them to do it!"

A voice interrupted me: "You cannot give orders to the people!"

"Yes!" I cried, "when it is a question of the public safety, of the universal safety, when it is a question of the future of every European nationality, when it is a question of defending the Republic, liberty, civilization, the Revolution, we have the right — we, the representatives of the entire nation — to give, in the name of the French people, orders to the people of Paris! Let us, therefore, meet to-morrow at this Salle Roysin. At what time? Not too early in the morning. In broad day. It is necessary that the shops be open, that people be

coming and going, that the population be moving about, that there be people in the streets, that they see us, that they know it is we, that the grandeur of our example strike every eye and stir every heart. Let us all be there between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. If we cannot obtain the Salle Roysin we will take the first church at hand, a stable, a shed, some enclosure where we can deliberate; at need, as Michel de Bourges has said, we will hold our sittings in a square bounded by four barricades. But provisionally I suggest the Salle Roysin. Do not forget that in such a crisis there must be no void before the nation. That alarms it. There must be a government somewhere, and it must be known. Rebellion at the Élysée, government in Faubourg Saint-Antoine; the Left the government, Faubourg Saint-Antoine its citadel; such are the ideas which on the morrow we must impress upon the mind of Paris. To the Salle Roysin, then! Thence, in the midst of the dauntless throng of workmen of that great quarter of Paris, enclosed in the faubourg as in a fortress, being both legislators and generals, inventing and multiplying means of defence and of attack, launching proclamations and digging up the pavements, employing the women in writing our placards while the men are fighting, we will issue a warrant against Louis Bonaparte, we will issue warrants against his accomplices, we will declare the military chiefs traitors, we will outlaw in a body all the crime and all the criminals, we will summon the citizens to arms, we will recall the army to its duty, we will rise up before Louis Bonaparte, terrible as the living Republic, we will fight on the one hand with

the power of the law, and on the other with the power of the people, we will overwhelm this miserable rebel, and will tower above his head both as a great regular power and a great revolutionary power!"

While speaking I became intoxicated with my own idea. My enthusiasm communicated itself to the meeting. They cheered me. I saw that I was going a little too far in my aspirations, that I was allowing myself to be carried away, and that I was carrying them away, that I presented to them success as possible, almost as easy of attainment, at a moment when it was important that no one should entertain an illusion. The truth was gloomy, and it was my duty to tell it. I waited until silence was re-established, and I motioned with my hand that I had a last word to say. I then resumed, lowering my voice:—

"Listen, understand fully what you are doing. On one side a hundred thousand men, seventeen harnessed batteries, six thousand cannon-mouths in the forts, magazines, arsenals, ammunition sufficient to carry on a Russian campaign; on the other, a hundred and twenty representatives, a thousand or twelve hundred patriots, six hundred muskets, two cartridges per man, not a drum to beat to arms, not a bell to sound the tocsin, not a printing-office to print a proclamation; barely here and there a lithographic press, and a cellar where a handbill can be hurriedly and furtively printed with the brush; the penalty of death against any one who digs up a paving-stone, the penalty of death against those who meet together, the penalty of death

against any one who is found in a secret meeting, the penalty of death against any one who shall post an appeal to arms; if you are taken during the combat, death; if you are taken after the combat, transportation or exile; on the one side an army and crime; on the other a handful of men and the right. Such is this struggle. Do you accept it?"

A unanimous shout answered me: "Yes! yes!"

This shout did not come from their mouths, it came from their souls. Baudin, still seated beside me, pressed my hand in silence.

It was settled therefore at once that we should meet again on the next day, Wednesday, between nine and ten in the morning, at the Salle Roysin; that we should arrive singly or in small separate groups, and that we should let those who were absent know of this rendezvous. This done, there remained nothing more but to separate. It was about midnight.

One of Cournet's scouts entered. "Citizen Representatives," he said, "the regiment is no longer there. The street is clear."

The regiment, which had probably come from the Popincourt barracks close at hand, had occupied the street opposite the cul-de-sac for more than half an hour, and then had returned to the barracks. Had they judged it inopportune or dangerous to attack us at night, in that narrow blind alley, and in the centre of the formidable Popincourt quarter, where the insurrection had so long held its own in June, 1848? It seems certain that the soldiers had searched several houses in the neighbourhood. According to information which reached us subse-

quently, we were followed after leaving No. 2, Quai Jemmapes, by an agent of police, who saw us enter the house where a M. Cornet lived, and who at once proceeded to the Prefecture to denounce our place of refuge to his chiefs. The regiment sent to arrest us surrounded the house, searched it from garret to cellar, found nothing, and went away.

This quasi-synonym of Cornet and Cournet had misled the bloodhounds of the *coup d'état*. Chance, we see, had interposed usefully in our affairs.

I was talking at the door with Baudin, and we were making some last arrangements, when a young man with a chestnut beard, dressed like a man of fashion, and possessing all the manners of one, whom I had noticed while I was speaking, came up to me.

"Monsieur Victor Hugo," said he, "where are you going to sleep?"

Up to that moment I had not thought about it.

It was far from prudent to go home.

"In truth," I answered, "I have not the least idea."

"Will you come to my house?"

"I shall be very happy."

He told me his name; it was M. de la R——. He knew my brother Abel's wife's family, the Montferriers, relations of the Cambacérès, and he lived on Rue Caumartin. He had been a prefect under the provisional government. There was a carriage waiting. We got in, and as Baudin told me that he would pass the night at Cournet's, I gave him the address of M. de la R——, so that he could send for me if any notice of an uprising came from Faubourg



Saint-Marceau or elsewhere. But I hoped for nothing more that night, and I was right.

About a quarter of an hour after the separation of the representatives, and after we had left Rue Popincourt, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, de Flotte, and Carnot, to whom we had sent word to Rue des Moulins, arrived at Cournet's, accompanied by Schœlcher, Charamaule, Aubry (du Nord), and Bastide. Some representatives were still at Cournet's. Several, like Baudin, were going to pass the night there. They told our colleagues what had been settled respecting my suggestion, and of the rendezvous at the Salle Roysin; but it appears that there was some doubt regarding the hour agreed upon, that Baudin in particular did not exactly remember it, and that our colleagues believed that the rendezvous, which had been fixed for nine o'clock in the morning, was fixed for eight.

This alteration in the hour, due to a treachery of the memory for which no one can be blamed, prevented the realization of the plan which I had conceived, of an assembly holding its sittings in the faubourg, and giving battle to Louis Bonaparte, but gave us as compensation the heroic exploits of the Sainte-Marguerite barricade.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE BURIAL OF A GREAT ANNIVERSARY

SUCH was the first day. Let us look at it steadfastly. It deserves it. It is the anniversary of Austerlitz; the nephew commemorates the uncle. Austerlitz is the most brilliant battle of history; the nephew set himself this problem: how to commit an infamy as great as that magnificence. He succeeded.

This first day, which will be followed by others, is already complete. Everything is there. It is the most terrible attempt at a push backward that has ever been tried. Never has such a crumbling of civilization been seen. All that formed the edifice is now a ruin; the soil is strewn with the fragments. In one night the inviolability of the law, the right of the citizen, the dignity of the judge, and the honour of the soldier disappeared. Terrible substitutions have taken place: there was the oath, there is perjury; there was the flag, there is a rag; there was the army, there is a band of brigands; there was justice, there is treason; there was the Code, there is the sabre; there was a government, there is a swindle; there was France, there is a den of thieves. This is called "Saving Society."

It is the rescue of the traveller by the highway-man.

France was passing by; Bonaparte cried: "Stand and deliver!"

The hypocrisy which preceded the crime, equals in turpitude the impudence which followed it. The nation was trustful and calm. There was a sudden and cynical shock. History has recorded nothing equal to the Second of December. Here there was no glory, nothing but abjectness. No optical illusion. He might have declared himself honest; he declares himself infamous; nothing more simple. This day, almost unintelligible in its success, proves that politics has an obscene side. Treason suddenly raised its vile skirts; it said, "Well, yes! why not?" And we saw the nakedness of an unclean soul. Louis Bonaparte showed himself without a mask, which revealed the horror of him, and without a veil, which revealed the cloaca.

Yesterday President of the Republic, to-day a scavenger. He swore, he still swears: but the tone has changed. The oath has become an imprecation. Yesterday he declared himself a virgin, to-day he enters a brothel, and laughs at his dupes. Picture to yourself Joan of Arc confessing herself to be Messalina. Such is the Second of December.

Women are involved in this treason. It is an outrage which savours both of the boudoir and of the galleys. Through the fetid smell of blood one detects a vague odour of patchouli. The accomplices of this act of brigandage are most agreeable men, Romieu, Morny. Getting into debt leads one to commit crimes.

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Europe was astounded. It was a thunder-bolt from a thief. It must be acknowledged that the thunder may fall into bad hands. Palmerston, that traitor, approved of it. Old Metternich, a dreamer in his villa of Rennweg, shook his head. As to Soult, the man of Austerlitz after Napoleon, he did what he should have done: on the very day of the crime he died. Alas! and so did Austerlitz.

# THE SECOND DAY

## THE STRUGGLE

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### CHAPTER I

#### THEY COME TO ARREST ME

IN order to reach Rue Caumartin from Rue Popincourt, all Paris has to be crossed. We found great apparent calm everywhere. It was one o'clock in the morning when we reached M. de la R——'s house. The *fiacre* stopped at a grated door, which M. de la R—— opened with a latch-key; at the right, under the archway, a staircase ascended to the first floor of a solitary detached building which M. de la R—— occupied, and into which he ushered me.

We entered a small salon very richly furnished, lighted by a night-lamp, and separated from the bedroom by a tapestry curtain two-thirds drawn. M. de la R—— went into the bedroom, and a few minutes later came back, accompanied by a charming woman, pale and fair, in a dressing-gown, her hair down, beautiful, bewildered, gentle nevertheless, and gazing at me with that alarm which in a young face confers an additional charm. Madame de la R—— had just been awakened

by her husband. She remained a moment on the threshold of her chamber, smiling, half-asleep, greatly astonished, somewhat frightened, looking by turns at her husband and at me, never having dreamed perhaps what civil war really meant, and seeing it enter her home abruptly in the middle of the night, under the disquieting form of an unknown person who asks for a refuge.

I made Madame de la R—— a thousand apologies, which she received with perfect courtesy, and the charming woman profited by the incident to go and caress a pretty little girl of two who was sleeping at the end of the room in her cradle, and the child whom she kissed helped her to forgive the refugee who had awakened her.

While we talked, M. de la R—— lighted a fine fire on the hearth, and his wife, with a pillow and cushions, a hooded cloak belonging to him, and a pelisse of her own, improvised a bed on a sofa, in front of the fire, somewhat short, and which we lengthened by means of an arm-chair.

During the deliberation on Rue Popincourt, at which I had just presided, Baudin had lent me his pencil to jot down some names. I still had this pencil with me. I made use of it to write a letter to my wife, which Madame de la R—— undertook to convey herself to Madame Victor Hugo the next day. While emptying my pockets I found a box for the Italiens, which I offered to Madame de la R——.

I looked at that cradle, at those two handsome, happy young people, and at myself, my disordered hair and clothes, my boots covered with mud,

gloomy thoughts in my mind, and I felt like an owl in a nest of nightingales.

A few moments after M. and Madame de la R—— had disappeared into their bedroom, the half-opened curtain was closed; I stretched myself, fully dressed as I was, upon the sofa, and that sweet nest, disturbed by me, returned to its charming silence.

One can sleep on the eve of a battle between two armies, but on the eve of a battle between citizens there can be no sleep. I counted the hours as they struck on a neighbouring church; throughout the night there passed through the street, which was beneath the windows of the room where I was lying, carriages fleeing from Paris. They succeeded one another rapidly and hurriedly; one would have said that it was people going home from a ball. Not being able to sleep, I got up. I partly put aside the muslin curtains of a window, and I tried to look outside; the darkness was complete. No stars, clouds were flying by with the turbulent violence of a winter night. A melancholy wind howled. This wind of clouds resembled the wind of the elements.

I watched the sleeping baby. I waited for dawn. It came. M. de la R—— had explained at my request in what manner I could go out without disturbing any one. I kissed the child's forehead, and left the salon. I went downstairs, closing the doors behind me as gently as I could, so as not to wake Madame de la R——. The grated door opened and I went out into the street. It was deserted, the shops were still shut, and a milkwoman, her donkey by her side, was quietly arranging her jars on the pavement.

I did not see M. de la R—— again. I learned afterward, in exile, that he wrote to me, and that his letter was intercepted. He has, I believe, quitted France. May this heartfelt page convey to him my remembrance.

Rue Caumartin leads into Rue St. Lazare. I went in that direction. It was broad daylight. Every moment I was overtaken and passed by *fiacres* laden with trunks and packages, which were hastening towards the Havre railway station. Passers-by began to appear. Some baggage trains were going up Rue St. Lazare at the same time as myself. Opposite No. 42, formerly occupied by Mdle. Mars, I saw a placard freshly posted on the wall. I went up to it, I recognized the type of the National Printing-Office, and I read:—

#### COMPOSITION OF THE NEW MINISTRY

*Interior* — M. de Morny.

*War* — General of Division Saint-Arnaud.

*Foreign Affairs* — M. de Turgot.

*Justice* — M. Rouher.

*Finance* — M. Fould.

*Marine* — M. Ducos.

*Public Works* — M. Magne.

*Public Instruction* — M. H. Fortoul.

*Commerce* — M. Lefebvre-Durufié.

I tore down the bill, and threw it into the gutter! the soldiers of the party who were driving the wag-gons watched me do it, and went their way.

In Rue Saint-Georges, near a basement door,



there was another placard. It was the "Appeal to the People." Some persons were reading it. I tore it down, notwithstanding the resistance of the porter, who appeared to be entrusted with the duty of protecting it.

As I passed Place Bréda some *fiacres* had already arrived there. I took one.

I was near home, the temptation was too great; I went there. On seeing me cross the courtyard the concierge stared at me with a stupefied air. I rang the bell. My servant, Isidore, opened the door, and exclaimed: "Ah! it is you, monsieur! They came during the night to arrest you."

I went to my wife's room. She was in bed, but not asleep, and she told me what had happened.

She had gone to bed at eleven o'clock. About half-past twelve, during the sort of drowsiness that resembles sleeplessness, she heard men's voices. It seemed to her that Isidore was speaking to some one in the reception-room. At first she paid no heed, and tried to go to sleep, but the sound of voices continued. She sat up, and rang the bell.

Isidore came. She asked him: —

"Is any one there?"

"Yes, madame."

"Who is it?"

"Some one who wishes to speak to monsieur."

"Monsieur is out."

"That is what I have told him, madame."

"Well? doesn't he go?"

"No, madame, he says that he absolutely must speak to Monsieur Victor Hugo, and that he will wait for him."

Isidore had stopped on the threshold of the bedroom. While he spoke a fat, red-cheeked man, in an overcoat under which could be seen a black coat, appeared at the door behind him.

Madame Victor Hugo saw this man, who was silently listening.

"Is it you, monsieur, who wish to speak to Monsieur Victor Hugo?"

"Yes, madame."

"He is out."

"I shall have the honour of waiting for him, madame."

"He will not come home."

"Nevertheless I must speak to him."

"Monsieur, if it is anything which will be useful for him to know, you can confide it to me in perfect security; I will faithfully repeat it him."

"Madame, it is to himself that I must speak."

"But what is it about? Is it regarding politics?"

The man did not answer.

"By the way," continued my wife, "what is happening?"

"I believe, madame, that it's all over."

"In what way?"

"In the President's way."

My wife looked fixedly at the man, and said to him:—

"You have come to arrest my husband, monsieur."

"It is true, madame," answered the man, opening his overcoat, and disclosing the sash of a commissioner of police.

He added after a pause: "I am a commissioner

of police, and I am the bearer of a warrant to arrest Monsieur Victor Hugo. I must institute a search and look through the house."

"What is your name, monsieur?" asked Madame Victor Hugo.

"My name is Hivert."

"You know the Constitution?"

"Yes, madame."

"You know that the representatives of the people are inviolable?"

"Yes, madame."

"Very well, monsieur," she said coldly. "You know that you are committing a crime. Days like this have a to-morrow. Proceed."

Sieur Hivert attempted a few words of explanation, or, to speak more accurately, justification; he muttered the word "conscience," he stammered the word "honour." Madame Victor Hugo, who had been calm until then, could not help interrupting him with some abruptness.

"Do your business, monsieur, and do not argue; you know that every official who lays a hand on a representative of the people commits an act of treason. You know that in respect to the representatives the President is only an official like the others, the chief charged with carrying out their orders. You dare to come to arrest a representative in his own home like a criminal! There is in truth a criminal here who ought to be arrested — yourself!"

Sieur Hivert looked sheepish and left the room, and through the half-open door my wife could see, behind the well-fed, well-clothed, bald commis-

sioner, seven or eight poor starveling devils, wearing dirty coats which reached to their feet, and shocking old hats jammed down over their eyes; wolves led by a dog. They examined the apartment, opened a closet here and there, and went away, — with a sorrowful air, as Isidore said to me.

Commissioner Hivert above all had a hang-dog look; he raised his head, however, at one moment. Isidore, indignant at seeing these men hunt for his master thus in every corner, ventured to mock at them. He opened a drawer and said: "Look and see if he is not in here!" The commissioner of police darted a furious glance at him and cried: "Lackey, take care!" — The lackey was himself.

These men having gone, it was found that several of my papers were missing. Fragments of manuscripts had been stolen, among others one dated July, 1848, and directed against the military dictatorship of Cavaignac, in which there were these verses written apropos of the censorship, the councils of war, and the suppression of the newspapers, and in particular respecting the imprisonment of a great journalist — Émile de Girardin:—

". . . O honte, un lansquenet  
Gauche, et parodiant César dont il hérite,  
Gouverne les esprits du fond de sa guérite!"

These manuscripts were lost.

The police might return at any moment, — in fact they did return a few minutes after I had left, — so I kissed my wife, I refused to wake my daughter, who had just fallen asleep, and I went downstairs

again. Some affrighted neighbours were waiting for me in the courtyard. I cried out to them laughingly: "Not caught yet!"

A quarter of an hour later I arrived at No. 10, Rue des Moulins. It was not then eight o'clock in the morning, and, thinking that my colleagues of the Committee of Insurrection had passed the night there, I thought it might be well to go and fetch them, so that we might proceed all together to the Salle Roysin.

I found only Madame Landrin on Rue des Moulins. It was believed that the house had been denounced and was watched, and my colleagues had changed their quarters to No. 7, Rue Villedo, the house of the ex-Constituent Leblond, legal adviser to the workmen's associations. Jules Favre had passed the night there. Madame Landrin was breakfasting; she offered me a place by her side, but time pressed. I took a piece of bread, and left.

At No. 7, Rue Villedo, the servant who opened the door ushered me into a study where were Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and the master of the house, our former colleague, the Constituent Leblond.

"I have a carriage downstairs," I said to them; "the rendezvous is for nine o'clock at the Salle Roysin in Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Let us go."

This, however, was not their advice. According to them the attempts made on the previous evening in Faubourg Saint-Antoine had illuminated that side of the situation; they sufficed; it was useless to persist; it was obvious that the working-class quarters would not rise; we must turn to the quar-

ters of the tradesmen, renounce the idea of rousing the extremities of the city, and agitate the centre. We were the Committee of Resistance, the soul of the insurrection; to go to Faubourg Saint-Antoine, which was occupied by a considerable force, was to give ourselves up to Louis Bonaparte. They reminded me of what I myself had said on the subject the previous evening on Rue Blanche. We must immediately organize the insurrection against the *coup d' état*, and organize it in practicable quarters, that is to say, in the old labyrinth of Rues Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin; we must prepare proclamations and decrees, create some method of publicity; they were expecting important communications from the workmen's associations and the secret societies. The great blow which I wished to strike by our solemn meeting at the Salle Roysin would prove a failure; they thought it their duty to remain where they were, and the committee being few in number, and the work to be done being enormous, they begged me not to leave them.

They were men of great heart and great courage; they were evidently right; but for myself I could not fail to go to the rendezvous which I myself had fixed. All the reasons which they gave me were good, nevertheless I could have suggested some objections; but the discussion would have taken too much time, and it was getting late. I did not offer any objections, and I left the room, making some excuse. My hat was in the reception-room, my *fiacre* was waiting for me, and I drove off to Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

The centre of Paris seemed to have retained its

every-day appearance. People came and went, bought and sold, chatted and laughed as usual. On Rue Montorgueil I heard a hand-organ. Only on nearing Faubourg Saint-Antoine the phenomenon which I had already noticed on the previous evening became more apparent; solitude reigned, and a certain depressing tranquillity.

We reached Place de la Bastille.

My driver stopped.

"Go on," I said to him.

## CHAPTER II

### FROM THE BASTILE TO RUE DE COTTE

PLACE de la Bastille was at the same time deserted and full. Three regiments in battle array were there; not one citizen.

Four harnessed batteries were drawn up at the foot of the column. Here and there knots of officers talked together in a low voice, — sinister groups.

One of these, the principal one, attracted my attention. It was silent, there was no talking. There were several men on horseback: one, in front of the others, in a general's uniform, with a hat surmounted by black plumes; behind this man were two colonels, and behind the colonels a cavalcade of *aides-de-camp* and staff officers. This lace-trimmed company remained immovable, as though pointing, like a dog, between the column and the entrance to the faubourg. At a short distance from this group, occupying the whole of the square, were the regiments in line of battle and the batteries of artillery.

My driver again stopped.

"Go on," I said; "drive into the faubourg."

"But, monsieur, they'll stop us."

"We shall see."

The fact is that they did not stop us.



The cabman drove on, but hesitatingly, and at a foot-pace. The appearance of a *fiacre* in the square had caused some surprise, and the inhabitants began to come out of their houses. Several came up to my carriage.

We passed a group of men with huge epaulets. These men — a trick that we understood later — did not even seem to see us.

The emotion I had felt on the previous day before the regiment of cuirassiers again seized me. To see in front of me, within a few feet, the assassins of the country, standing upright, in the insolence of a peaceful triumph, was beyond my strength: I could not contain myself. I tore off my scarf, I took it in my hand, and putting my arm and head out of the window of the *fiacre*, and shaking the scarf, I shouted: —

“Soldiers, look at this scarf: it is the symbol of law, it is the National Assembly visible. Where this scarf is there is the law. Well, this is what the law commands you. You are being deceived, — go back to your duty. It is a representative of the people who speaks to you, and he who represents the people represents the army. Soldiers, before becoming soldiers you were peasants, you were workmen, you were and are still citizens. Citizens, listen to me when I speak to you. The law alone has the right to command you. Well, to-day the law is violated. By whom? By you. Louis Bonaparte is leading you into a crime. Soldiers, you who are Honour, listen to me, for I am Duty. Soldiers, Louis Bonaparte assassinates the Republic. Defend it. Louis Bonaparte is a bandit; all his ac-

complices will follow him to the galleys. They are there already. He who is worthy of the galleys is in the galleys. To merit fetters is to wear them. Look at that man who is at your head, and who dares to command you. You take him for a general, he is a felon."

The soldiers seemed petrified.

Some one who was there (thanks to that generous, devoted soul!) grasped my arm, and whispered in my ear, "You will get yourself shot."

But I did not heed, I listened to nothing.

I continued, still waving my scarf:—

"You who sit there, dressed up like a general, it is to you to whom I speak, monsieur. You know who I am, I am a representative of the people, and I know who you are; I have told you, you are a criminal. Now, do you wish to know my name? This is it."

And I shouted my name at him, and added, —

"Now, tell me yours."

He did not answer.

I continued,—

"Very good; I do not want to know your name as a general, I shall know your number as a galley-slave."

The man in the general's uniform hung his head; the others were silent. I could read all their looks, however, although they did not raise their eyes. I saw them cast down, and I felt that they were furious. I had an overwhelming contempt for them, and I passed on.

What was that general's name? I did not know then, and I do not know now.

One of the apologies for the *coup d'état*, published in England, relating this incident, and characterizing it as "an insensate and culpable insult," states that "the moderation shown by the military leaders on this occasion did honour to General ——." We leave to the author of the panegyric the responsibility for the name and for the eulogium.

I entered Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Antoine.

My driver, who now knew my name, hesitated no longer and whipped up his horse. These Paris cabmen are a brave and intelligent race.

As I passed the first shops of the main street nine o'clock struck on the clock of Saint-Paul's.

"Good," I said to myself, "I am in time."

The faubourg presented an extraordinary aspect. The entrance was guarded, but not barred, by two companies of infantry. Two other companies were drawn up in echelons farther on, at short distances, occupying the street, but leaving a free passage. The shops, which were open at the entrance of the faubourg, were half-closed a hundred yards farther up. The inhabitants, among whom I noticed numerous workmen in blouses, were talking together at their doors, and watching the proceedings. I noticed at every step the placards of the *coup d'état* untouched.

Beyond the fountain which stands at the corner of Rue de Charonne the shops were closed. Two lines of soldiers extended on both sides of Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Antoine, on the curbstones; the soldiers were stationed five paces apart, with the butts of their muskets resting on their hips, their chests drawn in, the right hand on the trigger, ready

to take aim, absolutely silent, as if on the watch. From that point a piece of artillery was stationed at the mouth of each of the side streets which lead into the main street of the faubourg. Occasionally there was a mortar. To obtain a clear idea of this military arrangement, one has only to imagine two rosaries extending along the two sides of Faubourg Saint-Antoine, of which the soldiers form the links and the cannon the beads.

Meanwhile my cabman became uneasy. He turned round to me and said, "It looks as though we should find barricades in this direction, monsieur; shall we turn back?"

"Go on," I replied.

He drove on.

Suddenly it became impossible to do so. A company of infantry in three lines occupied the whole of the street from one sidewalk to the other. On the right there was a narrow street. I said to the cabman, —

"Turn up there."

He turned to the right, then to the left. We entered a labyrinth of cross-streets.

Suddenly I heard a shot.

The driver asked me, —

"Which way shall I go, monsieur?"

"In the direction in which you hear the shots."

We were in a narrow street; on my left I saw the inscription above a door: "*Grand Lavoir*," and on my right a square with a central building, which looked like a market. The square and the street were deserted. I asked the cabman: —

"What street are we in?"

" Rue de Cotte."

" Where is the Café Roysin? "

" Straight before us."

" Drive there."

He drove on, but slowly. There was another explosion, this time close by us; the end of the street was filled with smoke; at the moment we were passing No. 22, which has a basement door above which I read, "*Petit Lavoir*."

Suddenly a voice called out to the driver, " Stop! "

The driver pulled up, and the window of the *fiacre* being down, a hand was held out to take mine. I recognized Alexander Rey.

That fearless man was pale.

" Go no further," said he; " it's all up."

" How can that be? "

" Yes, they must have advanced the hour; the barricade is taken; I have just come from there. It is a few steps from here, straight before us."

And he added: —

" Baudin is killed."

The smoke rolled away from the end of the street.

" Look," said Alexander Rey to me.

I saw, a hundred paces before us, at the junction of Rue de Cotte and Rue Sainte-Marguerite, a very low barricade which the soldiers were pulling down. A corpse was being borne away.

It was Baudin.

## CHAPTER III

### THE SAINT - ANTOINE BARRICADE

THIS is what had happened.

During that same night, about four o'clock in the morning, de Flotte was in Faubourg Saint-Antoine. He proposed that, in case any movement should take place before daylight, a representative of the people should be present; and he was one of those who, when the glorious insurrection of the law should break out, intended to dig up paving-stones for the first barricade.

But nothing was stirring. De Flotte, alone in the midst of the deserted and sleeping faubourg, wandered from street to street all night.

Day breaks late in December. Before the first streaks of dawn de Flotte was at the rendezvous opposite the Lenoir Market.

That spot was but weakly guarded. The only troops in the neighbourhood were the guard at the Lenoir Market itself, and another guard a short distance away, occupying the guard-house at the corner of the faubourg and Rue de Montreuil, near the old tree of liberty planted in 1793 by Santerre. Neither of these posts was commanded by a commissioned officer.

De Flotte took in the situation, walked for some

time up and down the sidewalk, and then finding that no one came, and fearing to excite attention, he went away, and returned to the side streets of the faubourg.

For his part, Aubry (du Nord) had risen at five o'clock. Having gone home in the middle of the night, on his return from Rue Popincourt, he had taken only three hours' rest. His concierge told him that some suspicious persons had inquired for him during the evening of the second, and that they had been to the house opposite, No. 12 of the same Rue Racine, to arrest Huguenin. It was this that determined Aubry to leave his house before daylight.

He walked to Faubourg Saint-Antoine. As he reached the place of rendezvous he met Cournet and others from Rue Popincourt. They were almost immediately joined by Malardier.

It was dawn. The faubourg was deserted. They walked along absorbed in thought and speaking in low tones. Suddenly a noisy and singular group passed them.

They looked around. It was a detachment of lancers surrounding something which in the dim light they recognized as a police-van. The vehicle rolled noiselessly along the macadamized road.

They were wondering what this could mean, when a second and similar group appeared, then a third, and then a fourth. Ten police-vans passed in this manner, following one another very closely, and almost touching.

"Why, those are our colleagues!" exclaimed Aubry.

In truth, the last party of the representatives, prisoners from Quai d'Orsay, the party destined for Vincennes, was passing through the faubourg. It was about seven o'clock in the morning. Some shops were being opened, and were lighted inside, and a few people were coming from the houses.

These carriages passed one after another, closed, guarded, gloomy, dumb; no voice came from them, no cry, no whisper. They were carrying off, amid swords, sabres, and lances, with the rapidity and fury of the whirlwind, something that kept silent; and that something which they were carrying off, and which maintained that sinister silence, was the shattered Tribune, the sovereignty of the Assemblies, the supreme initiative whence all civilization is derived; it was the word which contains the future of the world; it was the speech of France!

A last carriage appeared, which by some chance had been delayed. It was about two or three hundred yards behind the principal convoy, and was escorted by only three lancers. It was not a police-van, it was an omnibus, the only one in the convoy. Behind the driver, who was a police agent, one could see distinctly the representatives heaped up inside. It seemed easy to rescue them.

Cournet appealed to the passers-by: — "Citizens," he cried, "these are your representatives who are being carried off! You have just seen them pass in convict-vans! Bonaparte has arrested them contrary to every law. Let us rescue them! To arms!"

A knot had formed of men in blouses and of workmen going to their work. A shout arose: "Vive la



République!" and several men rushed towards the vehicle. The vehicle and the lancers broke into a gallop.

"To arms!" repeated Cournet.

"To arms!" repeated the men of the people.

There was a moment of enthusiasm. Who knows what might have happened? It would have been a singular thing if the first barricade against the *coup d'état* had been made with this omnibus, and if, having aided in the crime, it should have aided in the punishment. But at the moment when the people rushed on the vehicle they saw several of the representative-prisoners whom it contained motion to them with both hands to refrain.

"Oho!" said a workman, "they don't want us to!"

A second repeated, "They don't want their liberty!"

Another added, "They didn't want it for us, they don't want it for themselves."

All was said; the omnibus was allowed to pass on. A moment afterward the rear-guard of the escort came up and passed at a sharp trot, and the group surrounding Aubry, Malardier, and Cournet dispersed.

The Café Roysin had just opened. It will be remembered that the large hall of this café had been used for the meetings of a famous club in 1848. It was there, it will also be remembered, that the rendezvous had been appointed.

One enters the Café Roysin by a passage opening into the street; then one passes through a vestibule some yards in length, and finds a large hall, with

high windows, and looking-glasses on the walls, and in the centre several billiard-tables, marble-topped tables, chairs, and velvet-covered benches. It was this hall, badly arranged, however, for a meeting for discussion, which had been the hall of the Roysin Club. Cournet, Aubry, and Malardier installed themselves there. On entering they did not disguise who they were; they were welcomed, and shown an exit through the garden in case of necessity.

De Flotte had just joined them.

Eight o'clock was striking when the representatives began to arrive. Bruckner, Maigne, and Brillier first, then, successively, Charamaule, Cassal, Dulac, Bourzat, Madier de Montjau, and Baudin. Bourzat, on account of the mud, wore wooden shoes, as was his custom. Whoever should take Bourzat for a peasant would be mistaken; he is a Benedictine. Bourzat, a southern imagination, a quick intelligence, keen, lettered, refined, has the Encyclopædia in his head, and wooden shoes on his feet. Why not? He is Mind and People.

The ex-Constituent Bastide came in with Madier de Montjau. Baudin shook the hands of all with warmth, but he did not speak. He was pensive. "What is the matter with you, Baudin?" asked Aubry. "Are you depressed?"—"I?" said Baudin, raising his head, "I have never been happier!"

Did he feel already that he was of the elect? When we are so near death, all radiant with glory, which smiles upon us in the gloom, perhaps we are conscious of it.

A certain number of men not connected with

the Assembly, all as determined as the representatives themselves, accompanied them and surrounded them.

Cournet was their leader. Among them there were workmen, but no blouses. In order not to alarm the middle classes the workmen had been requested, particularly at Derosne and Cail's, to wear coats.

Baudin had with him a copy of the proclamation which I had dictated to him on the previous day. Cournet unfolded it and read it. "Let us have it posted at once in the faubourg," said he. "The people must be told that Louis Bonaparte is outlawed."

A journeyman lithographer who was there offered to print it without delay. All the representatives present signed it, and they added my name to their signatures. Aubry (du Nord) wrote at the head these words: "National Assembly." The workman carried off the proclamation, and kept his word. Some hours afterwards Aubry, and later a friend of Cournet's named Gay, met him in Faubourg du Temple, paste-pot in hand, posting the proclamation at every street-corner, even beside the Maupas placard, which threatened with the penalty of death any one who should be found posting an appeal to arms. Groups read the two posters at the same time. We must mention one incident: a sergeant of the line, in uniform, in red trousers, accompanied him and protected him. He was doubtless a soldier who had lately left the service.

The time fixed on the preceding evening for the general rendezvous was from nine to ten in the morning. This hour was chosen so that there would

be time to give notice to all the members of the Left; it was expedient to wait until the representatives should arrive, so that the group should the more resemble an Assembly, and that its proceedings should have more influence on the faubourg.

Several of the representatives who had already arrived had no sash. Some were made hastily in a neighbouring house, with strips of red, white and blue calico, and were brought to them. Baudin and de Flotte were among those who donned these improvised sashes.

Meanwhile, before nine o'clock, there began to be manifestations of impatience.<sup>1</sup>

Many shared this noble-hearted impatience.

Baudin wished to wait.

"Do not anticipate the hour," said he; "let us give our colleagues time to get here."

But there were murmurs all about him: —

<sup>1</sup> "There was also a misunderstanding respecting the appointed time. Some made a mistake, and thought it was nine o'clock. The first arrivals impatiently awaited their colleagues. They were, as we have said, some twelve or fifteen in number at half-past eight. 'Time is being lost,' exclaimed one of them as soon as he entered the room; 'let us put on our sashes; let us show the representatives to the people; let us join them in raising barricades. We shall save the country perhaps, at all events we shall save the honour of our party. Come, let us throw up barricades!' Instantly every one was of the same opinion: one alone, Citizen Baudin, interposed the forcible objection: 'We are not sufficiently numerous to adopt such a resolution.' But he spiritedly joined in the general enthusiasm, and with a calm conscience, having asserted the principle, he was not the last to put on his sash." — SCHÖLCHER, *Histoire des Crimes du 2<sup>me</sup> Decembre*, p. 130-131.

"No; begin, give the signal, go outside. The faubourg only awaits a sight of your sashes to rise. You are few in number, but they know that your friends are coming to join you. That is enough. Begin."

The result proved that this undue haste could produce only failure. Meanwhile they considered that the first example which the representatives of the people ought to set was personal courage. To allow no spark to die out, to march first, to march at the head, such was their duty. The semblance of hesitation would have been in truth more disastrous than any degree of rashness.

Schœlcher is an heroic nature, he has a superb impatience of danger.

"Let us go," he cried; "our friends will join us; let us go outside."

They had no arms.

"Let us disarm the post yonder," said Schœlcher.

They left the Salle Roysin in order, two by two, arm-in-arm. Fifteen or twenty men of the people escorted them. They walked ahead, crying, "Vive la République! To arms!"

Some children preceded and followed them, shouting, "Vive la Montagne!"

The doors of the closed shops were half-opened. A few men appeared at the doors, a few women showed themselves at the windows. Knots of workmen going to their work watched them pass. They cried, "Long live our representatives! Vive la République!"

Sympathy was everywhere, but insurrection

nowhere. The procession gathered few adherents on the way.

A man who was leading a saddled horse joined them. No one knew the man, nor whence the horse came. It seemed as if the man offered his services to any one who wished to fly. Representative Dulac ordered him to be off.

In this manner they reached the guard-house on Rue de Montreuil. At their approach the sentry gave the alarm, and the soldiers came out of the guard-house in a rush.

Schœlcher, calm, impassive, in ruffles and a white tie, dressed in black as usual, buttoned to the throat in his tight frock-coat, with the fearless and brotherly air of a Quaker, walked straight up to them.

"Comrades," he said, "we are the representatives of the people, and come in the name of the people to demand your arms for the defence of the Constitution and of the laws!"

The troops allowed themselves to be disarmed. The sergeant alone made a show of resistance, but they said to him, "You are alone," and he yielded. The representatives distributed the muskets and cartridges to the resolute band that surrounded them.

Some soldiers exclaimed, "Why do you take away our muskets! We would fight for you and with you!"

The representatives consulted whether they should accept this offer. Schœlcher was inclined to do so. But one of them remarked that some gardes mobiles had made the same overtures to the insurgents of

June, and had turned against the insurrection the arms left in their possession.

So they kept the muskets.

The disarming having been accomplished, the muskets were counted; there were fifteen.

"There are a hundred and fifty of us," said Cournet; "we haven't enough muskets."

"Well," said Schœlcher, "where is there a post?"

"At the Lenoir Market."

"Let us disarm it."

With Schœlcher at their head and escorted by fifteen armed men the representatives proceeded to the Lenoir Market. The post there allowed themselves to be disarmed even more willingly than the post on Rue de Montreuil. The soldiers turned so that the cartridges could be taken from their pouches.

The muskets were immediately loaded.

"Now," exclaimed de Flotte, "we have thirty guns, let us look for a street corner, and raise a barricade."

There were at that time about two hundred fighting men.

They went up Rue de Montreuil. At the end of some fifty yards Schœlcher said: "Where are we going? We are turning our backs on the Bastille. We are turning our backs on the conflict."

They returned towards the faubourg.

They shouted: "To arms!" They were answered by "Long live our representatives!" But only a few young men joined them. It was evident that the breeze of insurrection was not blowing.

"Never mind," said de Flotte, "let us begin the battle. Let us have the glory of being the first to be killed."

As they reached the point where Rues Sainte-Marguerite and Cotte lead into each other and divide the faubourg, a peasant's cart laden with dung entered Rue Sainte-Marguerite.

"Here," cried de Flotte.

They stopped the dung-cart, and overturned it in the middle of Rue du Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

A milkwoman came up.

They overturned the milkwoman's cart.

A baker was passing in his bread-cart. He saw what was going on, attempted to escape, and urged his horse to a gallop. Two or three *gamins* — those children of Paris, brave as lions and agile as cats — sped after the baker, ran past his horse, which was still galloping, stopped it, and brought back the cart to the barricade which had been begun.

They overturned the bread-cart.

An omnibus came up from the Bastille.

"The deuce!" said the conductor, "I see what's up!"

He descended with a good grace, and told his passengers to get down, while the driver unharnessed his horses and walked away shaking his cloak.

They overturned the omnibus.

The four vehicles placed end to end barely barred the main street of the faubourg, which at that point is very wide. While setting them in line the men of the barricade said, —



"Let us not injure the carts more than we can help."

This formed but an indifferent barricade: it was very low, too short, and left the sidewalks free on either side.

At this moment a staff-officer passed, followed by an orderly, saw the barricade, and fled at a gallop.

Schœlcher calmly inspected the overturned vehicles. When he reached the peasant's cart, which made a higher heap than the others, he said: "That's the only good one."

The barricade grew. They threw a few empty baskets upon it, which made it thicker and higher without strengthening it.

They were still working when a child ran up shouting, "The soldiers!"

In fact two companies were coming up from the Bastille, at the double, through the faubourg, told off in squads at short intervals, and blocking the whole street.

Doors and windows were hastily closed.

During this time, at a corner of the barricade, Bastide, unmoved, was gravely telling a story to Madier de Montjau. "Madier," said he, "nearly two hundred years ago the Prince de Condé, ready to give battle in this very Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where we now are, asked an officer who accompanied him, 'Have you ever seen a battle lost?' — 'No, monseigneur.' — 'Well, you will see one now.' — Madier, I tell you to-day, — you will soon see a barricade taken."

Meanwhile those who were armed had assumed their stations for the conflict behind the barricade.

The critical moment drew nigh.

"Citizens," cried Schœlcher, "do not fire a shot. When the army and the faubourgs fight, the blood of the people is shed on both sides. Let us speak to the soldiers first."

He mounted on one of the baskets which crowned the barricade. The other representatives took their places near him on the omnibus. Malardier and Dulac were on his right. Dulac said to him: "You hardly know me, Citizen Schœlcher, but I love you. Let me have the duty of remaining by your side. I am only of the second rank in the Assembly, but I want to be in the first rank of the battle."

At this moment some men in blouses, those whom the Second of December had enlisted, appeared at the corner of Rue Sainte-Marguerite, close to the barricade, and shouted, "Down with the Twenty-five francs!"

Baudin, who had already selected his post for the combat, and who was standing on the barricade, looked fixedly at these men, and said to them:—

*"You are going to see how one dies for twenty-five francs!"*

There was a noise in the street. Some few doors which had remained half-opened were closed. The two attacking columns had arrived in sight of the barricade. Beyond them other lines of bayonets could be dimly seen. They were those which had prevented me from passing.

Schœlcher, raising his arm authoritatively, motioned to the captain who commanded the first squad to halt.

The captain made a negative sign with his sword. The whole of the Second of December was in those two gestures. The law said: "Halt!" The sabre answered: "No!"

The two companies continued to advance, but slowly, and maintaining their intervals.

Schœlcher went down from the barricade into the street. De Flotte, Dulac, Malardier, Brillier, Maigne, and Bruckner followed him.

Then was seen a grand spectacle.

Seven representatives of the people, armed only with their sashes, that is to say, majestically clothed with law and the right, stepped into the street outside the barricade, and marched straight to the soldiers, who awaited them with their muskets levelled.

The other representatives who had remained inside the barricade made their last preparations for resistance. The combatants maintained an intrepid bearing. Naval Lieutenant Cournet towered above them all with his tall figure. Baudin, still standing on the overturned omnibus, leaned half over the barricade.

On seeing the seven representatives approach, the soldiers and their officers were for the moment bewildered. But the captain motioned to the representatives to halt.

They halted, and Schœlcher said in an impressive voice: —

"Soldiers! we are the representatives of the sovereign people, we are your representatives, we are the elect of universal suffrage. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of universal suffrage, in the name of the Republic, we, who are the

National Assembly, we, who are the law, order you to join us, we call upon you to obey. We are your leaders. The army belongs to the people, and the representatives of the people are the leaders of the army. Soldiers! Louis Bonaparte violates the Constitution, we have outlawed him. Obey us."

The officer who was in command, a captain named Petit, did not allow him to finish.

"Messieurs," he said, "I have my orders. I am of the people. I am a Republican as you are, but I am only an instrument."

"You know the Constitution," said Schœlcher.

"I only know my orders."

"There is one order above all orders," continued Schœlcher, "obligatory upon the soldier as upon the citizen — the Law."

He turned again towards the soldiers to harangue them, but the captain shouted to him: —

"Not another word! You shall not go on! If you say one word, I shall give the order to fire."

"What does that matter to us?" said Schœlcher.

At this moment an officer arrived on horseback. It was the major of the regiment. He whispered for a moment to the captain.

"Messieurs les Représentants," continued the captain, waving his sword, "withdraw, or I shall order a volley."

"Fire!" shouted de Flotte.

The representatives — a curious and heroic copy of Fontenoy — took off their hats, and faced the muskets.

Schoelcher alone kept his hat on his head, and waited with folded arms.

"Fix bayonets," said the captain. And turning towards the platoons: "Charge!"

"Vive la République!" cried the representatives.

The bayonets were lowered, the platoons moved forward, the soldiers rushed at the double-quick upon the motionless representatives.

It was a terrible and superb moment.

The seven representatives saw the bayonets at their breasts, without a word, without a gesture, without one step backwards. But the hesitation which was not in their souls was in the heart of the soldiers.

The soldiers felt distinctly that this was a double stain upon their uniform: to assail representatives of the people, which was treason; and to kill unarmed men, which was cowardice. Now, treason and cowardice are two epaulets to which a general sometimes becomes reconciled, but the soldier never.

When the bayonets were so close to the representatives that they touched their breasts, they turned aside of their own accord, and the soldiers with a unanimous movement passed between the representatives without molesting them. Schoelcher alone had his coat pierced in two places, and in his opinion that was by awkwardness rather than by intention. One of the soldiers who was facing him tried to push him away from the captain, and touched him with his bayonet. The point struck the book of the addresses of the represent-

atives, which Schœlcher had in his pocket, and only pierced his clothing.

A soldier said to de Flotte, "Citizen, we do not wish to hurt you."

But a soldier went up to Bruckner, and pointed his gun at him.

"Well," said Bruckner, "fire."

The soldier, touched, lowered his weapon, and shook Bruckner's hand.

It was a striking fact that, notwithstanding the order given by the officers, the two companies successively came up to the representatives, charged them with the bayonet, and turned aside. Instructions may command, but instinct prevails; instructions may be crime, but instinct is honour. Major P—— said afterwards, "They had told us that we should have to deal with brigands, we had to deal with heroes."

Meanwhile, in the barricade they were growing uneasy, and seeing that their colleagues were surrounded, and wishing to assist them, they fired a musket shot. This unfortunate shot killed a soldier between de Flotte and Schœlcher.

The officer who commanded the second attacking platoon passed close to Schœlcher as the poor soldier fell. Schœlcher pointed to the fallen man and said, "Lieutenant, you see."

The officer answered, with a gesture of despair:—

"What would you have us do?"

The two companies replied to the shot by a general discharge, and rushed to the assault of the barricade, leaving behind them the seven representatives astounded at being still alive.

The barricade replied by a volley, but it could not hold out. It was captured.

Baudin was killed.

He had remained standing in his position on the omnibus. Three balls struck him. One wounded him from below in the right eye and penetrated the brain. He fell. He never regained consciousness. Half an hour afterwards he was dead. His body was taken to the Sainte-Marguerite Hospital.

Bourzat, who was close to Baudin, with Aubry (du Nord), had his coat pierced by a ball.

Another circumstance to be noted is that the soldiers made no prisoner in this barricade. Those who defended it dispersed through the streets of the faubourg, or found a refuge in the neighbouring houses. Representative Maigne, pushed by some affrighted women behind a door, was shut in with one of the soldiers who had just taken the barricade. A moment later the soldier and the representative went out together. The representatives were allowed to leave this first field of battle unhindered.

At this solemn beginning of the struggle a last glimmer of justice and of right was still flickering, and military honour recoiled with a sort of sullen anxiety from the outrage in which it was engaging. There is the intoxication of good, and there is the drunkenness of evil: this drunkenness later on drowned the conscience of the army.

The French army is not constituted to commit crimes. When the struggle was prolonged, and ferocious orders had to be executed, the soldiers must have been bewildered. They obeyed, not coldly, which would have been monstrous, but

with anger, which fact History will recall as their excuse; and with many, perhaps, despair was at the root of their anger.

The fallen soldier had remained on the ground. It was Schœlcher who raised him. A few women, weeping and brave, came out of a house. Some soldiers came up. They carried him, Schœlcher holding his head, first to a fruiterer's shop, then to the Sainte-Marguerite Hospital, where they had already taken Baudin.

He was a conscript. The bullet had entered his side. In his grey overcoat, buttoned to the throat, could be seen a hole stained with blood. His head had sunk on his shoulder, his pale countenance, encircled by the chin-strap of his shako, no longer had any expression, the blood oozed out of his mouth. He seemed barely eighteen years old. Already a soldier and still a boy. He was dead.

This poor soldier was the first victim of the *coup d'état*, Baudin was the second.

Before he was chosen a representative Baudin had been a teacher.<sup>1</sup> He came of that intelligent and brave race of schoolmasters, ever persecuted, who had fallen from the Guizot law into the Falloux law, and from the Falloux law into the Dupanloup law. The crime of the schoolmaster is to hold an open book; that suffices, the Church condemns him. There is now, in France, in each village, a lighted

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake, due to the fact that these pages were written twenty-six years after the event. Esquiros, who knew Baudin, on being questioned by me, said that Baudin had been a teacher. Esquiros was mistaken. Baudin had been a physician.



torch,— the schoolmaster,— and a mouth which blows it out,— the curé. The schoolmasters of France, who knew how to die of hunger for truth and for learning, were worthy that one of them should be killed for liberty's sake.

The first time that I saw Baudin was at the Assembly on January 13, 1850. I wished to speak against the Law of Instruction. I had not put my name down; Baudin's name stood second. He offered me his turn. I accepted, and I was able to speak two days afterwards, on the 15th.

Baudin was one of the targets of *Sieur Dupin*, for calls to order and insults. He shared that honour with Representatives *Miot* and *Valentin*.

Baudin ascended the tribune several times. His speaking, hesitating in manner, was powerful in substance. He sat on the crest of the Mountain. He had a resolute spirit and timid manners. Thence there was in his whole person an indefinable embarrassment, mingled with decision. He was a man of middle height. His face ruddy and full, his sturdy chest, his broad shoulders, announced the robust man, the plowman-schoolmaster, the peasant-thinker. In this he resembled *Bourzat*. Baudin bent his head toward his shoulder, listened with intelligence, and spoke in a gentle and serious voice. He had the melancholy air and the bitter smile of one predestined.

On the evening of the Second of December I asked him: "How old are you?"

He replied: "Not quite thirty-three years. And you?"

"Forty-nine."

And he rejoined: —

“To-day we are of the same age.”

He was thinking in truth of that to-morrow which awaited us, and in which lay hidden that “perhaps” which is the great leveller.

The first shots had been fired, a representative had fallen, and the people did not rise! What bandage had they on their eyes? What weight had they on their hearts? Alas! the darkness which Louis Bonaparte had succeeded in casting over his crime, far from dissipating, grew denser. For the first time in the sixty years since the providential era of revolutions began, Paris, the city of intelligence, seemed not to understand!

On leaving the barricade of Rue Sainte-Marguerite, de Flotte went to Faubourg Saint-Marceau, Madier de Montjau to Belleville, Charamaule and Maigne to the boulevards. Schœlcher, Dulac, Malardier, and Brillier again went up Faubourg Saint-Antoine by the side streets which the soldiers had not yet occupied. They shouted, “Vive la République!” They harangued the people on the doorsteps: — “Is it the Empire that you want?” exclaimed Schœlcher. They even went as far as to sing the “Marseillaise.” People took off their hats as they passed and shouted, “Long live our representatives!” But that was all.

They were thirsty and weary. On Rue de Reuilly a man came out of a door with a bottle in his hand, and offered them drink.

Sartin joined them on the way. On Rue de Charonne they entered the meeting-place of the Association of Cabinet-makers, hoping to find there

the committee of the association in permanent session. There was no one there. But nothing discouraged them.

As they reached Place de la Bastille, Dulac said to Schœlcher: "I ask permission to leave you for an hour or two, for this reason: I am alone in Paris with my little daughter, who is seven years old. For the past week she has had scarlet fever. Yesterday, when the *coup d'état* came, she was at death's door. I have no one but this child in the world. I left her this morning to come with you, and she said to me, 'Papa, where are you going?' As I am not killed, I will go and see if she is not dead."

Two hours later the child was still living, and we were holding a permanent sitting at No. 15, Rue de Richelieu, Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel de Bourges, and myself, when Dulac entered, and said to us, "I have come to place myself at your disposal."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE WORKMEN'S SOCIETIES ASK US FOR ORDERS TO FIGHT

IN presence of the fact of the Saint-Antoine barricade, so heroically constructed by the representatives, so sadly neglected by the populace, the last illusions, to-wit, mine, should have been dispelled. Baudin killed, the faubourg unmoved, — these things spoke aloud. It was a supreme, manifest, absolute demonstration of that fact, the inaction of the people, to which I could not resign myself — a deplorable inaction, if they understood, treachery to themselves, if they did not understand, — a fatal neutrality in any case, a calamity of which all the responsibility, we repeat, recoiled not upon the people but upon those who, in June, 1848, after having promised them amnesty, had refused it, and who had bewildered the great heart of the people of Paris by breaking faith with them. What the Constituent Assembly had sown the Legislative Assembly reaped. We, innocent of the fault, had to submit to the consequence.

The spark which we had seen flash for an instant through the crowd — Michel de Bourges from Bonvalet's balcony, myself on Boulevard du Temple — this spark seemed extinguished. Maigne first, then

Briller, then Bruckner, later Charamaule, Madier de Montjau, Bastide, and Dulac came to report to us what had taken place at the Saint-Antoine barricade, the motives which had led the representatives present not to await the hour appointed for the rendezvous, and Baudin's death. The report which I made myself of what I had seen, and which Cassal and Alexander Rey completed by adding new circumstances, enabled us to realize the situation. The committee could no longer hesitate; I myself renounced the hopes which I had based upon a grand manifestation, upon a powerful reply to the *coup d'état*, upon a sort of pitched battle waged by the guardians of the Republic against the banditti of the Élysée. The faubourgs failed us; we possessed the lever, the right, but the mass to be raised, the people, we did not possess. There was nothing more to hope for, as those two great orators, Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre, with their keen political perception, had declared from the first, save a long slow struggle, avoiding decisive engagements, changing quarters, keeping Paris on the alert, sending word to every one, "It is not over yet"; leaving time for the departments to prepare their resistance; tiring out the troops; in which struggle the Parisian people, who do not long smell powder with impunity, would perhaps ultimately take fire. Barricades raised everywhere, barely defended, rebuilt immediately, disappearing and multiplying at the same time, — such was the strategy indicated by the situation. The committee adopted it, and sent orders in every direction to this effect. At that moment we were in

session at No. 15, Rue Richelieu, at the house of our colleague Grévy, who had been arrested in the Tenth Arrondissement on the preceding day, and was at Mazas. His brother had offered us his house for our deliberations. The representatives, our natural emissaries, flocked around us, and scattered throughout Paris, with our instructions to organize resistance at every point. They were the arms and the committee was the soul. A large number of ex-Constituents, tried men, Garnier-Pagès, Marie, Martin (de Strasbourg), Senart, formerly President of the Constituent Assembly, Bastide, Laissac, Landrin, had joined the representatives on the preceding day. We established, therefore, in all the quarters where it was possible committees of permanence in connection with ourselves, the central committee, and composed either of representatives or of devoted citizens. For our watchword we chose "Baudin."

Towards noon the centre of Paris began to be agitated.

Our appeal to arms was first seen placarded on Place de la Bourse and in Rue Montmartre. Groups crowded round to read it, and fought with the police, who endeavoured to tear down the poster. Other lithographed posters contained in parallel columns the decree of deposition drawn up by the Right at the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement, and the decree of outlawry voted by the Left. There were distributed, printed on grey paper in large type, the judgment of the High Court of Justice, declaring Louis Bonaparte charged with the crime of high treason, and signed *Hardouin*

(President), *Delapalme*, *Moreau* (of the Seine), *Cauchy*, *Bataille*, Judges. This last name was thus misspelt by mistake; it should read "*Pataille*."

At that moment people generally believed, and we ourselves believed, in this judgment, which, as we have seen, was not the genuine judgment.

At the same time they were posting in the populous quarters, at the corner of every street, two proclamations. The first ran thus:—

### TO THE PEOPLE.

ARTICLE 3.<sup>1</sup> The Constitution is confided to the keeping and to the patriotism of French citizens.

LOUIS-NAPOLEON is outlawed.

The State of Siege is abolished.

Universal Suffrage is re-established.

Vive la République!

To Arms!

For the reunited Mountain.

The Delegate,

VICTOR HUGO.

<sup>1</sup> A typographical error — it should read "Article 68." On the subject of this placard the author of this book received the following letter. It does honour to those who wrote it:—

CITIZEN VICTOR HUGO, — We know that you have issued an appeal to arms. We have not been able to obtain it. We replace it by these bills which we sign with your name. You will not disown us. When France is in danger your name belongs to all; your name is a public power.

DABAT.

FELIX BONY.

The second ran thus:—

### INHABITANTS OF PARIS

The National Guards and the people of the Departments are marching on Paris to aid you in seizing the TRAITOR, Louis-Napoléon BONAPARTE.

For the Representatives of the People,

VICTOR HUGO, President.

SCHÆLCHER, Secretary.

This last placard, printed on little squares of paper, was distributed abroad, says an historian of the *coup d'état*, by thousands of copies.

For their part, the criminals installed in the government offices replied by threats: the great white posters, that is to say, the official ones appeared in large numbers. One was thus conceived:—

WE, PREFECT OF THE POLICE,

Decree as follows:—

ARTICLE 1. All meetings are strictly prohibited. They will be immediately dispersed by force.

ARTICLE 2. All seditious outcries, all reading in public, all posting of political documents not emanating from a regularly constituted authority, are likewise prohibited.

ARTICLE 3. The agents of the public police will look to the execution of the present decree.

Done at the Prefecture of Police, December 3, 1851.

DE MAUPAS, Prefect of Police.

Read and approved,

DE MORNY, Minister of the Interior.



In another, one read: —

**THE MINISTER OF WAR,**

In consideration of the Law concerning the state of siege,

Decrees: —

Every person detected constructing or defending a barricade, or carrying arms, **WILL BE SHOT.**

General of Division,

Minister of war,

**DE SAINT-ARNAUD.**

We reproduce this proclamation exactly, even to the punctuation. The words "Will be shot" were in capital letters in the placard signed "De Saint-Arnaud."

The boulevards were thronged with an excited crowd. The agitation, increasing in the centre, extended to three arrondissements, the 6th, 7th, and 12th. The quarter of the schools began to be disorderly. The students of law and of medicine cheered de Flotte on Place du Panthéon. Madier de Montjau, ardent and eloquent, visited and aroused Belleville. The troops, growing more numerous every moment, took possession of all the strategical points of Paris.

At one o'clock, a young man was brought to us by the legal adviser of the workmen's societies, the ex-Constituent Leblond, at whose house the committee had deliberated that morning. We were sitting in permanence, Carnot, Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself. This young man, who had an earnest way of speaking and an intelligent coun-

tenance, was named King. He had been sent to us by the committee of the workmen's societies, whose delegate he was. "The workmen's societies," he said to us, "place themselves at the disposal of the committee of legal insurrection appointed by the Left. They can cast into the struggle five or six thousand resolute men. They will manufacture powder; as for guns, they will be found." The workmen's societies requested an order to fight, signed by us. Jules Favre took a pen and wrote: —

"The undersigned representatives authorize Citizen King and his friends to defend with them, and with arms in their hands, universal suffrage, the Republic, and the laws."

He dated it, and we all four signed it.

"That is enough," said the delegate, "you will hear of us."

Two hours later it was reported to us that the conflict had begun. There was fighting on Rue Aumaire.

## CHAPTER V

### BAUDIN'S CORPSE

WITH regard to Faubourg Saint-Antoine, we had, as I have said, almost lost hope, but the men of the *coup d'état* had not lost all uneasiness. Since the attempts at rising and the barricades of the morning a rigorous supervision had been set on foot. Any one who entered the faubourg ran the risk of being examined, followed, and, upon the slightest suspicion, arrested. The supervision was sometimes at fault nevertheless. About two o'clock a short man, with a serious and alert mien, passed through the faubourg. A *sergent de ville* and a police agent in plain clothes barred his passage. — "Who are you?" — "You see: a law-abiding citizen." — "Where are you going?" — "Close by, to Bartholomé's, the overseer of the sugar factory." — They search him. He himself opens his pocket-book; the police agents turn the pockets of his waistcoat inside out, and unbutton his shirt over his breast; finally the *sergent de ville* says in a grumbling tone: "Never mind, you act as if you had been here this morning. Be off!" It was Representative Gindrier. If they had not stopped at the pockets of his waistcoat, and had searched

his greatcoat, they would have found his sash; Gindrier would have been shot.

Not to allow themselves to be arrested, to keep their freedom for the combat, that was the watchword of the members of the Left; that is why we had our sashes about us, but not visible.

Gindrier had had no food that day; he thought he would go home, and returned to the new quarter of the Havre Railway, where he lived. On Rue de Calais, which is a lonely street running from Rue Blanche to Rue de Clichy, a cab passed him. Gindrier heard his name called. He turned and saw two persons in the cab, relations of Baudin, and a man whom he did not know. One of Baudin's relations, Madame L——, said to him, "Baudin is wounded! They have taken him to the Saint-Antoine Hospital. We are going to fetch him. Come with us." Gindrier entered the cab.

The stranger, however, was an emissary of the commissioner of police of Rue Sainte-Marguerite-Saint-Antoine. He had been instructed by the commissioner to go to Baudin's house, No. 88, Rue de Clichy, to inform his family. Having found only the women at home, he had confined himself to telling them that Representative Baudin was wounded. He offered to accompany them, and went with them in the cab. They had uttered the name of Gindrier before him. That might be imprudent. They spoke to him; he declared that he would not betray the representative, and it was agreed that before the commissioner of police Gindrier should be a relation, and should be called Baudin.

The poor women still hoped. Perhaps the wound was serious, but Baudin was young, and had a good constitution. — “They will save him,” said they. Gindrier was silent. At the office of the commissioner of police the veil was torn aside. — “How is he?” asked Madame L—— on entering. “Why,” said the commissioner, “he is dead.” — “What do you say? Dead?” — “Yes; killed on the spot.”

It was a painful moment. The despair of those two women who had been so abruptly struck to the heart burst forth in sobs. “Ah! infamous Bonaparte!” cried Madame L——. “He has killed Baudin. Well, I will kill him. I will be the Charlotte Corday of this Marat.”

Gindrier claimed Baudin’s body. The commissioner of police consented to restore it to the family only after exacting a promise that he should be buried at once, and without any parade, and that they would not exhibit him to the people. — “You understand,” he said, “that the sight of a representative killed and bleeding might raise Paris.” The *coup d’état* made corpses, but did not wish that they should be utilized.

On these conditions the commissioner of police gave Gindrier two men and a safe-conduct to fetch the body of Baudin from the hospital where he had been carried.

Meanwhile Baudin’s brother, a young man of four-and-twenty, a medical student, arrived. This young man has since been arrested and imprisoned; his crime is his brother. Let us continue. They proceeded to the hospital. At sight of the safe-

conduct the director ushered Gindrier and young Baudin into a room on the ground floor. There were three pallets there covered with white sheets, under which could be traced the motionless forms of three human bodies. The one in the centre bed was Baudin. On his right lay the young soldier killed a minute before him by the side of Schœlcher, and on the left an old woman who had been struck down by a spent ball on Rue de Cotte, and whom the executioners of the *coup d'état* had picked up later on; at the first moment one does not discover all one's riches.

The three corpses were naked under their winding-sheets. They had left to Baudin alone his shirt and his flannel vest. They had found on him seven francs, his gold watch and chain, his representative's medal, and a gold pencil-case which he had used in Rue de Popincourt, after passing me the other pencil, which I still have. Gindrier and young Baudin, bare-headed, approached the centre bed. They raised the shroud, and Baudin's dead face appeared. He was calm, and seemed asleep. No feature was contracted. A livid hue was beginning to mottle his face.

They drew up an official report. It is customary. It is not sufficient to kill people. An official report must also be drawn up. Young Baudin had to sign a statement that, on the requisition of the commissioner of police, they "delivered to him the body of his brother." During the signing Gindrier, in the courtyard of the hospital, attempted if not to console, at least to calm the two despairing women.

Suddenly a man who had entered the courtyard, and who had scrutinized him closely for some moments, abruptly accosted him.

"What are you doing there?"

"What is that to you?" said Gindrier.

"You have come to fetch Baudin's body?"

"Yes."

"Is this your cab?"

"Yes."

"Get in at once, and pull down the blinds."

"What do you mean?"

"You are Representative Gindrier. I know you. You were at the barricade this morning. If any other than myself should see you, you are lost."

Gindrier followed his advice and got into the cab. As he got in, he asked the man, —

"Do you belong to the police?"

The man did not answer. A moment after he came and said in a low voice, near the door of the cab in which Gindrier was sitting, —

"Yes, I eat their bread, but I do not do their work."

The two men sent by the commissioner of police took Baudin on his wooden bed and carried him to the cab. They placed him on the floor with his face covered, and enveloped from head to foot in the shroud. A workman who stood by lent his cloak, which was thrown over the corpse in order not to attract the notice of passers-by. Madame L—— took her place by the side of the body, Gindrier opposite, young Baudin next to Gindrier. A cab followed, in which were the other relative of Baudin and a medical student named Dutèche.

They set off. During the journey the head of the corpse, shaken by the carriage, rolled from shoulder to shoulder; the blood began to flow from the wound, and appeared in large red patches through the white sheet. Gindrier, with his arm extended and his hand placed on its breast, prevented it from falling forwards; Madame L—— supported it on the side.

They had told the coachman to drive slowly; the journey lasted more than an hour.

When they reached No. 88, Rue de Clichy, the removal of the body attracted a curious crowd before the door. The neighbours flocked thither. Baudin's brother, assisted by Gindrier and Dutèche, carried the corpse to the fourth floor, where Baudin resided. It was a new house, and he had lived there only a few months.

They carried him into his room, which was in order, and just as he had left it on the morning of the 2nd. The bed, in which he had not slept the preceding night, had not been disturbed. A book which he had been reading remained on the table, open at the page where he had been interrupted. They unrolled the shroud, and Gindrier cut off his shirt and his flannel vest with a pair of scissors. They washed the body. The ball had entered at the corner of the arch of the right eye, and had gone out at the back of the head. The wound in the eye had not bled. A sort of swelling had formed there; the blood had flowed copiously through the hole at the back of the head. They put clean linen on him, and clean sheets on the bed, and laid him down with his head on the pillow, and his face uncovered. The women were weeping in the next room.



Gindrier had previously rendered the same service to the ex-Constituent James Demontry. In 1850 James Demontry died in exile at Cologne. Gindrier started for Cologne, went to the cemetery, and had James Demontry's body exhumed. He had the heart extracted, embalmed it, and enclosed it in a silver vase, which he took to Paris. The party of the Mountain delegated him, with Chollet and Joigneux, to convey the heart to Dijon, Demontry's native place, and to give it a solemn funeral. This funeral was prohibited by an order of Louis Bonaparte, then President of the Republic. The burial of brave and faithful men was displeasing to Louis Bonaparte — not so their death.

When Baudin was laid on the bed, the women came in, and all the family, seated about the corpse, wept. Gindrier, whom other duties called elsewhere, went downstairs with Dutèche. A crowd had assembled before the door.

A man in a blouse, with his hat on his head, mounted on a stone, was speechifying and glorifying the *coup d'état*. Universal suffrage reëstablished, the law of the 31st of May abolished, the "twenty-five francs" suppressed; Louis Bonaparte has done well, etc. — Gindrier, standing on the threshold of the door, raised his voice: "Citizens! above lies Baudin, a representative of the people, killed while defending the people; Baudin the representative of every one of you, mark that well! You are before his house; he is here bleeding on his bed, and here is a man who dares in this place to applaud his assassin! Citizens! shall I tell you the name of this man? He is called the police!

Shame and infamy to traitors and to cowards!  
Respect for the dead body of him who has died for  
you!"

And pushing aside the crowd, Gindrier took the  
man who had been speaking by the collar, and  
knocking off his hat with the back of his hand, he  
cried, "Hats off!"

## CHAPTER VI

### THE DECREES OF THE REPRESENTATIVES WHO REMAINED FREE

THE text of the judgment which was believed to have been rendered by the High Court of Justice had been brought to us by the ex-Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg), advocate at the Court of Cassation. At the same time we learned what was happening on Rue Aumaire. The battle was beginning, it was important to sustain it, and to feed it; it was important ever to place legal resistance beside armed resistance. The members who had met the night before, at the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement, had decreed the deposition of Louis Bonaparte; but this decree, rendered by a meeting almost exclusively composed of the unpopular members of the majority, might have no effect on the masses; it was necessary that the Left should take it up, should adopt it, should imprint upon it a more energetic and more revolutionary accent, and also take possession of the judgment of the High Court, which was believed to be genuine, to lend assistance to this judgment, and put it in execution.

In our appeal to arms we had outlawed Louis Bonaparte. The decree of deposition, taken up and counter-signed by us, usefully supplemented

this outlawry, and completed the revolutionary act by the legal act.

The Committee of Resistance called together the Republican representatives.

The apartments of M. Grévy, where we had been sitting, being too small, we appointed for our meeting-place No. 10, Rue des Moulins, although warned that the police had already made a raid upon that house. But we had no choice; in time of revolution prudence is impossible, and one speedily finds that it is useless. Confidence, always confidence, such is the law of those great deeds which at times determine great events. Constant improvisation of means, of procedure, of expedients, of resources, nothing step by step, everything with a rush, the ground never sounded, all chances accepted as a whole, the good with the bad, everything risked on all sides at the same time, — the hour, the place, the opportunity, friends, family, liberty, fortune, life, — such is the revolutionary conflict.

About three o'clock some sixty representatives were assembled at No. 10, Rue des Moulins, in the large salon, out of which opened a little room where the Committee of Resistance was in session.

It was a gloomy December day, and night seemed to be already at hand. The publisher Hetzel, who might also be called the poet Hetzel, is of a generous spirit and of great courage; as is well known he showed rare political qualities as Secretary-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under Bastide; he came to offer himself to us, as the brave and patriotic Hingray had already done in the morning. Hetzel knew that we needed a printing-office above

everything; we had not liberty of speech, and Louis Bonaparte alone spoke. Hetzel had called upon a printer who had said to him, "*Force me, put a pistol to my throat, and I will print whatever you wish.*" It was only a question, therefore, of getting a few friends together, of seizing this printing-office by main force, of barricading it, and, if necessary, of sustaining a siege, while our proclamations and our decrees were being printed. Hetzel offered this to us. One incident of his arrival at our meeting-place deserves to be noted. As he drew near the doorway he saw, in the twilight of that dreary December day, a man standing motionless at a short distance, who seemed to be on the watch. He went up to this man, and recognized the former commissioner of police of the Assembly, M. Yon.

"What are you doing here?" said Hetzel abruptly. "Are you here to arrest us? In that case, here is what I have got for you;" and he pulled two pistols from his pocket.

M. Yon replied with a smile: —

"I am in fact watching, not against you, but for you; I am guarding you."

M. Yon, aware of our meeting at Landrin's house and fearing that we would be arrested, was, of his own accord, doing police duty for us.

Hetzel had already revealed his scheme to Representative Labrousse, who was to accompany him and give him the moral support of the Assembly in his perilous expedition. A first rendezvous, which had been agreed upon between them at the Café Cardinal, having failed, Labrousse had left with the owner of the café a note for Hetzel in these words: —

"Madame Elizabeth awaits M. Hetzel at No. 10, Rue des Moulins."

It was on receipt of this note that Hetzel had come.

We accepted Hetzel's offer, and it was agreed that at nightfall Representative Versigny, who performed the duties of secretary to the committee, should take him our decrees, our proclamations, such news as should have reached us, and whatever we should deem it advisable to publish. It was settled that Hetzel should await Versigny on the sidewalk at the end of Rue Richelieu, on which the Café Cardinal is situated.

Meanwhile Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges and myself had drawn up the final decree, which was to combine the deposition voted by the Right with the outlawry voted by us. We went back into the large room to read it to the assembled representatives, and to have them sign it.

At that moment the door opened, and Émile de Girardin appeared. We had not seen him since the previous evening.

Émile de Girardin, — if we remove him from that mist which envelopes every combatant in party warfare, and which at a distance changes or obscures a man's features — Émile de Girardin is an extraordinary thinker, an accurate writer, energetic, logical, skilful, vigorous; a journalist in whom, as in all great journalists, one feels the statesman. We owe to Émile de Girardin that great work of progress, the cheap newspaper. Émile de Girardin has that great gift, a clear-headed stubbornness. Émile de Girardin is a public watchman; his

journal is his sentry-box; he waits, he watches, he spies, he enlightens, he lies in wait, he cries, *Qui vive?* at the slightest alarm, he opens fire with his pen. Ready for every sort of combat, a sentinel to-day, a general to-morrow. Like all earnest minds he understands, he sees, he recognizes, he feels the pulse, so to speak, of the great and magnificent identity embraced in those three words, "Revolution, Progress, Liberty;" he desires revolution, but above all through progress; he desires progress, but solely through liberty. One may, and according to our opinion sometimes rightly, differ from him as to the road to be taken, as to the attitude to be assumed, and the position to be maintained, but no one can deny his courage, which he has proved in every way, or disavow his object, which is the moral and material amelioration of the lot of all. Émile de Girardin is more democrat than republican, more socialist than democrat; on the day when those three ideas, Democracy, Republicanism, Socialism, that is to say, the principle, the form, and the application, are balanced in his mind, the oscillations which he still exhibits will cease. He already has power, he will have stability.

In the course of this sitting, as we shall see, I did not always agree with Émile de Girardin. All the more reason that I should record here how greatly I appreciate that mind, formed of light and of courage. Émile de Girardin, whatever reservations one may make, is one of those men who honour the press of to-day; he unites in the highest degree the dexterity of the combatant with the serenity of the thinker.

I went to him, and I asked him: —

“Have you any workmen left on *La Presse*?”

He answered: —

“Our presses are under seal, and guarded by the gendarmerie mobile, but I have five or six well-disposed workmen; they can print a few placards with the brush.”

“Well then,” said I, “print our decrees and our proclamation.” — “I will print anything,” he answered, “so long as it is not an appeal to arms.”

He added, addressing me, “I know your proclamation. It is a war-cry; I cannot print that.”

We exclaimed at this. He then declared that he himself would make proclamations, but in a different sense from ours. That, according to him, Louis Bonaparte should not be combated by force of arms, but by creating a vacuum. In an armed conflict he would be the conqueror, in a vacuum he would be conquered. He urged us to aid him in isolating the “deposed of the Second of December.” — “Let us make a vacuum around him!” cried Émile de Girardin, “let us proclaim a universal strike! Let the merchant cease to sell, let the consumer cease to buy, let the workman cease to work, let the butcher cease to kill, let the baker cease to bake, let every one keep holiday, even the National Printing-Office, so that Louis Bonaparte may not find a compositor to compose *Le Moniteur*, not a pressman to print it, not a bill-sticker to post it! Isolation, solitude, a void about that man! Let the nation withdraw from him. Every power from which the nation withdraws falls like a tree from



which the roots are cut away. Louis Bonaparte, abandoned by all in his crime, will vanish. By simply folding our arms as we stand about him, he will fall. On the other hand, fire on him and you will strengthen him. The army is intoxicated, the people are dazed and do not interfere, the bourgeoisie are afraid of the President, of the people, of you, of every one! No victory is possible. You go straight before you, like brave men; you risk your heads, very good; you carry with you two or three thousand daring men, whose blood, mingled with yours, is already flowing. It is heroic, I grant you. It is not politic. As for myself, I will not print a call to arms, and I refuse to fight. Let us organize a universal strike."

This point of view was lofty and superb, but unfortunately I felt it to be impossible of realization. Two aspects of the truth seized Girardin, the logical side and the practical side. Here, in my opinion, the practical side was wanting.

Michel de Bourges answered him. Michel de Bourges, with his sound logic and quick reasoning, put his finger on what was for us the immediate question: the crime of Louis Bonaparte, the necessity of standing erect before that crime. It was rather a conversation than a debate; but Michel de Bourges, and Jules Favre, who spoke next, rose to the highest eloquence. Jules Favre, worthy to understand the powerful mind of Girardin, would willingly, if it had seemed practicable to him, have adopted that plan of the universal strike, of the void around the man; he deemed it great, but impossible. A nation does not stop short. Even when struck to

the heart, it still moves on. Social movement, which is the animal life of society, survives political movement. Whatever Émile de Girardin might hope, there would always be a butcher who would kill, a baker who would bake, for men must eat!

"To make universal labour fold its arms is a chimera!" said Jules Favre, "a dream! The people fight three days, four days, a week; society does not wait indefinitely." As to the situation, doubtless it was terrible, doubtless it was tragical, and blood was flowing; but who had brought about this situation? Louis Bonaparte. For ourselves, we accepted it as it was, nothing more.

Émile de Girardin, steadfast, logical, immovable in his idea, persisted. Some might be shaken. Arguments, which were so abundant in that vigorous and inexhaustible mind, crowded upon him. As for me, I saw duty before me like a lighted torch.

I interrupted him. I cried out: "It is too late to deliberate what we are to do. It is not to be done. It is done. The gauntlet of the *coup d'état* is thrown down, the Left takes it up. The matter is as simple as this. The deed of the Second of December is an infamous, insolent, unprecedented challenge to democracy, to civilization, to liberty, to the people, to France. I repeat that we have picked up the gauntlet, we are the law, but the living law which at need can take arms and fight. A musket in our hands is a protest. I do not know whether we shall conquer, but it is our duty to protest. To protest first in Parliament; when Parliament is closed, to protest in the street; when the street is closed, to protest in exile; when exile has

done its work, to protest in the tomb. Such is our part, our office, our mission. The commission of the representatives is elastic; the people bestow it, events extend it."

While we were deliberating, our colleague, Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the ex-King of Westphalia, came in. He listened. He spoke. He denounced vigorously, in a tone of sincere and generous indignation, his cousin's crime, but he declared that in his opinion a written protest would suffice, — a protest of the representatives, a protest of the Council of State, a protest of the magistracy, a protest of the press; that this protest would be unanimous and would enlighten France, but that no other form of resistance would obtain unanimity. That as for himself, having always considered the Constitution a wretched makeshift, having contended against it from the first in the Constituent Assembly, he would not defend it at the last day, he would not shed one drop of blood for it. That the Constitution was dead, but the Republic was living, and that we must save, not the Constitution, a corpse, but the Republic, the principle!

Expressions of disapproval arose. Bancel, young, ardent, eloquent, impetuous, overflowing with conviction, cried that we ought not to look at the shortcomings of the Constitution, but at the horror of the crime that had been committed, the flagrant treason, the violated oath; he declared that one might have voted against the Constitution in the Constituent Assembly, and yet defend it to-day in the presence of an usurper; that this was logical, and that many of us were in this position. He

cited me as an example. "Victor Hugo," said he, "is a proof of this." He concluded thus: "You were present at the construction of a vessel, you considered it badly built, you gave advice which was not listened to. Nevertheless, you have been obliged to embark on board this vessel, your children and your brothers are there with you, your mother is on board. A pirate heaves in sight, an axe in one hand, to scuttle the vessel, a torch in the other, to fire it. The crew are resolved to defend themselves and run to arms. Would you say to that crew, 'For my part I consider this vessel badly built, and I will let it be destroyed?' "

"In such a case," added Edgar Quinet, "whoever is not on the side of the vessel is on the side of the pirates."

On all sides there was a cry of, "The decree! Read the decree!"

I was standing leaning against the chimney-piece. Napoleon Bonaparte came up to me, and whispered in my ear.

"You are undertaking," said he, "a battle which is lost beforehand."

I replied: "I do not consider success, I consider my duty."

"You are a politician," he rejoined, "consequently you ought to consider the question of success or failure. I repeat, before you go any farther, that the battle is lost beforehand."

"If we enter upon the conflict," said I, "the battle is lost; you say so, I believe it; but if we do not enter upon it, it is honour that is lost. I would rather lose the battle than honour."

He remained silent for a moment, then he took my hand. "Be it so," continued he, "but listen. You are incurring, you yourself personally, great danger. Of all the men in the Assembly you are the one whom the President hates most. From the tribune you dubbed him, 'Napoleon the Little;' you understand, that is not to be forgotten. Besides, it was you who dictated the call to arms, and that is known. If you are taken, you are lost. You will be shot on the spot, or at least transported. Have you a safe place where you can sleep to-night?"

I had not as yet thought of this. "In truth, no," I replied.

"Well, then, come to my house," said he. "There is perhaps only one house in Paris where you will be safe, and that is mine. They will not look for you there. Come day or night, at what hour you please; I will await you, and I will admit you myself. I live at No. 5, Rue d'Alger."

I thanked him; it was a generous offer and came from the heart. I was touched by it. I did not make use of it, but I have not forgotten it.

There were renewed cries of, "Read the decree! Sit down! sit down!"

There was a round table before the fireplace; a lamp, pens, inkstands, and paper were brought there; the members of the committee sat down at this table, the representatives took their places around them on sofas, arm-chairs, and all the chairs that could be found in the adjoining rooms. Some looked about for Napoleon Bonaparte. He had withdrawn.

A member requested that in the first place the meeting should declare itself the National Assembly,

and should organize by immediately appointing a president and secretaries. I remarked that there was no need to declare ourselves the Assembly, that we were the Assembly *de jure* as well as *de facto*, and the whole Assembly, our absent colleagues being detained by force; that the National Assembly, although mutilated by the *coup d'état*, ought to preserve its entity and remain organized afterwards in the same manner as before; that to appoint another president and another staff of secretaries would be to give Louis Bonaparte an advantage over us, and to acknowledge in some manner the dissolution; that we ought to do nothing of the sort; that our decrees should be published, not with the signature of a president, whoever he might be, but with the signatures of all the members of the Left who had not been arrested; that they would thus carry with them full authority over the people, and full effect. They relinquished the idea of choosing a president. Noël Parfait proposed that our decrees and our acts should be drawn up, not with the formula, "The National Assembly decrees," etc., but with the formula, "The Representatives of the People who are still at liberty decree," etc. In this way we should preserve all the authority attached to the office of representatives of the people without associating the arrested representatives with the responsibility of our actions. This formula had the additional advantage of separating us from the Right. The people knew that the only representatives remaining free were the members of the Left. We adopted Noël Parfait's suggestion.

I read aloud the decree of deposition. It was couched in these words:—

#### DECLARATION

The Representatives of the People who are still at liberty, by virtue of Article 68 of the Constitution, which runs as follows:—

“Article 68. — Every measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the Assembly, prorogues it, or obstructs the exercise of its authority, is the crime of high treason.

“By such action alone the President is deposed from his office; the citizens are bound to refuse him obedience; the executive power passes by right to the National Assembly; the judges of the High Court of Justice shall assemble immediately under penalty of forfeiture, and shall summon jurors in a place which they shall appoint, to proceed to the trial of the President and his accomplices.”

Decree:—

Article 1. — Louis Bonaparte is deposed from his office of President of the Republic.

Article 2. — All citizens and public officials are bound to refuse him obedience under penalty of complicity.

Article 3. — The judgment rendered on the 2nd of December by the High Court of Justice, which declares Louis Bonaparte accused of the crime of high treason, shall be published and executed. In accordance therewith, all civil and military authorities are summoned under penalty of forfeiture, to

lend their active assistance to the execution of the said judgment.

Done at Paris, in permanent session, December 3, 1851.

The decree having been read, and voted unanimously, we signed it, and the representatives crowded about the table to add their signatures to ours. Sain remarked that this signing took time, that, moreover, we numbered barely more than sixty, a large number of members of the Left being at work in the streets that were in insurrection. He asked if the committee, which had full powers from the whole Left, saw any objection to attaching to the decree the names of all the republican representatives remaining at liberty, the absent as well as those present. We answered that the decree if signed by all would assuredly answer its purpose better. Moreover, it was the course which I had advised. Bancel had in his pocket an old number of the *Moniteur* containing a division list.

We cut out a list of the names of members of the Left, the names of those who were arrested were erased, and the list was added to the decree.<sup>1</sup>

The name of Émile de Girardin in the list caught my eye. He was still present.

"Did you sign this decree?" I asked him.

"Unhesitatingly."

"In that case you consent to print it?"

"At once. Having no presses left, as I have told

<sup>1</sup> This list, which belongs to history, having served as the basis of the proscription list, will be found complete in the latter.



you," he added, "I can only print them by hand, with the brush. It takes a long time, but by eight o'clock this evening you shall have five hundred copies."

"And," I continued, "you persist in refusing to print the appeal to arms?"

"I do."

A second copy was made of the decree, which Émile de Girardin took away.

The discussion was resumed. Every moment representatives came in and brought news: Amiens in insurrection — Rheims and Rouen in motion, and marching on Paris — General Canrobert resisting the *coup d'état* — General Castellane hesitating — the Minister of the United States demanding his passports. We placed little faith in these rumours, and facts proved that we were right.

Meanwhile Jules Favre had drawn up the following decree, which he proposed, and which was immediately adopted: —

## DECREE

### FRENCH REPUBLIC

#### *Liberty — Equality — Fraternity*

The undersigned Representatives, remaining at liberty, assembled in permanent session,—

In view of the arrest of the majority of our colleagues, and the urgency of the crisis;—

Whereas, for the accomplishment of his crime, Louis Bonaparte is not content with multiplying

the most formidable means of destruction against the lives and property of the citizens of Paris, but has trampled under foot every law, annulled all the guarantees of civilized nations; —

Whereas these criminal acts of folly serve only to augment the violent reprobation of every conscience and to hasten the hour of national vengeance, but it is none the less important to proclaim the right; —

Do decree:

Art. 1. — The state of siege is raised in all departments where it has been proclaimed, and the ordinary laws resume their authority.

Art. 2. — All military leaders are enjoined, under penalty of forfeiture, immediately to lay down the extraordinary powers which have been conferred upon them.

Art. 3. — Officials and agents of the public force are instructed, under penalty of forfeiture, to execute the present decree.

Done in permanent session, December 3, 1851.

Madier de Montjau and de Flotte entered. They came from without; they had been everywhere that the conflict was in progress; they had seen with their own eyes the hesitation of a part of the people in the presence of these words: "The law of the 31st of May is repealed, universal suffrage is re-established." The placards of Louis Bonaparte were manifestly working mischief. It was necessary to oppose effort to effort, and to neglect nothing which could open the eyes of the people. I dictated the following proclamation: —

## PROCLAMATION

People! you are being deceived.

Louis Bonaparte says that he has restored your rights, and that he gives you universal suffrage once more.

Louis Bonaparte lies.

Read his placards: he grants you — what infamous mockery! — the right to confer on him, on him *alone*, the executive power; that is to say, the supreme power, which belongs to you. He grants you the right to choose him Dictator *for ten years*. In other words, he grants you the right to abdicate and to crown him; a right which even you do not possess, O People! for one generation cannot dispose of the sovereignty of the generation which shall follow.

Yes, he grants to you, the sovereign, the right to give yourself a master, and that master is himself.

Hypocrisy and treason!

People! we unmask the hypocrite, — it is for you to punish the traitor!

The Committee of Resistance: —

Jules Favre, de Flotte, Carnot, Madier de Montjau, Mathieu (de la Drôme), Michel de Bourges, Victor Hugo.

Baudin had fallen heroically. It was essential to let the people know of his death, and to honour his memory. The decree below was voted on the motion of Michel de Bourges: —

DECREE

The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty, whereas Representative Baudin died on the barricade in Faubourg Saint-Antoine for the Republic and for the laws, and therefore has deserved well of his country, decree: —

That the honours of the Panthéon are conferred upon Representative Baudin.

Done in permanent session, December 3, 1851.

After honour to the dead, and the necessities of the conflict it was of vast importance in my opinion to set on foot immediately and imperatively some great popular improvement. I proposed the abolition of the *octroi* duties and of the tax on liquors. This objection was raised: "No flattery of the people! After victory, we will see. In the meantime let them fight! If they do not fight, if they do not rise, if they do not understand that it is for them, for their rights, that we, their representatives, are risking our heads at this moment; if they leave us alone in the breach, in presence of the *coup d'état*, it is because they are not worthy of liberty!"

Bancel remarked that the abolition of the *octroi* duties and the tax on liquors was not flattery of the people, but succour to the poor, a great economical and reformatory measure, a satisfaction of the public demand, — a satisfaction which the Right had always obstinately refused, and which the Left, master of the situation, ought to hasten to grant. We voted, with the reservation that it should not be published until after victory, the two decrees in one; in this form: —

## DECREE

The Representatives remaining at liberty

Decree:—

The *octroi* duties are abolished throughout the whole territory of the Republic.

Done in permanent session, December 3, 1851.

Versigny, with a copy of the proclamations and the decree, left in search of Hetzel. Labrousse also left, with the same object. They agreed to meet at eight o'clock in the evening at the house of the former member of the Provisional Government Marie, Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs.

As the members of the committee and the representatives withdrew I was told that some one wished to speak to me. I went into a sort of bedroom adjoining the salon and found there a man in a blouse, with an intelligent and sympathetic countenance. This man had a roll of paper in his hand.

"Citizen Victor Hugo," said he, "you have no printing-office. Here is a way to do without one."

He unfolded on the mantelpiece the roll that he had in his hand. It was a note-book made of very thin blue paper, which seemed to me to be slightly oiled. Between every two leaves of blue paper there was a sheet of white paper. He took out of his pocket a sort of blunt bodkin, saying: "The first thing to hand will serve your purpose, a nail or a match;" and he wrote with his bodkin on the first leaf of the book the word "Republic." Then turning the leaf, he said: "Look."

The word "Republic" was reproduced on the fifteen or twenty white leaves which the book contained.

"This paper," he added, "is usually used to trace the designs of fabrics. I thought that it might be useful at a moment like this. I have at home a hundred leaves on which I can make a hundred copies of whatever you choose — a proclamation, for instance — in the same time that it takes to write four or five. Write something, whatever you may think useful at the present moment, and to-morrow morning five hundred copies shall be posted throughout Paris."

I had none of the documents with me which we had just prepared. Versigny had gone away with the copies. I took a sheet of paper, and, leaning on the corner of the chimney-piece, I wrote the following proclamation: —

#### TO THE ARMY

Soldiers!

A man has broken the Constitution. He tears up the oath which he swore to the people, suppresses the law, stifles equity, stains Paris with blood, throttles France, betrays the Republic!

Soldiers, this man involves you in his crime.

There are two sacred things: the flag which represents military honour, and the law which represents the right of the nation. Soldiers, the greatest of outrages is raising the flag against the law! Follow no longer the wretched man who leads you astray. Of such a crime French soldiers should be the avengers, not the accomplices.

This man says that his name is Bonaparte. He lies, for Bonaparte is a word which means glory. This man says that his name is Napoléon. He lies, for Napoléon is a word which means genius. As for him, he is obscure and insignificant. Give this wretch up to the law! Soldiers, he is a false Napoléon. A true Napoléon would give you another Marengo; he will give you another Transnonain!

Turn your eyes toward the true function of the French army: to protect the country, to propagate revolution, to free the peoples, to sustain the nationalities, to emancipate the Continent, to break chains everywhere, to protect the right everywhere, — this is your rôle among the armies of Europe. You are worthy of great battle-fields.

Soldiers! the French army is the advanced guard of humanity.

Search your hearts; reflect; examine yourselves; rise up! Think of your generals arrested, taken by the collar by prison guards and thrown handcuffed into robbers' cells! The malefactor who is at the Élysée thinks that the army of France is a band of mercenaries; that if they are paid and made drunk they will obey! He sets you an infamous task, he orders you, in this nineteenth century, and in Paris itself, to strangle liberty, progress, and civilization! He makes you — you, the children of France — destroy all that France has so gloriously and laboriously built up during three centuries of light and sixty years of revolution! Soldiers! you are the "Grand Army!" respect the grand nation!

We citizens, we representatives of the people and of yourselves, we, your friends, your brothers, we,

who are law and the right, we who rise up before you, holding out our arms to you, and whom you strike blindly with your swords — do you know what drives us to despair? It is not to see our blood flow, but to see your honour vanishing.

Soldiers! one step more in this crime, one day more with Louis Bonaparte, and you are lost before the universal conscience. The men who command you are outlaws. They are not generals, they are malefactors. The garb of the galley-slave awaits them; see it already on their shoulders. Soldiers! there is yet time; halt! return to your fatherland! return to the Republic! If you persist, do you know what history will say of you? It will say, "They trampled under the feet of their horses and crushed beneath the wheels of their cannon all the laws of their country; they, French soldiers, dishonoured the anniversary of Austerlitz, and by their fault, by their crime, the name of Napoléon sheds as much shame to-day upon France as of old it shed glory!

French soldiers! cease to render assistance to crime!

My colleagues of the committee having left, I could not consult them; time pressed, and I signed:

For the Representatives of the People remaining at liberty, the Representative, member of the Committee of Resistance,

VICTOR HUGO.

The man in the blouse took away the proclamation, saying, "You will see it again to-morrow



morning." He kept his word. I found it the next day posted on Rue Rambuteau, at the corner of Rue de l'Homme-Armé, and on the Chapelle-Saint-Denis. To those who were not in the secret of the process it seemed to be written by hand in blue ink.

I concluded to go home. When I reached Rue de la Tour-d'Auvergne, opposite my gate, it happened at that moment and by some chance to be ajar. I opened it, and went in. I crossed the courtyard and went upstairs without meeting any one.

My wife and daughter were in the salon before the fire with Madame Paul Meurice. I entered noiselessly; they were conversing in low tones. They were talking of Pierre Dupont, the popular ballad-writer, who had come to me to ask for arms. Isidore, who had been a soldier, had some pistols and had lent them to Pierre Dupont for the conflict.

Suddenly these ladies turned their heads and saw me beside them. My daughter screamed. "Oh, go away!" cried my wife, throwing her arms round my neck; "you are lost if you remain here a moment. You will be arrested here!" Madame Paul Meurice added: "They are looking for you. The police were here a quarter of an hour ago." I could not succeed in reassuring them. They gave me a packet of letters offering me shelter for the night, some of them signed by names unknown to me. After some moments, seeing that their terror constantly increased, I went away. My wife said to me, "What you are doing, you are doing in the cause of justice. Go on, persevere." I embraced my wife

and my daughter, — five months ago at the moment that I write these lines. When I went into exile they remained near my son Victor who was in prison; I have not seen them since that day.

I went out as I had entered. In the porter's lodge there were only two or three little children seated about a lamp, laughing and looking at pictures in a book.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE ARCHBISHOP

ON that dark and tragical day an idea occurred to one of the people.

He was a workman belonging to the honest but almost imperceptible minority of Catholic democrats. The twofold exaltation of his mind, revolutionary on one side, mystical on the other, caused him to be somewhat distrusted by the people, even by his comrades and his friends. Sufficiently devout to be called a Jesuit by the socialists, sufficiently republican to be called a Red by the reactionists, he was an exceptional personage in the workshops of the faubourg. Now, what is needed, in these supreme crises, to seize and govern the masses, are men who are exceptional by genius, not by their opinions. There is no revolutionary originality. In order to be of some account in times of regeneration and in the days of social combat, one must bathe all over in those powerful homogeneous mediums which are called parties. The main currents of men follow the main currents of ideas, and the true revolutionary leader is he who is most adroit in turning the latter in the direction of the former.

Now, the Gospel is in accord with the revolution,

but Catholicism is not. This is due to the fact that the Papacy is not in accord with the Gospel. One can readily understand a Christian Republican, one cannot understand a Catholic Democrat. Such an one is a combination of two opposites. He is a mind in which negation bars the way to affirmation. He is neutral.

Now, in time of revolution, whoever is neutral is impotent.

Nevertheless, during the first hours of resistance to the *coup d'état* the democratic Catholic workman, whose noble effort we are here relating, threw himself so resolutely into the cause of justice and of truth, that in a few moments he transformed distrust into confidence, and was acclaimed by the people. He showed such gallantry at the raising of the barricade on Rue Aumaire that with a unanimous voice they appointed him their leader. At the moment of the attack he defended it as he had built it, with ardour. That was a sad but glorious battle-field; most of his companions were killed, and he escaped only by a miracle.

However, he succeeded in returning home, saying to himself in dire distress, "All is lost."

It seemed clear to him that the great masses of the people would not rise. Thenceforth it seemed impossible to conquer the *coup d'état* by a revolution; it could be combated only by lawful means. What had been chance at the beginning became the sole hope of the end, for he believed the end to be inevitable, and at hand. In his opinion it was necessary, as the people hung back, to try to arouse the bourgeoisie. Let but one legion appear in

arms, and the Élysée was lost. For this, a decisive blow must be struck, the heart of the middle classes must be reached, the bourgeois must be excited by a grand spectacle which should not be a terrifying spectacle.

It was then that this thought came to this workman: to write to the Archbishop of Paris.

He took a pen, and from his humble garret he wrote to the Archbishop of Paris an enthusiastic and solemn letter wherein he, a man of the people and a believer, said this to his bishop; we give the substance of his letter:—

“This is a solemn hour; civil war brings the army and the people into collision; blood is being shed. When blood flows the bishop appears. M. Sibour should follow in the path of M. Affre. The example is great, the opportunity is still greater.

“Let the Archbishop of Paris, followed by all his clergy, the pontifical cross before him, the mitre on his head, go in procession through the streets. Let him call to his side the National Assembly and the High Court, the legislators in their sashes, the judges in their scarlet robes; let him summon the citizens, let him summon the soldiers, and go straight to the Élysée. Let him raise his hand in the name of justice against the man who is violating the laws, and in the name of Jesus against the man who is shedding blood. Simply with his raised hand he will crush the *coup d'état*.

“And he will place his statue beside the statue of M. Affre, and it will be said that on two occasions two Archbishops of Paris crushed civil war beneath their feet.

"The Church is holy, but the country is sacred. There are times when the Church should come to the help of the country."

The letter written, he signed it with his workman's signature. But now a difficulty arose; how should it be conveyed to its destination?

Should he take it himself?

But would he, a humble workman in a blouse, be allowed to see the Archbishop?

And then, in order to reach the archiepiscopal palace, he would have to pass through the very quarters in insurrection, and where, perhaps, the resistance was still active; he would have to pass through streets obstructed by troops; he would be arrested and searched; his hands smelt of powder, he would be shot; and the letter would not reach its destination.

What was to be done?

When he was almost in despair the name of Arnould de l'Ariège came to his mind.

Arnould de l'Ariège was a representative after his own heart. Arnould de l'Ariège was a noble character. He was a Catholic Democrat like the workman. In the Assembly he held aloft, but bore nearly alone, that banner with so few followers which aspired to ally the democracy with the Church. Arnould de l'Ariège, young, handsome, eloquent, enthusiastic, gentle and determined, combined the talents of the tribune with the faith of the chevalier. His open nature, with no purpose to cut loose from Rome, worshipped liberty. He had two principles, but he had not two faces. On the whole the democratic spirit preponderated in

him. He said to me one day, "I give my hand to Victor Hugo. I do not give it to Montalembert."

The workman knew him. He had often written to him, and had sometimes seen him.

Arnauld de l'Ariège lived in a quarter which was still almost free.

The workman went there without delay.

Like the rest of us, as we have seen, Arnauld de l'Ariège had taken part in the conflict. Like most of the representatives of the Left, he had not returned home since the morning of the 2nd. Nevertheless, on the second day, he thought of his young wife whom he had left without knowing whether he should see her again; of his child six months old, whom she was suckling, and whom he had not kissed for so many hours; of that beloved hearth, which at certain moments one feels that one absolutely must see; he could resist no longer; arrest, Mazas, the cell, the hulks, the firing platoon, all vanished, the idea of danger was obliterated, he went home.

It was at that precise moment that the workman arrived there.

Arnauld de l'Ariège received him, read his letter, and approved of it.

Arnauld de l'Ariège knew the Archbishop of Paris personally.

M. Sibour, a Republican priest appointed Archbishop of Paris by General Cavaignac, was the true leader of the Church of whom the liberal Catholicism of Arnauld de l'Ariège dreamed. On behalf of the archbishop, Arnauld de l'Ariège represented in the Assembly that Catholicism which M. de Monta-

lembert perverted. The democratic representative and the republican archbishop had at times frequent conferences, in which Abbé Maret acted as intermediary, an intelligent priest, a friend of the people and of progress, and Vicar-General of Paris, who has since been Bishop of Surat *in partibus*. Some days earlier, Arnauld had seen the archbishop, and had received his complaints of the encroachments of the clerical party on the episcopal authority, and he even proposed shortly to interpellate the ministry on this subject and to raise the question from the tribune.

Arnauld added to the workman's letter a letter of introduction, signed by himself, and sealed the two letters in the same envelope.

But here the same question arose.

How was the letter to be delivered?

Arnauld, for still weightier reasons than those of the workman, could not take it himself.

And time pressed!

His wife saw his embarrassment and quietly said: —

“ I will undertake it.”

Madame Arnauld de l'Ariège, beautiful and very young, barely two years married, was the daughter of the republican ex-Constituent Guichard, — worthy daughter of such a father, and worthy wife of such a husband.

There was fighting in Paris; she must needs face the dangers of the streets, pass amid bullets, risk her life. . .

Arnauld de l'Ariège hesitated.

“ What do you mean to do? ” he asked.



" I will deliver the letter."

" You yourself? "

" I myself."

" But there is danger."

She raised her eyes, and said: —

" Did I make that objection to you when you left me day before yesterday? "

He kissed her with tears in his eyes, and answered, " Go."

But the police of the *coup d'état* were suspicious, many women were searched while going through the streets; the letter might be found on Madame Arnould. Where could it be hidden?

" I will take my child with me," said Madame Arnould.

She undid the little girl's linen, hid the letter and refastened the swaddling-band.

When this was done the father kissed his child on the forehead, and the mother exclaimed with a laugh: —

" Oh! the little Red! She is only six months old, and here she is conspiring already! "

Madame Arnould reached the archbishop's palace with some difficulty. Her carriage was obliged to make many détours. Nevertheless she arrived. She asked for the archbishop. A woman with a child in her arms could have no very evil design, so she was allowed to enter.

But she lost her way in courtyards and staircases, She was wandering about, decidedly at a loss, when she met Abbé Maret. She knew him. She spoke to him. She told him the object of her expedition. Abbé Maret read the workman's letter, and

warmly approved it. "This may save everything," said he; and he added, "Follow me, madame, I will introduce you."

The Archbishop of Paris was in the room adjoining his study. Abbé Maret ushered Madame Arnauld into the study, informed the archbishop, and a moment later the archbishop entered. Besides Abbé Maret, Abbé Deguerry, Curé of La Madeleine, was with him.

Madame Arnauld handed M. Sibour the two letters of her husband and the workman. The archbishop read them, and stood as if absorbed in thought.

"What answer am I to take back to my husband?" asked Madame Arnauld.

"Madame," replied the archbishop, "it is too late. This should have been done before the struggle began. Now it would be to risk shedding more blood perhaps than has yet been shed.

Abbé Deguerry was silent. Abbé Maret tried respectfully to turn the mind of his bishop toward the grand effort advised by the workman. He spoke eloquently. He laid great stress upon this argument, that the appearance of the archbishop might lead to a demonstration of the National Guard, and that a demonstration of the National Guard would compel the Élysée to draw back.

"No," said the archbishop, "you hope for the impossible. The Élysée will not draw back now. You believe that I should stop the bloodshed; no—I should cause it to flow, and in torrents. The National Guard has no longer any influence. If the legions appeared, the Élysée would crush

the legions with the regiments. And then, what is an archbishop before the man of the *coup d'état*? Where is his oath? Where is his plighted faith? Where is respect for the law? A man does not turn back when he has taken three steps in crime. No! no! Do not hope. This man will go all lengths. He has struck the law in the hand of the representative. He will strike God in my hand."

And he dismissed Madame Arnauld, with the look of a man overwhelmed with sorrow.

Let us do our duty as a historian. Six weeks later, in the Church of Notre Dame, some one was singing the *Te Deum* in honour of the treason of December — thus making God a partner in a crime.

That person was Archbishop Sibour.

## CHAPTER VIII

### MONT VALÉRIEN

OF the two hundred and thirty representatives imprisoned in the barracks on Quai d'Orsay fifty-three had been sent to Mont Valérien. They were packed in four police-vans. Some few remained who were packed in an omnibus. MM. Benoît d'Azy, Falloux, Piscatory, Vatimesnil, were locked in the wheeled cells, as were Eugène Sue and Esquiros. The honourable M. Gustave de Beaumont, a great upholder of the cellular system, rode in a cell on wheels. It is not an undesirable thing, as we have said, that the legislator should taste of the law.

The commandant at Mont Valérien appeared under the archway of the fortress to receive the imprisoned representatives.

He undertook at first to enter their names on the register. General Oudinot, under whom he had served, rebuked him severely: —

“ Do you know me? ”

“ Yes, general.”

“ Well then, let that suffice. Ask no more questions.”

“ Yes,” said Tamisier, “ ask more questions and salute. We are more than the army, we are France.”

The commandant understood. From that moment he held his hat in his hand before the generals, and bowed low before the representatives.

They were taken to the barracks of the fortress and locked up pell-mell in a dormitory, to which more beds were carried and which the soldiers vacated. They spent their first night there. The beds touched one another. The sheets were dirty.

Next morning, owing to certain words which had been heard outside, the rumour spread among them that the fifty-three were to be sorted out, and that the Republicans were to be placed by themselves. Shortly afterwards the rumour was confirmed. Madame de Luynes was admitted to see her husband, and brought some news. She declared, among other things, that the Keeper of the Seals of the *coup d'état*, the man who signed himself "Eugène Rouher, Minister of Justice," had said: "Let them set the men of the Right at liberty, and commit the men of the Left to the dungeons. If the people stir they will answer for everything. As a guarantee of the submission of the faubourgs we shall have the heads of the Reds."

We do not believe that M. Rouher uttered these words, in which there is so much audacity. At that moment M. Rouher did not possess that quality. Appointed Minister on the 2nd of December, he temporized, he exhibited a vague modesty, he did not venture to instal himself in Place Vendôme. Was all that was being done quite correct? In certain minds a doubt of success changes into a scruple of conscience. To violate every law, to perjure oneself, to strangle the right, to assassi-

nate the country, is all this quite the proper thing? So long as the deed is not accomplished, they hesitate. When the deed has succeeded, they throw themselves into it. Where there is victory, there is no longer treason; nothing serves like success to cleanse and render acceptable that unknown thing which is called crime. During the first moments M. Rouher held himself in reserve. Later, he became one of the most violent advisers of Louis Bonaparte. It is all very simple. His previous fear explains his subsequent zeal.

The truth is, that these threatening words were uttered, not by Rouher, but by Persigny.

M. de Luynes imparted to his colleagues what was in preparation, and warned them that they would be asked for their names in order that the white sheep might be separated from the scarlet goats. A murmur which seemed to be unanimous arose. Such generous manifestations did honour to the representatives of the Right.

"No! no! let us give no names! Let us not allow ourselves to be assorted!" exclaimed M. Gustave de Beaumont.

M. de Vatimesnil added: "We all came in here together, we must all go out together."

Nevertheless, a few moments later Antony Thouret was informed that a list of names was being secretly prepared, and that the royalist representatives were invited to sign it. This unworthy resolution was attributed, mistakenly no doubt, to the honourable M. de Falloux.

Antony Thouret spoke warmly amid the groups which were buzzing in the dormitory.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a list of names is being prepared. That would be an indignity. Yesterday, at the mayor's office of the Tenth Arrondissement, you said to us, 'There is no longer Left or Right: we are the Assembly.' You believed in the victory of the people, and you sheltered yourself behind us Republicans. To-day you believe in the victory of the *coup d'état*, and you would become royalists once more to deliver us up, us Democrats! Very good; do so!"

A universal shout arose.

"No, no! No more Right or Left! We are all the Assembly. The same lot for all!"

The list which had been begun was seized and burnt.

"By vote of the Chamber," said M. de Vatimesnil, smiling.

A Legitimist representative added:—

"Of the Chamber? no! Let us say, rather, of the chambered!"

A few moments later the clerk of the fortress appeared, and in polite phrases, which, however, savoured of command, invited each of the representatives of the people to declare his name, in order that each might be assigned to his ultimate destination.

A shout of indignation answered him.

"No one! No one will give his name," said General Oudinot.

Gustave de Beaumont added, —

"We all bear the same name: Representatives of the People."

The clerk bowed and retired.

After two hours he returned. He was accompanied this time by the chief of the ushers of the Assembly, one Duponceau, a surly sort of fellow with a red face and white hair, who on great days strutted at the foot of the tribune with a silver collar, a chain over his stomach, and a sword between his legs.

The clerk said to Duponceau, —

“Do your duty.”

What the clerk meant, and what Duponceau understood by the word “duty” was that the usher should denounce the legislators. Something like the lackey who betrays his master.

It was done in this manner.

This Duponceau had the effrontery to look the representatives in the face one after another, and he named them in turn to a policeman who wrote them down.

Sieur Duponceau was sharply castigated while holding this review.

“Monsieur Duponceau,” said M. Vatimesnil to him, “I always thought you an idiot, but I believed you to be an honest man.”

The severest rebuke was administered by Antony Thouret. He looked Sieur Duponceau in the eye, and said to him, “You deserve to be named Dupin.”

The usher was in truth worthy to be the President, and the President would have been an excellent usher.

The flock having been counted, the classification made, there were found to be thirteen goats: ten Representatives of the Left: Eugène Sue, Esquiros, Antony Thouret, Pascal Duprat, Chanay, Fayolle,



Paulin Durrieu, Benoît, Tamisier, Teillard-Latérisse; and three members of the Right, who since the preceding day had suddenly become Red in the eyes of the *coup d'état*: Oudinot, Piscatory, and Thuriot de la Rosière.

They confined these thirteen separately, and set at liberty, one by one, the forty who remained.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE LIGHTNING BEGINS TO FLASH AMONG THE PEOPLE

THE evening wore a threatening aspect. Groups had formed on the boulevards. At nightfall they grew larger and became crowds, which speedily mingled with one another, and formed a single mob. An enormous mob, constantly reinforced and agitated by tributary currents from the side streets, jostling against one another, surging, stormy, — an ominous hum. This uproar resolved itself into one word, into one name which issued simultaneously from every mouth, and which expressed the whole of the situation: "Soulouque!" Throughout that long line from the Madeleine to the Bastille, the roadway nearly everywhere, except (was this on purpose?) at Portes Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin, was occupied by soldiers — infantry and cavalry in battle-order, the batteries being harnessed; on the sidewalks on each side of this motionless and gloomy mass, bristling with cannon, swords, and bayonets, flowed a torrent of angry people. On all sides public indignation manifested itself. Such was the aspect of the boulevards. At the Bastille there was a dead calm.

At Porte Saint-Martin the crowd, compact and

restless, spoke in low tones. Groups of workmen talked in whispers. The Society of the 10th of December made some efforts there. Men in white blouses, a sort of uniform which the police had assumed for those days, said: "Let us stand aside; let the Twenty-five francs settle it amongst themselves! They deserted us in June, 1848; to-day let them get out of the difficulty alone! It does not concern us!" Other blouses, blue blouses, answered them: "We know what we have to do. This is only the beginning; wait and see."

Others told how the barricades on Rue Aumaire were being rebuilt, that a large number of persons had already been killed there, that they fired without any summons, that the soldiers were drunk, that at various points in the quarter there were ambulances already crowded with killed and wounded. All this was said seriously, without loud speaking, without gestures, in a confidential tone. From time to time the crowd was silent and listened, and they heard distant firing.

The groups said, "Now they are beginning to tear linen."

: We were in permanent session at Marie's house Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. Promises of co-operation poured in upon us from every side. Several of our colleagues, who had not been able to find us on the previous day, had joined us, among others Emmanuel Arago, gallant son of an illustrious father; Farconnet and Roussel (de l'Yonne), and some Parisian celebrities, among them the young and already well-known defender of *L'Avénement du Peuple*, M. Desmarests.

Two eloquent men, Jules Favre and Alexander Rey, seated at a large table near the window of the study, were drawing up a proclamation to the National Guard. In the salon Sain, seated in an arm-chair, his feet on the fire-dogs, drying his wet boots before a huge fire, said, with that calm and courageous smile which he wore in the tribune, "Things are going badly for us, but well for the Republic. Martial law is proclaimed; it will be executed with ferocity, above all against us. We are watched, followed, tracked, and there is little probability that we shall escape. To-day, to-morrow, perhaps in ten minutes, there will be 'a little smashing' of representatives. We shall be taken here or elsewhere, shot down on the spot or killed with bayonet thrusts. They will parade our corpses, and we must hope that that will at length cause the people to rise and Bonaparte to fall. We are dead, but Bonaparte is lost."

At eight o'clock, as Émile de Girardin had promised, we received from the printing-office of *La Presse* five hundred copies of the decree of deposition and of outlawry based upon the judgment of the High Court, and with all our signatures attached. It was a placard twice as large as one's hand, and printed on paper used for proofs. Noël Parfait brought us the five hundred copies, still damp, between his waistcoat and his shirt. Thirty representatives divided the posters among them, and we sent them to the boulevards to distribute the decree to the people.

The effect of this decree falling into the midst of the crowd was marvellous. Some cafés had re-

mained open; people eagerly snatched the bills, crowded about the lighted shop-windows, or under the street-lamps; some mounted stones or tables, and read the decree aloud. — “That’s right! Bravo!” cried the people. “The signatures!” “The signatures!” they shouted. The signatures were read; at each popular name the crowd applauded. Charamaule, merry and indignant, walked through the groups, distributing copies of the decree; his tall stature, his loud and bold tones, the packet of handbills which he raised, and waved above his head, caused all hands to be stretched toward him. “Shout ‘Down with Soulouque!’” said he, “and you shall have some.” All this in the presence of the soldiers. A sergeant of the line, noticing Charamaule, put out his hand for one of the bills he was distributing. “Sergeant,” said Charamaule, “Say, ‘Down with Soulouque!’” — The sergeant hesitated a moment, and answered, “No.” — “Well, then, shout, ‘Long live Soulouque!’” This time the sergeant did not hesitate; he raised his sword, and, amid bursts of laughter and applause, resolutely shouted: “Long live Soulouque!”

The reading of the decree added a lowering warmth to the popular anger. On all sides they began to tear down the placards of the *coup d’état*. At the door of the Café des Variétés a young man cried to the officers: “You are drunk!” Some workmen on Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle shook their fists at the soldiers and said: “Fire, you cowards, on unarmed men! If we had muskets you would reverse yours!” The cavalry began to charge in front of the Café Cardinal.

As there were no troops on Boulevard Saint-Martin and Boulevard du Temple, the crowd was more compact there than elsewhere. All the shops were closed; the street-lamps alone gave light. Against the glass of the unlighted windows heads could be dimly seen peering out. Darkness produces silence; this multitude, as we have said, held its peace. Nought could be heard save a confused whispering.

Suddenly a light, a noise, an uproar bursts forth from the corner of Rue Saint-Martin. Every eye is turned in that direction; a profound upheaval agitates the crowd; they rush forward, they press against the railings of the high sidewalks which border the sunken street between the Porte-Saint-Martin theatre and the Ambigu. A moving mass is seen, and an approaching light. Voices are singing. The formidable refrain is recognized: —

“Aux armes, Citoyens; formez vos bataillons!”

Lighted torches are coming, it is the “Marseillaise,” that other torch of revolution and of warfare, which is ablaze.

The crowd made way for the mob that carried the torches and sang. The mob reached the sunken street by Porte Saint-Martin, and entered it. Then one could see what that lugubrious procession was. It was composed of two distinct groups. The first carried on its shoulders a plank, on which lay an old man with a white beard, stiff and stark, his mouth open, his eyes fixed and staring, and with a hole in his forehead. The swinging movement of

the bearers shook the corpse, and the dead head rose and fell in a threatening and pathetic manner. One of the men who carried him, pale, and wounded in the breast, placed his hand over his wound, leaned against the feet of the old man, and at times appeared ready to fall himself. The other group bore a second litter, on which a young man lay, his face a ghastly white and his eyes closed; his blood-stained shirt, open at the throat, displayed his wounds. As they bore the two litters, the groups sang. They sang the "Marseillaise," and at each refrain raised their torches, crying: "To arms!" Some young men waved drawn swords. The torches shed a lurid light on the pallid foreheads of the corpses and on the livid faces of the crowd. A shudder ran through the people. They seemed to see again the terrible vision of February.

That ill-omened procession came from Rue Aumaire. About eight o'clock some thirty workmen, gathered together from the neighbourhood of the markets, the same who on the next day raised the barricade on Rue Guerin-Boisseau, reached Rue Aumaire by Rue du Petit-Lion, Rue Neuve-Bourg-l'Abbé, and Carré Saint-Martin. They came to fight, but the combat was at an end there. The infantry had retired after pulling down the barricades. Two corpses, an old man of seventy and a young man of five and twenty, lay at the corner of the street, on the ground, with uncovered faces, their bodies in a pool of blood, their heads on the sidewalk where they had fallen. Both were dressed in coats, and seemed to belong to the bourgeois class. The old man's hat was by his side; he was

a venerable figure, with white beard, white hair, and a placid expression. A bullet had entered his skull.

The young man's breast was pierced with buck-shot. One was the father, the other the son. The son, seeing his father fall, had said, "I wish to die." They were lying side by side.

Opposite the gateway of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers there was a house building. They fetched two planks from it, they laid the corpses on the planks, the crowd raised them upon their shoulders, torches were brought, and they set out. On Rue Saint-Denis a man in a white blouse barred the way. "Where are you going?" he said. "You will cause trouble! You are playing the game of the 'Twenty-five francs!'" — "Down with the police! Down with the white blouse!" shouted the crowd. The man slunk away.

The mob swelled as it proceeded; the crowd opened out and repeated the "Marseillaise" in chorus, but, with the exception of a few swords, no one was armed. On the boulevard the excitement was intense. Women clasped their hands in pity. Workmen were heard to exclaim: "And to think that we have no arms!"

The procession, having for some time followed the boulevards, turned again into the streets, followed by a deeply-moved and angry multitude. In this manner it reached Rue de Gravilliers. There a squad of twenty *sergents de ville*, suddenly emerging from a narrow street, rushed with drawn swords upon the men who were carrying the litters, and overturned the corpses into the mud. A regiment



of chasseurs came up at the double, and put an end to the conflict with the bayonet. A hundred and two citizens were made prisoners and conducted to the prefecture. The two corpses received several sword-cuts in the confusion, and were killed a second time. The brigadier Revial, who commanded the squad of *sergents de ville*, received the Cross for this feat of arms.

At Marie's we were on the point of being surrounded. We decided to leave Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs.

At the Elysée they were beginning to tremble. Ex-Commandant Fleury, one of the aides-de-camp of the Presidency, was summoned to the cabinet where M. Bonaparte had remained throughout the day. M. Bonaparte conferred a few moments alone with M. Fleury, then the aide-de-camp left the cabinet, mounted his horse, and galloped off in the direction of Mazas.

Thereafter the men of the *coup d'état* met in M. Bonaparte's room, and took counsel. Matters were visibly going badly; it was probable that the battle would in time assume formidable proportions. Hitherto they had desired this, now they did not feel sure that they did not fear it. They urged one another on, they distrusted one another. There were alarming symptoms in the steadfastness of the resistance, and others not less serious in the cowardice of their adherents. Not one of the new ministers appointed during the morning had taken possession of his department; significant timidity on the part of people ordinarily so prompt to hurl themselves upon such things. M. Rouher, in

particular, had disappeared, no one knew where — a sign of tempest. Putting Louis Bonaparte aside, the *coup d'état* continued to rest solely upon three names, Morny, Saint-Arnaud, and Maupas. Saint-Arnaud vouched for Magnan; Morny laughed and said *sotto voce*: "But does Magnan vouch for Saint-Arnaud?" These men adopted energetic measures: they sent for more regiments; an order to the garrisons to march upon Paris was despatched in one direction as far as Cherbourg, and in the other as far as Maubeuge. These criminals, in reality profoundly anxious, sought to deceive one another. They assumed a cheerful countenance; all spoke of victory as certain; each one was covertly arranging for flight, without mentioning the fact, in order not to give the alarm to his compromised colleagues, and, in case of failure, to leave the people somebody to devour. For this little school of imitators of Machiavel the condition of a successful escape is to abandon their friends; when they fly, they throw their accomplices behind them.

## CHAPTER X

### WHY FLEURY WENT TO MAZAS

DURING the same night, about four o'clock in the morning, the approaches of the Chemin de fer du Nord were silently invested by two regiments: one of Chasseurs de Vincennes, the other of gendarmerie mobile. Numerous squads of *sergents de ville* installed themselves in the terminus. The station agent was ordered to prepare a special train and to have an engine ready. A certain number of stokers and engineers for night service were detained. No explanation, however, was vouchsafed to any one, and absolute secrecy was maintained. A little before six o'clock a movement was apparent in the troops; *sergents de ville* came running up, and a few minutes afterward a squadron of lancers emerged at a sharp trot from Rue du Nord. In the centre of the squadron and between the two lines of cavalry could be seen two police-vans drawn by post-horses; behind each vehicle was a small open calèche, in which there sat one man. At the head of the lancers galloped Fleury, the aide-de-camp.

The procession entered the courtyard, then the station, and the gates and doors were reclosed.

The two men in the calèches made themselves

known to the special commissioner of the station, to whom the aide-de-camp Fleury spoke privately. This mysterious party excited the curiosity of the railway officials; they questioned the policemen, but they knew nothing. All that they could say was that these police-vans contained eight places, that in each van there were four prisoners, each occupying a cell, and that the other four cells were occupied by four *sergents de ville*, placed between the prisoners so as to prevent any communication between the cells.

After various consultations between the aide-de-camp of the Elysée and the men of the Prefect Maupas, the two police-vans were placed on railway trucks, each having behind it the open calèche like a wheeled sentry-box, where a police agent acted as sentinel. The engine was ready, the trucks were attached to the tender, and the train started. It was still pitch-dark.

For a long time the train sped on in the most profound silence. Meanwhile it was freezing; in the second of the two police-vans, the *sergents de ville*, cramped and chilled, opened their cells, and in order to warm themselves and restore the circulation, walked up and down the narrow gangway which runs from end to end of the police-vans. Day had broken; the four *sergents de ville* inhaled the outside air and gazed at the landscape through a sort of long port-hole which borders each side of the ceiling of the passage. Suddenly a loud voice issued from one of the cells which had remained closed, and cried, "I say! it is very cold, can't a fellow light a cigar here?"

Another voice immediately issued from a second cell, and said, "What! is it you? Good-morning, Lamoricière!"

"Good-morning, Cavaignac!" replied the first voice.

General Cavaignac and General Lamoricière had recognized each other.

A third voice came from a third cell.

"Ah! you are there, gentlemen. Good-morning and a pleasant journey."

He who said this was General Changarnier.

"Generals!" cried a fourth voice, "I am one of you!"

The three generals recognized M. Baze. A burst of laughter came from the four cells simultaneously.

This police-van in fact contained, and was hurrying away from Paris, the Questor Baze, and Generals Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Changarnier. In the other vehicle, which was placed ahead on the trucks, there were Colonel Charras, Generals Bedeau and Le Flô, and Comte Roger (du Nord).

At midnight these eight captive representatives were sleeping in their cells at Mazas, when some one suddenly knocked at their doors, and a voice said: "Dress, we are coming to fetch you." — "Is it to shoot us?" cried Charras from the other side of the door. They did not answer him.

It is worth remarking that this idea came simultaneously to all. And in truth, if we can believe what is happening to-day through the quarrels of accomplices, it appears that in the event of a sudden attack being made by us upon Mazas, to rescue them, a fusillade had been resolved upon, and that Saint-

Arnaud had in his pocket the written order, signed, "Louis Bonaparte."

The prisoners got up. Already, on the preceding night, a similar notice had been given to them; they had passed the night awake, and at six o'clock in the morning the gaoler said to them, "You can go to bed." The hours passed; they ended by thinking it would be as on the preceding night, and many of them, hearing the clock in the prison strike five, were going back to bed, when the doors of their cells were opened. All eight were taken downstairs one by one into the clerk's office in the Rotunda, and were then ushered into the police-van without having met or seen one another on the way. A semblance of a man, dressed in black, with an impertinent manner, who sat at a table pen in hand, stopped them and asked their names. "I am no more disposed to tell you my name than I am curious to learn yours," answered General Lamoricière, and passed on.

The aide-de-camp Fleury, concealing his uniform under his cloak, stationed himself in the clerk's office. He was instructed, to use his own words, to "embark" them, and to go and report their "embarkation" at the Elysée. The aide-de-camp Fleury had passed nearly the whole of his military career in Africa in General Lamoricière's division; and it was General Lamoricière who in 1848, being then Minister of War, had promoted him to the rank of major. As he passed through the clerk's office, General Lamoricière gazed fixedly at him.

When they entered the police-vans the generals had stars in their mouths. They were taken from

them. General Lamoricière had kept his. A voice from outside cried three times, "Stop his smoking!" A *sergent de ville* who was standing at the door of the cell hesitated for some time, but ended by saying to the general, "Throw away your cigar."

Hence the exclamation which caused General Cavaignac to recognize General Lamoricière. The vehicles being loaded they set off.

They did not know either with whom they were or where they were going. Each observed for himself in his box the turnings of the streets, and tried to guess. Some believed that they were being taken to the Northern Railway; others thought to the Havre Railway. They could hear the escort trotting on the pavements.

On the railway the discomfort of the cells greatly increased. General Lamoricière, encumbered with a parcel and a cloak, was even more crowded than the others. He could not move, the cold gripped him, and he ended by uttering an exclamation which put all four of them in communication with one another.

On hearing the names of the prisoners, their keepers, who up to that time had been rough, became respectful. "I say," said General Changarnier, "open our cells, and let us walk up and down the passage like yourselves." — "General," said a *sergent de ville*, "we are forbidden to do it. The commissioner of police is behind the van in a calèche, where he sees everything that goes on here."

Nevertheless, a few moments afterwards, the

keepers, on the pretext of being cold, lowered the ground-glass window which closed the vehicle on the side of the commissioner, and having thus "blocked the police," as one of them remarked, they opened the cells of the prisoners.

It was with great delight that the four representatives met and shook hands. Each of the three generals at that moment of enthusiasm maintained the peculiar characteristics of his temperament. Lamoricière, boiling with rage and witty, hurling himself with all his military energy upon "the Bonaparte"; Cavaignac, calm and cold; Changarnier, silent and looking out through the port-hole at the landscape. The *sergents de ville* ventured to put in a word here and there. One of them told the prisoners that the ex-Prefect Carlier had spent the night of the 1st and 2nd of December at the Prefecture of Police. — "As for me," said he, "I left the Prefecture at midnight, but I saw him up to that hour, and I can swear that at midnight he was there still."

They reached Creil, then Noyon. At Noyon they gave them some breakfast, without letting them get out; a hasty bite and a glass of wine. The commissioners of police did not open their lips to them. Then the vans were reclosed, and they felt they were being taken off the trucks and replaced on the wheels. Post-horses arrived, and the vehicles set out, but at a walk; they were now escorted by a company of gendarmerie mobile.

When they left Noyon they had been ten hours in the police-van. Meanwhile the infantry halted. They asked permission to get out for a moment. "We consent," said one of the commissioners of



police, "but only for a minute, and on condition that you will give your word of honour not to escape." — "We will not give our word of honour," replied the prisoners. — "Gentlemen," continued the commissioner, "give it to me for only one minute, the time to drink a glass of water." — "No," said General Lamoricière, "but the time to do the contrary;" and he added, "To Louis Bonaparte's health." They were allowed to get out, one by one, and they were able to inhale for a moment the fresh air in the open country beside the road.

Then the convoy resumed its journey.

As the day waned they saw through their port-hole a mass of high walls, slightly overtopped by a great round tower. A moment later the vans drove under a low archway, then stopped in the centre of a long courtyard, boxed in, surrounded by high walls, and commanded by two buildings, of which one had the appearance of barracks, and the other, with bars at all the windows, of a prison. The doors of the vans were opened. An officer who wore a captain's epaulettes was standing by the step. General Changarnier alighted first. "Where are we?" said he.

The officer answered: "You are at Ham."

This officer was the commandant of the fortress. He had been appointed to that post by General Cavaignac.

The journey from Noyon to Ham had lasted three hours and a half. They had spent thirteen hours in the police-van, ten of which were on wheels.

They were led separately into the prison, each to the room that was allotted to him. But General Lamoricière having been taken by mistake into Cavaignac's room, the two generals were able again to exchange a grasp of the hand. General Lamoricière wished to write to his wife; the only letter which the commissioners of police would consent to take charge of was a note containing this line: "I am well."

The principal building of the prison of Ham is composed of one floor above a ground-floor. The ground-floor, traversed by a dark and low archway, which leads from the principal courtyard into a rear yard, contains three rooms separated by a passage; the first floor contains five rooms. One of the three rooms on the ground-floor is only a small ante-room, almost uninhabitable; there they put M. Baze. In the remaining lower rooms they installed General Lamoricière and General Changarnier. The five other prisoners were distributed in the five rooms of the first floor.

The room assigned to General Lamoricière had been occupied in the time of the captivity of the ministers of Charles X, by the ex-Minister of Marine, M. d'Haussez. It was a low, damp room, long uninhabited, which had been used as a chapel, adjoining the dark archway that led from one courtyard to the other; floored with rough planks, slimy and mouldy, to which one's feet stuck; papered with a grey paper which had turned green, and which hung in rags; exuding saltpetre from floor to ceiling; lighted by two barred windows looking on the courtyard, which had always to be left open

on account of the smoky chimney. At the end of the room was the bed, and between the windows a table and two straw-bottomed chairs. Water sweated from the walls. When General Lamoricière left this room he carried rheumatism with him; M. d'Haussez had left it a cripple.

When the eight prisoners had entered their rooms, the doors were locked upon them; they heard the bolts shot on the outside, and they were told: "You are in secret confinement."

General Cavaignac occupied on the first floor the former room of M. Louis Bonaparte, the best in the prison. The first thing that caught the general's eyes was an inscription traced on the wall, stating the day when Louis Bonaparte had entered the fortress, and the day when he had left it, every one knows how, — disguised as a mason, and with a plank on his shoulder. Moreover, the choice of this building was an attention on the part of M. Louis Bonaparte, who, having in 1848 taken the place of General Cavaignac in power, desired that in 1851 General Cavaignac should take his place in prison.

"Turn and turn about!". Morny had said with a smile.

The prisoners were guarded by the 48th of the Line, which was in garrison at Ham. The old bastilles are quite indifferent: they obey those who make *coups d'état* until the day they seize them. What do they care for the words, "equity, truth, conscience," which, indeed, in certain circles move men no more than stones? They are the cold and frowning servants of the just and of the unjust. They take what is given them. All is good to them.

Are these men guilty? Good! Are they innocent? Excellent! This man is the organizer of an ambush. To prison with him! This man is the victim of an ambush! Enter him in the prison register! In the same room. To the dungeon with all the vanquished!

These hideous bastilles resemble that old human justice which has precisely as much conscience as they have, which condemned Socrates and Jesus, and which also takes and leaves, seizes and releases, absolves and condemns, liberates and incarcerates, opens and shuts, at the will of whatever hand manipulates the bolt from outside.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE END OF THE SECOND DAY

WE left Marie's house just in time. The troops detailed to follow us and arrest us were approaching. We heard the measured steps of soldiers in the darkness. The streets were dark. We dispersed. I say nothing of a refuge which was denied us.

Less than ten minutes after our departure M. Marie's house was invested. A swarm of muskets and swords poured in, and overran it from cellar to attic. "Everywhere! everywhere!" cried the officers. The soldiers sought us with some eagerness. Without taking the trouble to lean down and look, they felt under the beds with their bayonets. Sometimes they had difficulty in withdrawing the bayonets, which had stuck in the wall. Unfortunately for their zeal, we were not there.

This zeal came from higher sources. The poor soldiers were obeying orders. To kill the representatives was their orders. It was at this moment that Morny sent this despatch to Maupas: "If you take Victor Hugo, do what you like with him." These were euphemisms. Later on, the *coup d'état*, in its decree of banishment, called us "those individuals," which caused Schœlcher to utter these

disdainful words: "These fellows do not even know how to exile politely."

Doctor Véron, who publishes in his "*Mémoires*" the Morny-Maupas despatch, adds: "M. de Maupas sent to look for Victor Hugo at the house of his brother-in-law, M. Victor Foucher, counsellor at the Court of Cassation. He did not find him."

An old friend, a man of heart and of talent, M. Henry d'E——, had offered me a refuge in a small apartment that he occupied on Rue Richelieu; this apartment, near the Théâtre Français, was on the first floor of a house which, like M. Grévy's, had an exit into Rue Fontaine-Molière.

I went there. M. Henry d'E—— being from home, his concierge was awaiting me, and handed me the key.

A candle lighted the room which I entered. There was a table near the fire, an *escritoire*, and paper. It was past midnight, and I was somewhat tired; but before going to bed, foreseeing that if I should survive this adventure I should write its history, I resolved immediately to note down some details of the state of affairs in Paris at the end of that day, the second of the *coup d'état*. I wrote this page, which I reproduce here, because it is life-like; it is a sort of instantaneous photograph: —

"Louis Bonaparte has invented a thing that he calls a 'Consultative Committee,' which he commissions to draw up the postscript of his crime.

"Léon Faucher refuses to be of it; Montalembert hesitates, Baroche accepts.

"Falloux despises Dupin.

"The first shots were fired at the Archives. At

the Markets, on Rue Rambuteau, on Rue Beaubourg, I heard firing.

"Fleury, the aide-de-camp, ventured to ride through Rue Montmartre. A musket-ball hit his képi. He galloped off in a hurry. At one o'clock the regiments were summoned to vote on the *coup d'état*. All gave their adhesion. The students of law and medicine assembled at the Ecole de Droit to protest. The Municipal Guards dispersed them. There were many arrests. This evening, patrols are everywhere. Sometimes an entire regiment forms a patrol.

"Representative d'Hespel, who is six feet tall, could not find a cell long enough for him at Mazas, and he has had to remain in the porter's lodge, where he is carefully watched.

"Mesdames Odilon Barrot and de Tocqueville do not know where their husbands are. They are rushing from Mazas to Mont Valérien. The gaolers are dumb. It was the 19th Light Infantry that attacked the barricade when Baudin was killed. Fifty men of the gendarmerie mobile carried at the double the barricade at the Oratoire on Rue Saint-Honoré. However, the conflict is taking shape. They are sounding the tocsin at the Chapelle Bréa. One barricade overturned puts twenty barricades on their feet. There is the barricade of the Schools on Rue Saint-André-des-Arts, the barricade on Rue du Temple, the barricade at the Carrefour Phélippeaux, defended by twenty young men who have all got themselves killed (it is being rebuilt); the barricade on Rue de Bretagne, which at this moment Courtigis is bombarding. There is the barricade of

the Invalides, the barricade of the Barrière des Martyrs, the barricade of the Chapelle Saint-Denis. The courts-martial are sitting in permanence, and order all prisoners to be shot. The 30th of the Line shot a woman. Oil upon fire.

"The colonel of the 49th of the Line has resigned. Louis Bonaparte has appointed in his place Lieutenant-Colonel Négrier. M. Brun, police officer at the Assembly, was arrested at the same time as the questors.

"It is said that fifty members of the majority have signed a protest at M. Odilon Barrot's.

"This evening there is increasing unrest at the Elysée. Incendiarism is feared. Two battalions of sappers have reinforced the fire-brigade. Maupas has placed guards over the gasometers.

"Here are the military claws by which Paris is held: Bivouacs at all the strategical points. At Pont Neuf and Quai aux Fleurs, the Municipal Guard; at Place de la Bastille twelve pieces of cannon, three mortars, matches lighted; at the corner of the faubourg the houses of six floors are occupied by soldiers from top to bottom; the Marulaz brigade at the Hôtel de Ville; the Sauboul brigade at the Panthéon; the Courtigis brigade in Faubourg Saint-Antoine; the Renaud division in Faubourg Saint-Marceau. At the Legislative Palace the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and a battalion of the 15th Light Infantry; on the Champs Elysées, infantry and cavalry; on Avenue Marigny, artillery. Inside the circus is an entire regiment; it bivouacked there all night. A squadron of the Municipal Guard is in bivouac on Place Dauphine. Bivouac in the Coun-



cil of State, bivouac in the courtyard of the Tuileries. In addition, the garrisons of Saint-Germain and of Courbevoie. — Two colonels killed, Loubeau, of the 75th, and Quilio. On all sides hospital attendants are passing, bearing litters. Ambulances everywhere — at the Bazar de l'Industrie (Boulevard Poissonière), in Salle Saint-Jean, at the Hôtel de Ville, on Rue du Petit-Carreau. In this ominous battle nine brigades are engaged; each one has a battery of artillery; a squadron of cavalry maintains the communications between the brigades; forty thousand men are taking part in the struggle, with a reserve of sixty thousand men; a hundred thousand soldiers fastened upon Paris. Such is the army of the crime. The Reibell brigade, the first and second Lancers, protects the Elysée. The ministers are all sleeping at the Department of the Interior, close by Morny. Morny watches, Magnan commands. To-morrow will be a terrible day."

This page written, I went to bed, and fell asleep.







